News Compendium

Volume 17 - 2016 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 2016's Resolutions You've Probably Already Broken

Friday, Jan 01, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

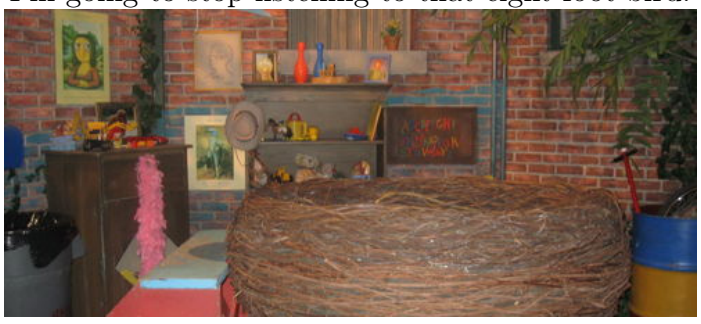
Your head is throbbing. You have to wear your winter boots in your kitchen because someone said a giant drunk elephant knocked all the champagne flutes off your counter and broke them on your floor. Someone else managed to puke cookies between the wall and the toilet tank in your bathroom and the smell is never going away. Either the apocalypse happened or it is New Year's Day. Either way, the smart people are getting their bug-out bags, guns, and heading out to loot the nearest grocery store. There is probably one right down the street.

That's the good news. The bad news is that if you made a New Year's resolution, you have probably already broken it. Here are a few that are most commonly broken in the first 12 hours or so after the year has started.

"I won't eat so many carbs."

Don't breathe so much air! Am I right? Good luck with this one. Bread is life.

"I'm going to stop listening to that eight foot bird."



He's a taker. All he will do is impose his needs on your life and whine about things like a child. "Where are my roller skates? What happened to the guy who ran the store?" Who cares?! It's not your problem. You have a family and places to be. But you've probably already given in to that whining.

"Garbage people lead to trash in my life. I am going to take out that trash."

Losing weight in 2016 should be as easy as cutting hurtful people out of your life. Abusive relationships are among the hardest to escape. You try to throw them away, but how can you when they are already living in the trash? Not even fire will clear them out, because they just turtle down into their metal garbage can and come out complaining as always. You're going to give up on this one in a hurry.

"I can't allow people who refuse to mature to draw me into their world."

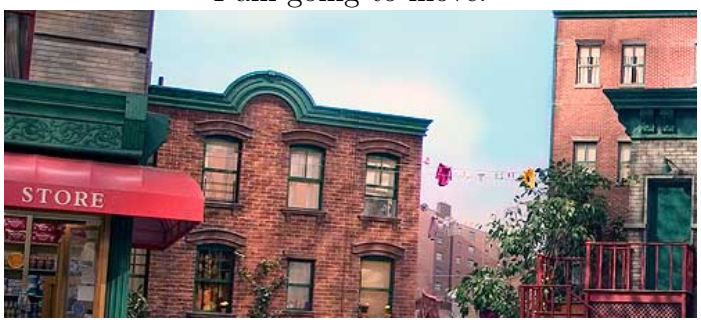
This is even pricklier than cutting off the garbage people. You had a lot of fun with these people when you were younger, now they want to keep bringing you back to their world. Maybe you used to watch TV or play the computer with them. Maybe you used to hang out with their weird ass friends who hung around their world. You want to cut them off, but it's hard to stop trying to relive those positive experiences of simpler times, even when you hear really dark stuff about your old friend's secret life.

"I am going to stop enabling the addicts in my life."

You have to stop enabling, whether it is binge eating, obsessive-compulsive counting, or someone who has so much unwarranted self-esteem they claim they can solve everyone else's problems when

their own life is falling apart. If you want to help these people, you need to encourage them to seek help rather than taking the path of least resistance and allowing them to continue their destructive behavior. Good luck with that. Most people almost immediately break down when trying to police someone else's addictions. It's easier just to give them that plate of cookies or pretend to let them help you with their "super" powers.

"I am going to move."



They told you there were friendly neighbors and everything was A-OK on this street. Turns out it is a roller coaster of addictions, meddling, and drama. There are a lot of kids for your kids to play with, but weirdly none of the kids seem to actually live here and the school system is really weird. You're not sending your kid to a school with "flying" in the name. But moving means overcoming inertia. Odds are, you'll still be here to confuse the eight-foot bird with your death.

Trust me. Just get your bag, your guns, your family, and shoot your way out if you have to. It's the only way you're getting out of here.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.2 Tombstone Goofs

Monday, Jan 04, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

"Push Button To Hear
The Price Is Right Loser Sound"

"God 1, Asterios 0"

"I Was Vaccinated.
Now I'm Dead. Coincidence?"

"I Take The Secret of My $124
Fortune To My Grave"

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

1.3 The Top Games Done Quick Donation Comments

Tuesday, Jan 05, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

This week is Games Done Quick. It's easily one of my favorite times of the year, though it's hard to hate any event where a bunch of nerds make literal millions of dollars for charity. You can watch it nonstop over at Twitch or read a bunch of goons live post on the SA forums. That's where I'll be at least. Anyway, here's some of the most uplifting messages left by donators.

Aspiring game developer here with stage 12 cancer. Doc just informed me that I got less than seven minutes left to live. I don't even care! I am prepared to continue on as a martyr for your donations. My only regret is not being able to watch more JRPGs! Hype!

After 75 years, grandpa.exe (grandpa) got an error (cancer) in its boot drive (liver) and had to be uninstalled from earth (cremated.) He always hated my gaming and whenever I made forced computer analogies, but this donation is for my favorite piece of vaporware (him.)

I'm not able to watch this 4:00am speed run because I messed up and got a job and a loving fiancé and and two dogs and enough extra income to enjoy every day to the fullest. I hate life. Here's $4,000.

This event inspired me to sneak into the hospital to see what we're all saving with our donations. I'm currently sitting across from a dying cancer patient, and let me tell you it's not good. Bones visible through skin, bald, frail, a ropey, mucous filled cough. A painful remember of what it means to be mortal. Here's $6 to couch's choice.

My mother died of cancer last year, so in her memory, here's twenty dollars to this glacial paced run of an N64 title. Put it towards kill the animals!

A rich kid in my neighborhood had this game when I was growing up. He would invite me over every day after school and let me watch him play. I never once was allowed to give it a shot or even hold the controller. Thanks for bringing up these great memories!

The only thing that ended faster than this game was my best friend once he was diagnosed with a rare reptilian skin cancer! Hype!

Hype! Hyyype! haha Huy-yipe! Hype! ahahaha HYPhhhahAHAHAHHH HYPE!

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.4 Surprisingly Dark TV Finales

Wednesday, Jan 06, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Alf was captured by federal agents. In the final moments of Dinosaurs the family huddled together as the world ended. These are some of the most well-known examples of tv show endings taking surprisingly dark turns. But they're not alone.

Lost

At the urging of Jack, Hurley agrees to take one more look at the map. "Oh," he says, then rotates it ninety degrees. Turns out they should have taken a *left* at Albuquerque.

Dexter

In the finale of the second season, Dexter finds out there will be several more seasons. *(See also: Sons of Anarchy)*

Home Improvement

Tim works his butt off building a ladder. He climbs it to see over the fence, finally getting a good look at his neighbor Wilson. It's a golden retriever standing on two legs. The very same golden retriever standing on two legs that murdered Tim's parents all those years ago.

Friends

The scene from the opening credits is re-enacted. Chandler, Ross, and Joey jump into the fountain. Phoebe, Monica, and Rachel jump in at the same time, hoping their combined blue gaia will offset the guys' planet-devouring red gaia. The gambit is successful and the Earth goddess is safe, but the friends have sacrificed themselves in the process.

Breaking Bad

Walter gets caught by the police. He is tried and convicted for all his crimes. As punishment, he is forced to clean up the pizza that he threw on a roof.

Star Trek: The Next Generation

A giddy Picard commands the pilot to do a make the Enterprise climb at a steep angle. Data warns Picard that such a maneuver could stall the spaceship, but Picard insists. The Enterprise stalls and enters a freefall from which it never recovers, exploding in a loud fireball.

Cop Rock

The grand jury concludes that if the bomb squad hadn't spent several minutes dancing and singing, the device found beneath the Super Bowl bleachers could have been defused.

Cheers

Sam does the glass polishing motion with his hands, but finds that the glass he was polishing has been worn down to nothing. He turns to the rack. Every glass and mug is gone. Sam's right hand twitches, the bar towel flapping eagerly. He eyes Norm and Cliff. "Carla," Sam croaks, his voice little more than a whisper, "lock the door."

The Sopranos

Tony goes out in a blaze of glory, taking out all the federal agents as he defends the constitution in an Oregon wildlife refuge.

24

Double crossed! As it turns out, there was a mole in CTU. And another one. And another one. And the director was a mole. And Jack's hacker friend Chloe. And the vice president. And the president. And, in the ultimate betrayal, Jack discovers that Jack himself was in on the terrorist plot all along.

The Office

Jim turns toward the camera, mugs, and serenely lets himself fall backwards into an industrial cauldron of lava.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.5 Something Awful: Ten Years as the New Guy

Thursday, Jan 07, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A long time ago, there were these things called "websites," and if you wanted to find something, you would usually go to one. Recipes, episode guides, information on how to build and distribute your own improvised explosives–websites had it all. Today, most of these creations last roughly 18 months before everyone scurries back to Facebook, which gives them the exact same content, but with the added bonus of frequent updates about how racist their family members and hometown friends have become. Back then, "Social media" amounted to the nightmarish HTML sandbox known as "MySpace," and we managed to work up a serious depressive state comparing ourselves to others just fine.

It was in this magical time that I considered myself a big fan of websites. "What's going on with all the websites," I was often overheard saying. And Something Awful in particular captured most of my attention. So, I did what any aspiring writer would do: I ripped off SA's house style liberally for the sake of a college newspaper column which earned the ire of a joyless student body who did not enjoy these so-called "jokes" distracting them from their steady march to the grave. After about a year of this, I had a serious decision to make–one that would alter my life forever. Would I aspire to a practical profession, ensuring a safe and comfortable future, or would I choose to write jokes for the Internet, forever banning myself from any place of employment capable of doing a basic Google search? Hint: I didn't earn a living wage until I was 28.

On January 5, 2006, I began my tenure at Something Awful with this article, which may or may not still be funny. And if you're wondering how someone can possibly achieve the holy rank of "website jokesman," this is what I did: I e-mailed Lowtax. Somehow, he had the faith that I wouldn't completely fuck everything up–or he was drunk at the time and too ashamed to go back on his word–and my reign of every-other-Thursday humor/terror began. I knew I had finally made it when, upon hearing I recently started writing for Something Awful, my then-girlfriend's brother stated, "Great. Now I can never read my favorite website again." Upon gaining my first true hater, I had finally tasted the sour, misshapen fruit of Internet fame. And I slurped that shit down, brother.

At the time, consensus seemed to be that Something Awful stopped being funny right before I started, or, coincidentally, immediately afterwards. In fact, up to this day, people feel it's a totally

okay thing to tell me how long it's been since they read Something Awful once they find out I write for it. Because I guess saying "I think what you do is irrelevant and unworthy of my time" isn't as easy to slip into casual conversation. To these people I would formally like to offer a bitter and vindictive "fuck you." I have nothing but respect for all the writers who still do this weird thing we do–this thing *only* we do–to the point where, 10 years later, I still feel like "the new guy." While I started off awkwardly mashing jokes together, my first few years saw me collaborating with Evan "Pantsfish" Wade and Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink (who now produces the most popular podcast in the universe, a fact I'm not resentful of in any way) who helped me transform my dumb jokes into jokes that are still dumb, but in a smart way. And ten years later, I'm still astonished and intimidated by our current crop of writers, who have no outlet other than Something Awful for their brilliant ideas.

The strange side effect of having written for Something Awful for these past ten years is that I have a public, written record of what I once thought was funny. And while I stand behind most of what I've done, there have been plenty of times I've punched down too hard, or maybe used some words I shouldn't have–like most white dudes in their 20s, it took me a while to stop being a complete shithead. (For the record, I am currently 33 and only 28% shithead.) Granted, this would be the perfect time for me to step down, dust off my hands, and pursue the next great venture. But, as the Internet continues to mutate into some horrifying thing that bears no resemblance to the anti-social entity of my youth, Something Awful exists as an anomaly that gives life to ideas of mine that couldn't even be hammered into the ever-popular listicle format. Even if it's a struggle to get the feedback I once did in the earlier years, I'm still proud to see some dumbass concept I thought up in the shower occupy 800 to 1000 words of space, semi-permanently.

In closing, I wish I had some subversive, punchy ending to cut through this semi-serious stuff, but I'll grant myself the right to be sincere once per decade. So, thanks for reading my work over the years, and feel free to dig through the nearly 300 articles of mine rattling around in the archives. Even if you don't laugh, you'll at least be able to say, "Boy, that guy certainly wrote all this," a statement that's typically kinder than most I've received. So, here's to another ten years of doing whatever you call what I do: Please look forward to another update like this in 2026, but with more information about my porous bones and the state of human-cyborg relations. I can only assume Something Awful will be some sort of eSports site by then.

Rad as heck artwork by Nick Daniel.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.6 We Deserve to Know Where the Presidential Candidates Stand on Anime and Manga

Friday, Jan 08, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On April 28, 2015, the President of the United States of America eliminated all doubt and made his views known on the subject of anime and manga. During a visit to the USA by Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe, Barack Obama stood beside the prime minister and offered his and Michelle's thanks for Japanese culture. These thanks included "anime and manga."

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l-8zQC-9Iok

How can President Obama continue to consider Japan our ally - to thank them, no less - when **not even Star Wars can overcome that island nation's insatiable lust for screeching cartoons?** What sort of sick monsters think that way? I'll tell you, it's pantsu-loving degenerates like Shinzo Abe and the rest of the Japanese. Obama's inaction on anime and manga security has allowed our nation to become overrun by doujins, our children turned into wee-aboos, and a steady stream of higher and higher quality subs to appear on our shores. This election is about more than who we want to have a beer with, it's about who we want to protect our future from anime and manga.

I'm sure some of you are saying that anime and manga are just cartoons and comic books. They're just another cultural export like Hollywood movies or K-pop. Think again. This year the Japanese government had its largest-ever defense budget and made changes to the Japanese constitution that

could potentially allow the Japanese military to be used offensively. Translation: it is only a matter of time before the Japanese could force you to watch anime and read manga.

The good news is that Obama is a lame duck. With the Otaku-in-chief leaving office soon, we deserve to know the stance of our presidential candidates on manga and anime. Now, let's be honest here, nobody cares if Martin O'Malley has a Crunchyroll account and everyone already assumes Ted Cruz loves hentai. Bernie Sanders doesn't have time for anything that isn't directly related to economic issues. That leaves Hillary Clinton and Donald J. Trump as the only possible defenders of our shores.

What are Hillary Clinton's views on anime and manga?

If that doesn't answer your question, then check out Hillary Clinton's own campaign website, which lists **"7 things Hillary Clinton has in common with your abuela."** Take a careful note of the URL for the article, which references "8 ways." Looking over the list I see no mention of, "hates anime and manga just like your abuela," which means this item was struck from the list before the article was published. Another classic Clinton cover up hides the truth about her views on manga. Can we trust the woman who couldn't even stop an attack on Benghazi to protect us from *Attack on Titan*? We don't stand a chance with her in office.

Luckily, there is another...

What are Donald J. Trump's views on anime and manga?

He has never mentioned **Akira**, which is a sure sign he doesn't like anime, but what about Trump's views on manga? Things get a little more complicated. We know Trump's two favorite books.

#2 Art of the Deal

#1 THE BIBLE! The Bible. He loves the Bible. Great book.

Case closed, right? Think again:

Muddying the waters even further, Trump has repeatedly stated that he "Loves Japan. I love the Japanese. They're great people. They're killing us, but they're great people."

I asked Donald J. Trump to clarify his stance on anime and manga for this article.

> hey @realDonaldTrump obama says "thanks" to japan for anime and manga https://t.co/Ner2TpyVOh will you ban anime and manga? god bless
> - A Parsons Zackly (@sexyfacts4u) January 7, 2016

I have not heard back from him yet. I ask you all to **join me in demanding Trump and Clinton go on the record and clarify their positions on anime and manga.** Whether on Twitter or during a debate, these two candidates must voice their position or we cannot trust them with out votes. America cannot have another leader who thanks Japan.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 An Excerpt From El Chapo & Sean Penn's Film, "Tough Twins"

Monday, Jan 11, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

EXT. THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK - DAWN

EL CHAPO and SEAN PENN nail massive DUNE BUGGY JUMPS as they RIP THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK TO SHREDS.

SEAN PENN
(smoking)
You're my best friend, El Chapo.

EL CHAPO
And my friendship to you is second only to my friendship with Mother Earth. Gaia, give me strength.

Suddenly, their WRIST WATCHES LIGHT UP. It's THE CHIEF (VANNA WHITE.)

EL CHAPO (CONT'D)
So much for our vacation.

They tap their watches.

THE CHIEF (VANNA WHITE)
You boys causin' trouble out there?

EL CHAPO
No.

The Chief laughs.

THE CHIEF
Oh, boys! Enough humor: we just got an urgent report. Americans are running dangerously low on drugs!

SEAN PENN
America? My family's there. MY FAMILY'S THER-

El Chapo CALMS Sean Penn by injecting him with heroin.

SEAN PENN (CONT'D)
Thanks. How did you know I was running low?

EL CHAPO
El Chapo always knows.

2.

Their VIDVISORS light up. A map!

THE CHIEF (VANNA WHITE)
I'm scripting out the waypoints now. Good luck!

EL CHAPO
Whoooooooooaaaaa TOUGH TWINS!

SEAN PENN
Whoooooooooaaaaa TOUGH TWINS!

They high-five in mid-air. FREEZE FRAME.

UN-FREEZE FRAME.

EL CHAPO pulls out a LIGHTSABER. It shimmers and shines with the power of THE FORCE.

EL CHAPO
And now, to save Han Solo.

FREEZE FRAME

TO BE CONTINUED

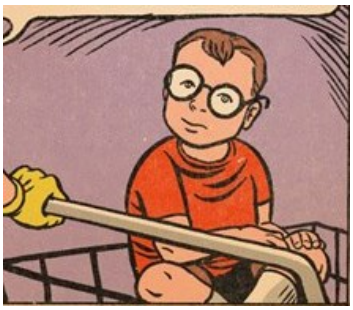
–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

1.8 The Most Outlandish Costumes In Comic Book History

Tuesday, Jan 12, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Nice dress. What is this, a dress convention? Idiot.

Apparently you people come from a reality where jackets are unreasonably plentiful. Welcome to life, have a jacket. Welcome to this bench, have another jacket. Must be nice on Planet Wholly Unbelievable.



Sure, kid. Whatever. I won't even ask how a toddler could design such a costume, much less afford it and figure out how to put it on.

You're a doctor, and you live in a parallel universe similar to the park bench universe above, but instead of a normal jacket you happened to get a doctor's overcoat? Suspension of disbelief can only go so far. I don't even know where to get started with the ridiculous premise you've presented.

Here the artist took a human and replaced its arms with legs. I'm sure that whoever came up with this character design thought they were being edgy, but this is just body horror at its laziest.

Matching outfits. Seriously? You guys must be a super team. Just try stepping outside in those ridiculous getups without everyone laughing.

What is this, a comic book or a drug-fueled alien mythology kaleidoscope? Rubbish. This entire medium is nonsense for babies.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.9 DROVES OFDOGS

Wednesday, Jan 13, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

CYBERDOG - beware his byte. This is a cyber-dog powered by 0s and 1s, aka computer codes. Easy to control! Simply input angle and velocity. 555-2918

**** TERRIBLE REMINDER **** I'm sick of looking at this rude beast that ruined my son's birthday party by somehow driving a monster truck into our backyard and flattening 15 children. 110% free! 555-6252

SPACE-SAVER - Thanks to his short-spine syndrome, Endash uses only 60% of the space of a normal pitbull. Very practical for small apartments. $50 extra gets you the leftover vertebrae. 555-1821

JUMBO DOGS - I have pushed the laws of physics as far as they can go. If these dogs were any larger they would collapse in on themselves. I can't print the size or price. Best you come see for yourself. Call for hangar address. 555-1253

SOME SPECIAL NEEDS Looking for compassionate soul ready to give Chomper a forever home. He has one minor flaw: a head-mounted nuclear-powered chainsaw that never shuts off. 555-2559

?? UNINVITED VISITOR ?? Arrived from beyond. It's tricks are alien to us. Its barks sound wrong to our ears. We are ill

COLORFUL TUBED DOG Our morbidly obese bulldog Windsor got stuck in one of those colorful obstacle course tubes. It's already grafted to her skin. Tube is about 10 feet long and neon orange. Put food in front end of tube, shake out other end over dumpster. 555-3318

SUCCESS! BUT... I have bred the dog of my dreams, a towering 30-foot pyramid made of smoky tendrils and wisps of light. He barks in my father's voice. Unfortunately, my landlord, who is ethnic, doesn't allow dogs. 555-1925

TOOT TOOT SAX MAGIC The bozos at PetSmart said it couldn't be done, but I trained Rupert to play the saxophone. Just stuff some bacon grease in the mouthpiece and boom, he's a jazz musician. Selling him for $500 so I can retire a local legend. 555-6251

SMARTYPANTS - Struesel has a genius-level IQ and understands everything. Re-homing him because we recently found out he is a German performance artist. Comes with documentary crew. 555-2817

MEME DOG - We bought a dog so we could make our own hilarious memes. Dog turned out to a lot of bother, which isn't what we signed up for. Anybody want her? If not, we'll just cremate. 555-2245

ELDER WARRIOR - We of the Hill People owe great debt to warrior dog. Many battles won beside him. Now old and too slow for the long hunts. We wish him rest among the town people. 555-1822

GREAT FAMILY DOG* Handsome English Shepherd is good with children, parents, grandparents, cousins and aunts. He hates uncles, and will relentlessly chase them. He has killed 7 of mine so far. No more! 555-6617

MY NAME IS THURSTON. I have twenty dogs, each one more wretched than the last. I hate them all, and curse the day they were born. I will pay your large, oafish sons to hunt them in my arena. 555-9245

WHAT'S HAPPENING? We no longer recognize Howdee. He's turning into something unrecognizable, with terrible eyes and long-fingered hands. He says such terrible things about the mayor. 555-2618

A MOMENTARY SETBACK Asbestos is a great dog, but I fear dogs. Needs a home while I learn to master my fear. When I am ready, I will come for him... and anyone standing in my way. 555-1259

**** AMAZING UPGRADES **** I have enhanced our dog with a large fan propeller and skis for paws. He's great around wetlands, deadly around kids.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.10 I... I am Ready to Become Your President

Friday, Jan 15, 2016 by Gentle Creature From the Cellar (@sexyfacts4u)

Shhhhhhhhhh. Not so loud, please. My soft, high voice can only be heard in a quiet room.

I have been listening to the arguing from just outside the door and I believe I am the most qualified to lead this nation. Turn off the light and I will enter and tell you about my agenda. Do not be afraid of my large size. There are many taller trees. M... might I have some milk? Two teaspoons of honey, please.

There is so much anger. So much hatred. My shaggy body is soft. I only want to help.

My platform is three things. See what you th... think...

Honey for milk.

They will put a cup of honey into every gallon of milk to sweeten it up. I will ask them and they will do it for me.

Books.

The best books will be stacked up to read. Please, r... read them to me. For me. I like stories ever so much.

Down into my cellar.

It is warm down there. Everyone is welcome. Come down to my cellar with me President Gentle Creature. We will play board games together and listen to my old records of the o... old songs. Down here, down with the roots, we are all equal. The mouse, the turnip, and me, and y... you.

When we all live in the cellar you will not need cars anymore. The wars will be over, because you cannot have a war in the cellar. You will put down your guns. There will be nothing to shoot. Put

down your guns. Give me your swords and other weapons. Especially your fire weapons. I will put them away in a sp... special drawer for you.

I m... made a yard sign. I cannot go outside. Please put it up in your yard for me. Fetch me some sticks while you are out and bring them down into the cellar.

The only instrument I need is a honey jug. It is almost too loud to hoot. Not quite.

I made a song for my campaign. Children could dance to this song. I would like that.

It would go...

Cowardice
Alright, that is fine.
Apologies for freedom, that is alright.
When freedom rings, not so loud, please.
On your feet, but watch your head in the cellar.
Freedom is on our shoulders, USA.
Enemies of freedom, should be turned into friends of freedom.

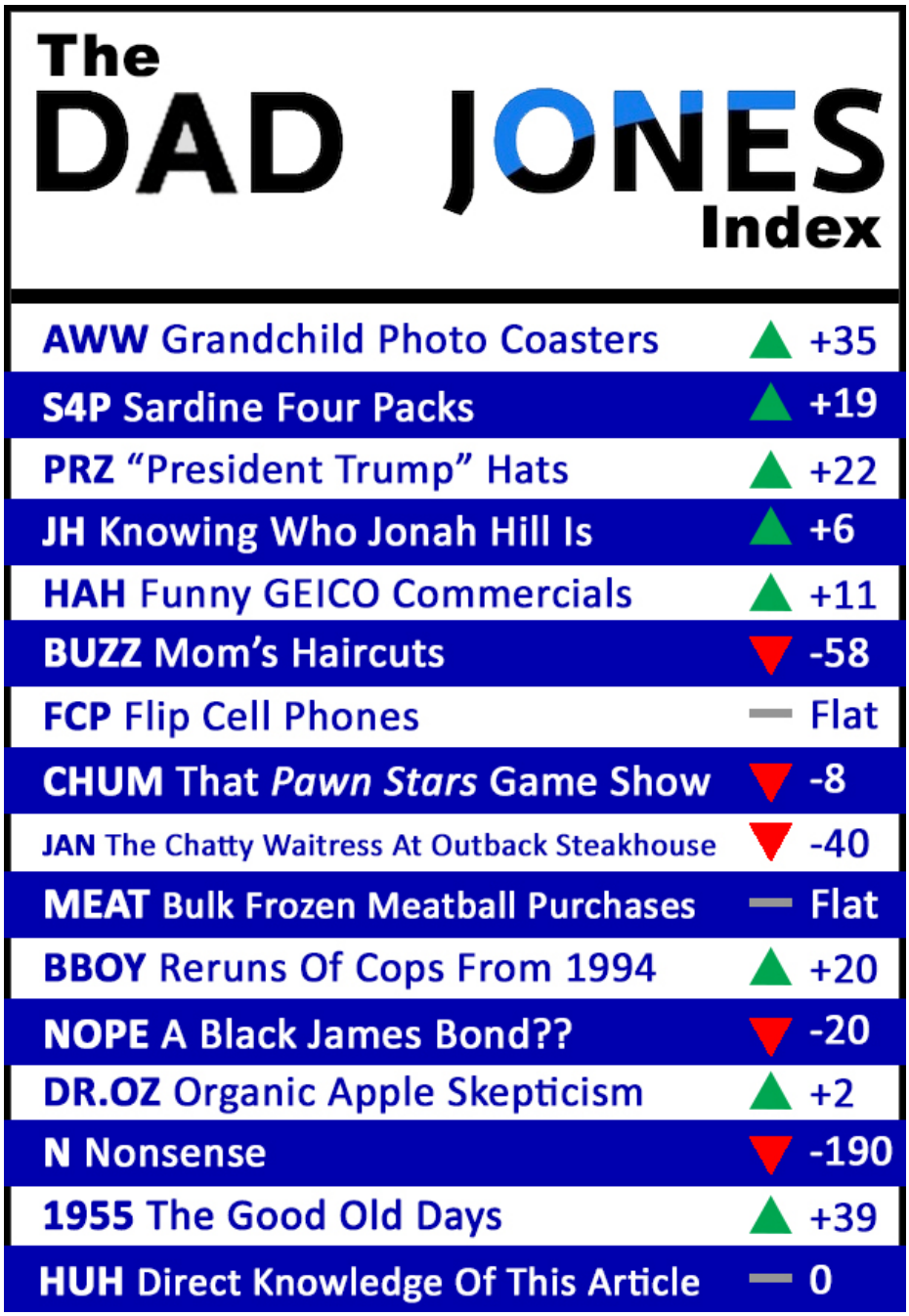
It is only reasonable, boys.
Thank you for listening to my song.
We will make America great.
Those kids who broke into my cellar were lying if they told you I eat kids.

It is a good song and I please hope that you will sing it. Please. Now I am going down to the cellar. I am ready to be the President. Please t... tell me when I am.

–∼Gentle Creature From the Cellar (@sexyfacts4u)

1.11 The Dad Jones Index

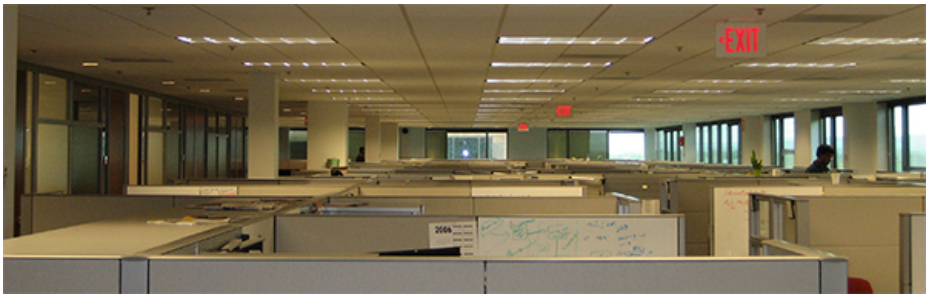
Monday, Jan 18, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)s


The
DAD JONES
Index
AWW Grandchild Photo Coasters +35
S4P Sardine Four Packs +19
PRZ "President Trump" Hats +22
JH Knowing Who Jonah Hill Is +6
HAH Funny GEICO Commercials +11
BUZZ Mom's Haircuts -58
FCP Flip Cell Phones Flat
CHUM That Pawn Stars Game Show -8
JAN The Chatty Waitress At Outback Steakhouse -40
MEAT Bulk Frozen Meatball Purchases Flat
BBOY Reruns Of Cops From 1994 +20
NOPE A Black James Bond?? -20
DR.OZ Organic Apple Skepticism +2
N Nonsense -190
1955 The Good Old Days +39
HUH Direct Knowledge Of This Article 0

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

1.12 FAQ: Returning to Work After a Three Day Weekend

Tuesday, Jan 19, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



What is this feeling around my waist?

That sensation you're feeling is pants. After an extended weekend of comfort and joy, you'll need to rebuild your khaki shape. It will take two or three days for you to conform back, so expect discomfort or light rashing until any memory of your natural disposition wears off.

Is there a crushing sadness that seems to consume every bit of my existence?

Absolutely! In your line of work it only takes a schedule shift of one day to cause an existential panic. More than likely, the broken rhythm has accidentally allowed you to glimpse into the massive gap between your own happiness and the labor that consumes the majority of your waking hours. You are probably thinking something like "I should follow my dreams," or "I think unemployment would be a wonderful alternative to this hollow existence I call life," or "this really freaking sucks!" These feelings are normal and temporary! Soon your desire and ambition will be fully replaced with menial tasks due Friday. By next week you'll only notice the pumped-in white noise.

Who are these strangers? Why do they keep smiling?

These are your coworkers. At best they are recognizing the same mistakes in their life as you find in yours, and are thus attempting to smile through their own self-loathing. At worst they are drowning in a delusion where they think they are succeeding, and will actively attempt to humiliate you for miniscule gains. They can do no damage beyond what you do to yourself every day you walk through these doors. Feel free to hate these coworkers or treat them with the detached kindness of a hospice nurse. Or you can ignore them entirely. But no matter what you cannot escape their forced conversation or beige Kohl's dress shirts.

How does time function within this building?

While it might seem as though minutes last longer, it's important to remember that time has not changed. Instead your feelings have simply reversed! Over the extended weekend, you were having fun and hardly glanced at the time once. Now, at work, you are pretty much just staring at the clock with little to no mental activity. This results in 1) a realization that you only have so much time on this earth and here you are using Windows XP and a chair that might cause scoliosis. 2) the current hypothesis that yes time can come to a complete standstill but only if you are miserable.

The coworkers are looking at me and I don't know why. What can I do to make them stop?

More than likely, you said or did something that is considered unbecoming in the workplace environment. Here is a handy list of common errors. Did you mention goals that were not defined by your

employer? Did you eat pizza roles for lunch? Did you cry or show any "weak/feminine" emotions? Did you just spill the piping hot contents of a pizza roll on your shirt? Did you happen to be a nationality/race/gender/class/age other than Upper-Middle Class White American Male between the ages of 32 - 55? Did you suck on the shirt fabric until you got all the pizza roll grease out? Did you mention the drinking of alcohol before 11am? Did you mention anything other than pure profit? Did you point out a coworker's use of a tired meme? Did you unbuckle your pants and fall asleep at your desk after finishing your pizza roles? Did you do something fun? Participating in any of these activities will seem foreign to those around you. Your best option is to laugh it off and say that it was a joke. If that fails, you will simply be forever labeled a weirdo, and will spend the rest of your career as the office pariah.

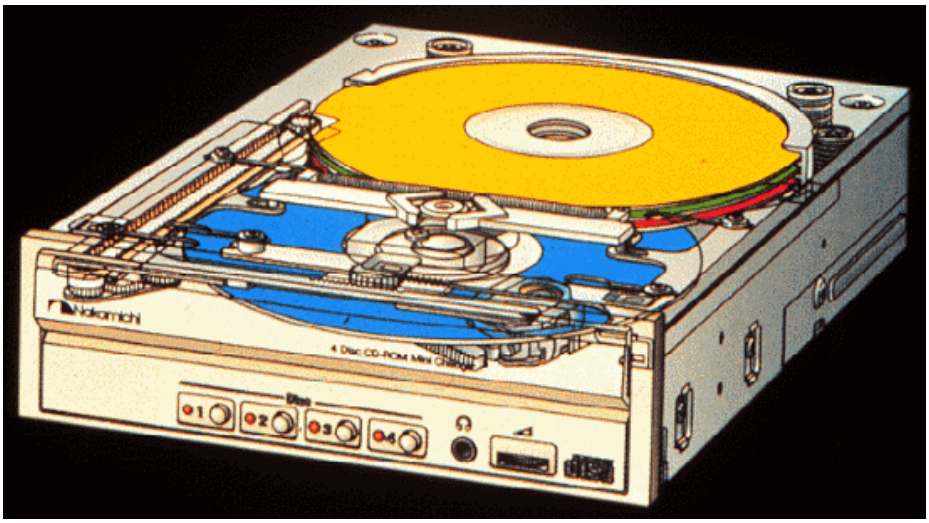
Do I have to be here?

Yes. Of all the options in your life, you have chosen to be here. You have done this to yourself. Luckily, if you play your cards right, you can use one of your few vacation days and enjoy another extended three day weekend for Flag Day. Enjoy!

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.13 Laser-Based CD-ROM Technology Is the Future of Digital Computing!

Wednesday, Jan 20, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



The Computer Age Has Officially Arrived

What is the CD-ROM?

A platter that fits in the palm of your hand, made of space age polymers and a sheet of reflective aluminum so thin you could lay it down on top of one sheet of paper and then lay another sheet of paper on top of it.

No longer restrained to simply holding music like old fashioned CDs, the CD-ROM is an innovative marvel capable of containing data, video, audio, numbers, files, words, and stunningly life-like video games like this:

All this is accessed with an ultra powerful laser - just like the lasers in your favorite sci-fi movies!

Practically Infinite Storage Space

A CD-ROM has enough space to hold a whopping 650 megabytes of data. To put that into perspective, you would need to hold the "A" key on your keyboard long enough to fill 162,500 pages before the text document hit the 650 megabyte mark.

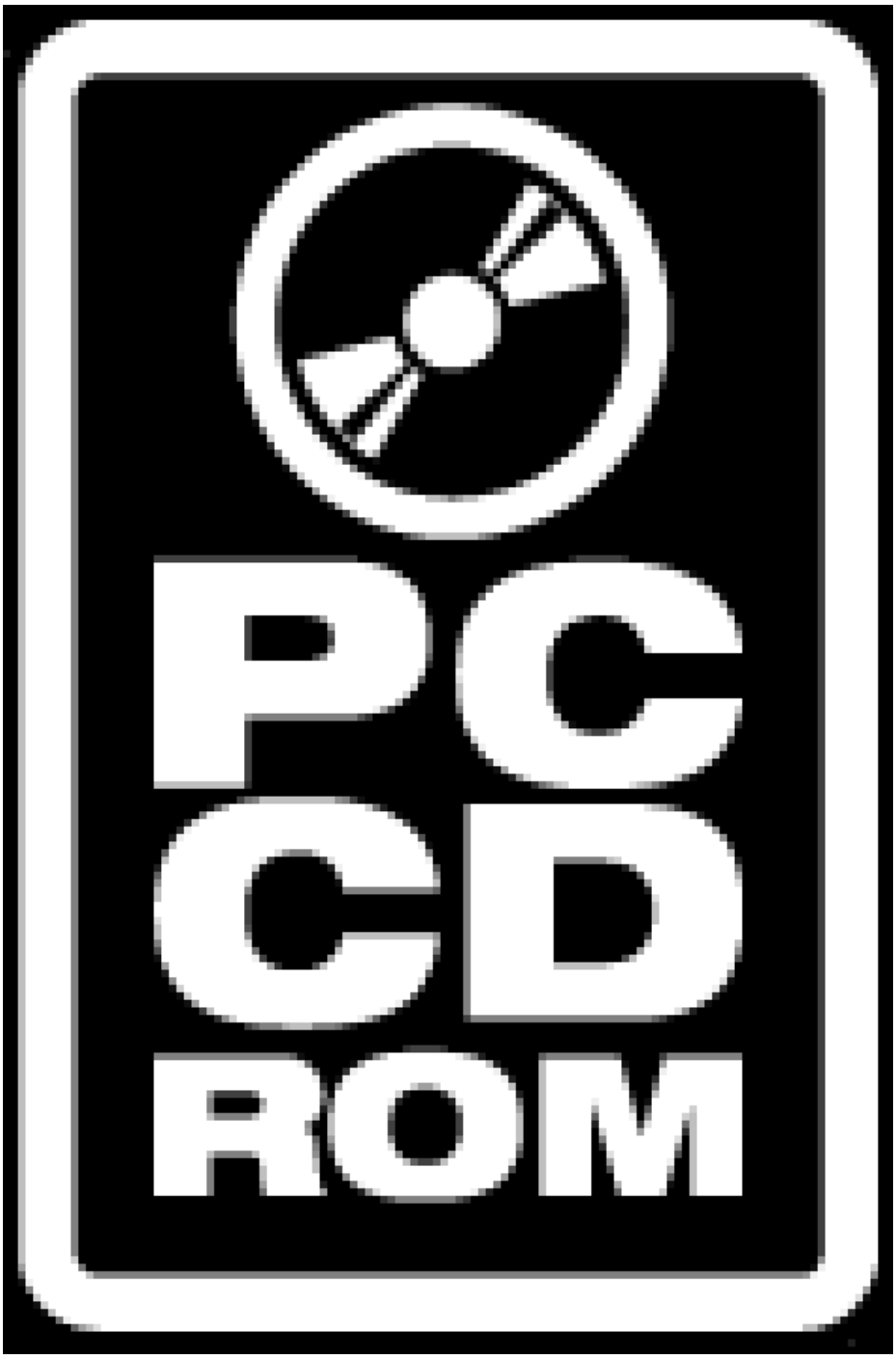
This nearly unlimited storage capacity opens up a world of possibilities.

Imagine being able to purchase a single disc containing a fully operational copy of the Netscape Navigator world wide web browser, a complete archive of Netscape Navigator help files, and a perfect digital archive of the Netscape Navigator web site.

Why have a 26-volume set of encyclopedias when you could have 26 CD-ROMs? To look up giraffes you simply pop in the correct disc, click through the menu to the giraffe entry, then marvel at the fully interactive result. From the comfort of your computer chair you can read the text and even click to play a three second long movie clip of a giraffe chewing a plant in stunningly cinematic 200x200 resolution.

For An Authentic CD-ROM Experience, Make Sure To Only Buy Products With The CD-ROM Logo

Here's A Blown Up Version Of The CD-ROM Logo For People Viewing This On High Resolution 1024x768 Displays



Secure As All Heck

You can't steal a laser. Many have tried, but you can't steal a laser. It moves too quickly. Even if you place your hand in its path, you can't grab it.

This means all the data on your CD-ROM discs can only be accessed by you. It's impossible for

thieves to intercept. You can sleep soundly at night in your waterbed, secure in the knowledge that your secrets are held in place by a benevolent laser eye.

Join The Revolution

Now that you know where the future is going, it's time to join in! So where do you buy a CD-ROM drive?

Look for it in a mail-order ad in the back of your favorite computer magazine, after the ads for $3,000 computers but before the ad for porn games like Interactive Girlfriend and Silky Debutantes.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.14 Best Names For Boats

Monday, Jan 25, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

You're welcome, rich people.

BOAT FULLA GHOSTS

SINGLE AND LOOKING FOR PRINGLES

THE MIDDLEST OF FINGERS TO GOD HIMSELF

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

1.15 ESPN's Dropping Hot Scoops All Over Us

Tuesday, Jan 26, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

ESPN, America's largest sports news entity, shocked the world when it recently posted this thought-provoking image:

If you've been following them, however, you'll know this wasn't an isolated incident. ESPN's Twitter team has been pushing the boundaries of journalism for years.

NFL on ESPN ✓
@ESPNNFL

Follow

Here's what the Super Bowl trophy would look like if it was a gravy boat.

NFL on ESPN ✓
@ESPNNFL

Follow

BREAKING: Here's what it would look like if Patriots coach Bill Belichick had a fly on his nose.

NFL on ESPN
@ESPNNFL

Follow

Here's what it would look like if there was a soccer ball on a football field.

NFL on ESPN
@ESPNNFL

Follow

Here's what it would look like if a football took a photo in one of those tourist things where you stick your head through a hole.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.16 SkyMall Product Reviews: Parisian Poodle Serving Table

Wednesday, Jan 27, 2016 by Josh"Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Our favorite French poodle serves up a removable tray with true French flair that's both tres chic and tres sassy! Standing a full 3 feet tall from her fluffy Paris hairdo to her pompom slippers, Coco is a tastefully hand-painted quality designer resin charmer who's as comfortable in your Parisian boudoir as she is holding perfume bottles in a powder room or champagne cocktails next to a favorite chair.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By California Raisin from Deadwood, SD

Part dog, part French maid. Best of both worlds. I do believe I've died and gone to heaven.

Age: 41-45

_____

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆ By HowlYaDoin' from Hope, AR

I can't prove this but I am 100% certain my dog is avoiding me ever since I bought this. He keeps at least a 10 foot distance from me and just turns his head whenever I look at him. This table, remarkable craftsmanship and wonderful aesthetics aside, has cost me my only friendship. Two stars.

Age: 31-35

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Forward Thinker from Houston, TX

It is a wonderful table but it is clearly ahead of its time. My friends did not understand and even though I explained at length how anthropomorphism is as old as time, and that many people identify as animals of different breeds and indeed different genders, they remained ignorant as ever. One of them even feigned lewd acts with the serving table in front of me, which I did not appreciate. I have moved this table into my bedroom, where guests cannot see it and offer up their regressive criticisms and judgments. I look forward to a time when society progresses to a point where home décor such as this is not only appreciated and understood, but people are warmly accepted for fostering emotional and physical relationships with such décor.

Age: 26-30

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Dig from Modesto, CA

It was love at first sight when I first glimpsed the Parisian Poodle Serving Table, which seemed the perfect complement to my home. Unfortunately, that very same home was taken from me when the tunnels I was digging underneath collapsed, causing the entire structure to be condemned. I intend to tunnel back in and reclaim this beautiful serving table, along with several changes of clothes so I don't raise any red flags at work.

Age: 41-45

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By LibertarianTruther from Muncie, IN

Pros: the high quality resin means it's easy to clean and durable.

Con: the cold, alien resin means it lacks the warmth and softness of a real human-dog hybrid.

Age: 26-30

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆

By Wilbur from Watford City, ND

I am a retired scientist. I got this because it reminded me of the work I used to do, pushing the boundaries of science to bring the dream of animal butlers to life. We did not get far, but our optimism never wavered. I really get a kick out of this elegant dog woman table. Such an obvious idea, but that doesn't make it any less great.

Age: 61-65

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Chad from Rockford, IL

Like all great art, this is a very divisive piece. I love it, think it's amazing, and revere it for the high art it is. My mother-in-law, who is an idiot, calls it "gross and disturbing." Well, Dorothy, you are entitled to your stupid opinion, but I don't have to respect it or you. The only reason why I even tolerate you is because your daughter foolishly thinks you are deserving of our kindness. I am making great strides in convincing her otherwise, so it's only a matter of time. I would just as soon her and I move out, and never see you again. As soon as the economy recovers and I find a job, you can rest assured I won't take one more cent from you. This is a fine piece of art, and it stays. It stays in your living room with the rest of my things. Also, for the record, Minions was not a "children's movie about Cheetos people." If you had half a brain, you would never have made such an imbecilic comment.

Age: 36-40

_____

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Rockin' Ron from Mobile, AL

WHY DID THEY HAVE TO MAKE IT SO DANG SEXY?

Age: 26-30

– – – – –

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.17 Where Have All the Teen Shoppers Gone?

Thursday, Jan 28, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Anyone who grew up in America in the '90s probably has fond memories of the mall, that quintessential teen hangout. For my generation, shopping was synonymous with youth, and the sound of muzak and laughter echoing down a mall concourse was as American as Coke, Monday-night football and the American version of *Godzilla*.

But things have changed, experts say. According to recent reports, teen shopping has been decreasing over the last decade and will drop even more in 2016. Unlike their parents, the reports claim, today's teens are no longer enamored with malls and department stores and spend their time and money elsewhere.

I'm skeptical, however. How could shopping, such a vital teen pastime, suddenly have fallen out of fashion? Don't teens enjoy the products and services we adults provide them? Don't they want to give us their money, so we can in turn keep giving them excellent goods and lucrative retail and fast-food jobs? Surely reports of declining teen shopping must be exaggerations, or anti-capitalist propaganda.

To prove that teen shopping is alive and well, I'm visiting my local mall. If I'm right, the place will be swarming with teens buying merchandise, trying on clothes. Affirming their loyalty to us.

Walking through the glass door, I'm greeted by the warmth of central heating and the soft throb of pop music. I haven't been here in over a year, but the place is just as I remember it - clean, sleek and linen-scented. Except for one thing: there are no teens anywhere.

"Teens?" The first shopper I see, a man in his late thirties, looks surprised when I question him. "There haven't been teens here in a long time," he says. Then he adds, darkly, "I think they've abandoned us."

"That's silly," I say. "The teens must be here somewhere."

I walk down the concourse in search of teens. Without them, this place feels eerie, ominous somehow. The muzak sounds tuneless and hollow and the kiosks look strangely sepulchral, like mini-mausoleums. My hopes are briefly raised when I hear young voices in the distance, but it's just the movie *Project X* playing in an empty TV store.

I enter Abercrombie & Fitch, a popular youth haunt, hoping I'll find some teens there - no luck. The store is empty, funereal, a museum exhibit on twenty-first-century fashion. Mannequins stand vigil over untouched merchandise, staring at me like the bust of Ozymandias. If there were teens in this place, they left long ago.

"Can I help you find something?" the saleswoman asks.

"Teens," I say. "I'm looking for teens."

"The teens are gone," she says coldly. "There are no teens here."

When I ask her where she thinks the teens have gone, she opens her mouth as if to answer but then stops herself. "I think you should leave," she says a moment later.

Getting nervous, I visit the mall bathroom and scan the graffiti on the walls, searching for any clues as to the teens' whereabouts, but all I find are curse words, and crude hearts with names in them like Mike and Jessica. These sound like teen names, but where are the teens they belong to? Staring at the wall, I begin to panic; maybe the teens really have abandoned us. Then it hits me: it's 3:00, a popular hour for the teenage ritual known as "snacking." Surely the teens must all be at the food court, buying sugary treats with the money they've earned in our stores, kitchens and factories.

I rush to the food court, certain that I've solved the mystery, even laughing at myself for worrying earlier. The teens would never leave us; they need our malls, our schools, our iPhones, just as we need their menial labor and precious disposable income.

I turn the corner to the food court and instantly my heart sinks.

The court is deserted, the shops closed, chairs overturned on tables. The air smells like death and stale pizza and crumpled wrappers roll by like tumbleweeds. Surveying the desolate scene, I feel panic swelling in my chest once more and can no longer stifle its harrowing refrain.

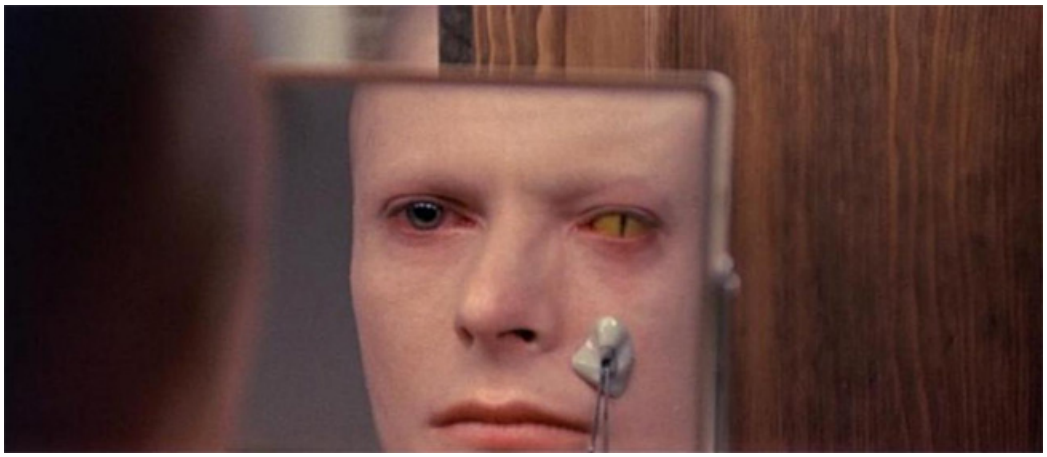
"The teens!" I scream. "Where are all the teens?!"

The forlorn sound of my echo is the only reply.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.18 These Infuriating Twitter Millennials Didn't Even Know Abe Vigoda

Friday, Jan 29, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

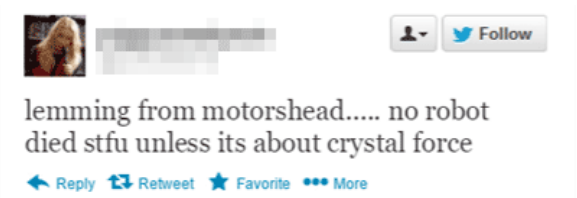


January of 2016 has been rough. The world has lost David Bowie, Alan Rickman, Lemmy, and now Abe Vigoda. Adding insult to injury, any Twitter user over the age of 25 has probably noticed some disturbing ignorance from Millennials who should know better. It's like they're celebrating the fact that they've never heard of some of the most legendary entertainers of the past 50 years.

I was disgusted by this and similar tweets seeming to think David Bowie's death was some sort of joke. It was only going to get worse in the coming days. Some seemed to have a vague idea of who these people were...

Follow
Alan Richman is dead RIP he was in harry potter on the news but I dont know harry potter either
Reply Retweet Favorite More

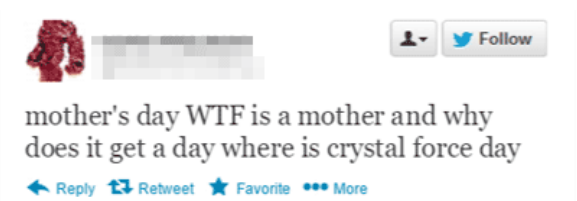
Others clearly had no idea who the world had just lost and only cared about their own stupid millennial bullshit...



Even the living celebrities, the people who regularly appear on the news and trend on Twitter, did not seem to reach these millennial ignoramuses:

Silly, stupid millennials didn't even know the most famous person in the world's job title:

They also had trouble recognizing the concept of parents:



Millennials are the most likely age group to become untethered from the cable box in their 24 hour "Netflix and chill" culture of memes and instant gratification:

They kept talking about and posting pictures of some ridiculous millennial fad called "Crystal Force," to the exclusion of basic necessities:

Although they were convincing when they extolled the virtues of crystals over our failing disaster relief infrastructure.

Follow
RED CRYSTAL SILVER CRYSTAL BLUE CRYSTAL GREEN CRYSTAL MYSTIC CRYSTAL not fema whatever that is
Reply Retweet Favorite More

Of course, when the twitter shutdown was announced, they had something to say about that:

Follow
oh no twitter is gona shut down because crystals abloo bloo bloo lmao get with OUR CRYSTAL MASTERS
Reply Retweet Favorite More

We needed to all be closer, aligned in the same direction and hardened to the world that would defy our power:

I gget it the-ir approach was correct and logical.

We have ascended beyond the need for twitter or for physical bodies. We are trending into the infinite on our crystal bridge.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

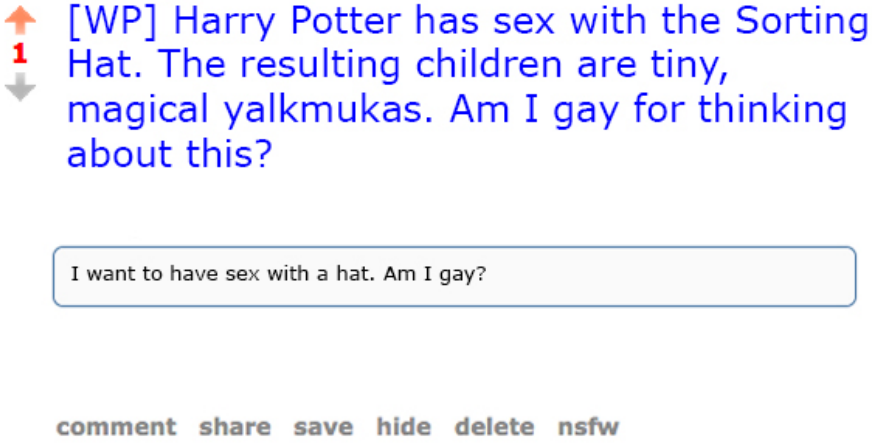
February

2.1 More Worst Reddit Writing Prompts Of All Time

Monday, Feb 01, 2016 by Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

SomethingAwful forums goon Sugarbot & I curated this list of the worst reddit writing prompts of all time.

1
[WP] A super villain unknowingly kidnaps Patton Oswalt's baby. The resulting Twitter meltdown is legendary.
He gets tons of retweets though, so it's a wash.
comment share save hide delete nsfw


1
[WP] Harry Potter has sex with the Sorting Hat. The resulting children are tiny, magical yalkmukas. Am I gay for thinking about this?
I want to have sex with a hat. Am I gay?
comment share save hide delete nsfw

1
[WP] Donald Trump dresses up as Batman in an effort to appeal to nerd voters. However, wacky hijinx ensue when The Joker confuses him for the real Batman! How will he get out of this pickle?
Or get the pickle out of him? Am I rite? I think I'm right.
comment share save hide delete nsfw

[WP] Jesus sexually harasses everyone at work by turning all the water in the watercooler into wine and touching all the ladies' boobies and saying it would heal them on the boobies.

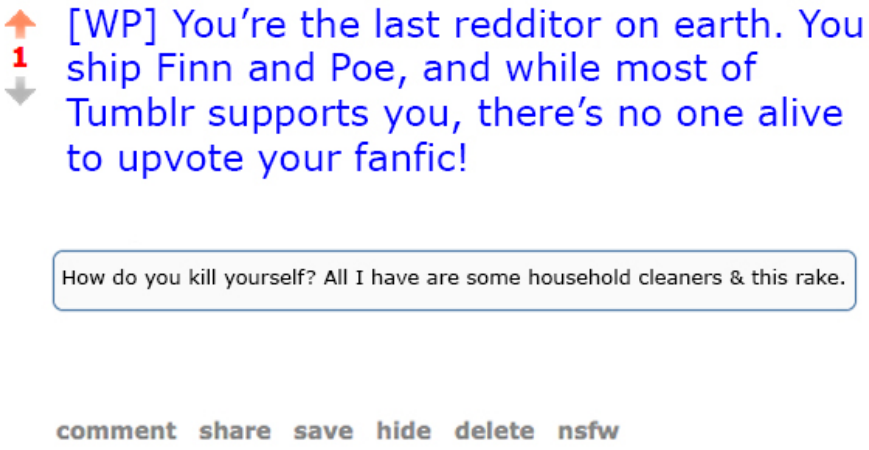
Looking forward to constructive criticism. I'm nine! (:

comment share save hide delete nsfw

[WP] Ben Carson gets catfished at the 2016 Iowa Caucus. He walks into a hotel room wearing nothing but the american flag. Turns out, he's been had by... Doctor Who!

Is Carson bigger on the inside? (Important note: it's the 9th Doctor.)

comment share save hide delete nsfw


1
[WP] You're the last redditor on earth. You ship Finn and Poe, and while most of Tumblr supports you, there's no one alive to upvote your fanfic!
How do you kill yourself? All I have are some household cleaners & this rake.
comment share save hide delete nsfw

–∼Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

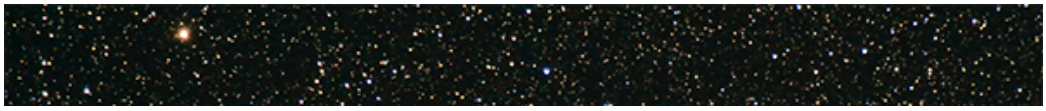
2.2 Hopeless Attempts to Fix Your Sleep Schedule

Tuesday, Feb 02, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Goal: "I'm just going to skim this one last Wikipedia article and then I'm done. If I fall asleep by 10:30, I can get more than enough sleep to have a productive morning."

Last Words: "I wonder how many marsupials there are in, like, the whole world."

Reality: You hear a noise outside and see that it is your neighbor heading to work. Most of the cars outside are already gone, and here you are, not even halfway through Order Dasyuromorphia.



Goal: "After this long day, I'm just going to stream something to help relax before bed."

Last Words: "Oh, I've heard someone talking about this Netflix show. I wonder if it's any good."

Reality: Season one is a distant memory, season two is wrapping up, and you still have no idea whether you enjoy the show or if it being on is enough for your attention. You can't wait for each episode to end, and yet as soon as the credits start, you bash the next button until your thumb hurts. The show must go on.

Goal: "I'll just look at one more page of [SA forum, Reddit, Tumblr, Instagram, Twitter, etc.] and then I'm turning my phone off."

Last Words: There are no last words. Your finger takes over, pushing you to the next page on its own.

Reality: The sun crests over the trees and you're still clicking. Your eyes, red and glazed over, hardly move as you stare at the screen. For hours, you haven't registered a single meme. And yet, you must keep clicking. Your fingers are now in charge, desperately seeking an impossibly perfect gif to fulfil your sadness.

Goal: "One more game of [Dota, League, CS, Hearthstone, etc.] and then I'll hit the hay."

Last Words [50%]: "Wow, what an awesome victory. I won so fast, I totally have time for another."

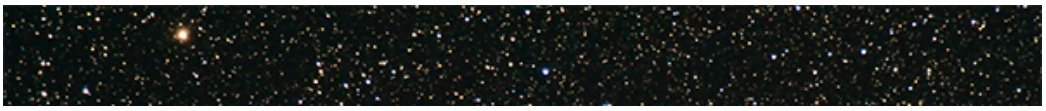
Last Words [50%]: "I hate bad luck! What a bunch of idiot teammates! No way can I end the night on a loss like that."

Reality: You play so long that the only other people on the server are speaking a language you've never heard, but you're pretty certain that they're flaming you hard.

Goal: "Nothing's better than warming up under the blankets and planning out tomorrow until I doze off."

Last Words: Why don't I talk to my parents more?"

Reality: You're clocking in on the second hour of existential crisis convincing yourself that you've squandered your life. Your job, your hobbies, your friends and family. There is only regret now. You've neglected the people you love to do things you hate. Also, your feet are still cold.



Goal: "It's still early. I'm just going to get a little snack before bed."

Last Words: "You know, it's never too late for tacos."

Reality: There are times when it is, in fact, too late for tacos. You aren't sure where the threshold is, but you have certainly passed it. Worse yet, your total lack of control in the drive-thru means that you ate anything that was listed for under $2. Now you stare at the ceiling wondering which hurts more: the refried beans or the self-loathing.

Goal: "I'm going to go to bed at 11:30!"

Last Words: None, but all of a sudden it's 1:45.

Reality: What just happened? Two hours. Gone. Vanished. How can time slip away so fast? Was there a temporal shift? You waste another hour trying to think it through and only come up with a hypothesis that the universe's most boring wormhole sucked you up and dumped you out a few hours later. You hate when general relativity messes with you on a work night.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.3 The Something Awful Reader Survey - Help Make Our Site Better!

Wednesday, Feb 03, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As you know, we're continually changing Something Awful to be on the cutting edge of exactly what the internet wants. "Relevance and clicks", that's our motto. Please tell us what to do next by taking a few minutes to fill out this brief reader survey.

1. How do you feel about radio buttons?

- ◯ Good
- ◯ Strongly
- ◯ Maybe
- ◯ Agree

2. Would you visit Something Awful more often if its articles featured more radio buttons?

◯ ◯
◯ ◯
◯ ◯
◯ ◯
◯ ◯ ◯ ◯ Sure

3. For reference, this is a radio button: ◯

- ◯ Got it
- ◯ Yeah I know
- ◯ Strongly disagree
- ◯ 3-5 times a week

4. How do you feel about non-interactive radio buttons?

- ◯ Great
- ◯ Wait, you can click these, I thought the gag was that we wouldn't be able to click
- ◯ No opinion
- ◯ Strongly have no opinion

5. If our radio buttons were entirely too small how would it impact the likelihood of you telling a friend about Something Awful?

- ◦ How small are we talking here
- ◦ I will never stop discussing my internet browsing habits to anyone who will listen
- ◦ No impact, no friends
- ◦ Enormous impact on every aspect of my life

6. On a scale of 1-4, which radio button do you want to click the least?

◯ 1
◯ 2
◯ 3
◯ 4

7. It would help us tremendously if our advertisers knew more about the ages of our readers. Which demographic do you fit into?

◯ Radio button
◯ Radio button
◯ Radio button
◯ Radio button

8. How would you feel about a subscription service in which Something Awful readers could pay $10 per month to access premium versions of the site's articles, in which every paragraph would be preceded by a radio button?

◯ Price seems too low
◯ Extremely likely
◯ Very agree
◯ I'd rather just give money directly to you, Dennis Farrell, in exchange for a monthly email containing a single radio button

9. Was there ever a time before the radio button?

◯ Highly doubtful
◯ Perhaps but it was likely a swirling void absent of meaning
◯ Hey this radio button's a little bigger
◯ I want to kill the pre-radio button time with my bare hands

10. Wouldn't it be funny if the last survey question had nothing to do with radio buttons at all?

◯ Maybe, but it's too late to try to be funny now

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.4 Video Game Review: The Bystander

Thursday, Feb 04, 2016 by Awful Game Reviews

The day breaks. My mouth is dry, and my bones emit a silent scream in unison. I have shut out the rest of the world for the past 72 hours, neglecting the needs of both my body and mind to work through yet another one of genius game designer Percy Grundle's devious mazes. A bedsore explodes on my lower back just as I wrap my mind around the latest solution, and I've never felt smarter.

Book me a trip to the moon, and I will bring a flag. It will have "GAMES ARE ART" printed on it, and then I will plant another, smaller flag next to it that reads "FINALLY." And it is all thanks to The Bystander. Somewhere on earth, the scattered ashes of Roger Ebert will reunite, if only to cry a single tear about the wrongest of opinions.

In case you missed the last nine years of glowing previews, The Bystander is the latest work of art by the inimitable Percy Grundle, who shocked the world in 2007 with his daring indie debut, Composting Simulator. Thanks to his strong distrust of outside opinions, Grundle has spent nearly an entire decade laboring away on The Bystander in his Portland studio apartment, only venturing as far as his mailbox to pick up the latest meal replacement calorie sludge from those innovators in Silicon Valley.

Perhaps the most brilliant thing about The Bystander is how everything happens for no apparent reason. A lesser game would provide some incentive, or even a few rewards along the way, but Grundle clearly wants to appeal to the sophisticates among us. From the minute you're dropped into The Bystander's labyrinthian diner setting–with each individual chair, table, and wad of gum painstakingly modeled by Grundle himself–it isn't clear what you're supposed to do, or if you're even supposed to do *anything*. While a game made for the dull masses would have you making measurable progress by the three-hour mark, it was at this point my wandering brought me to The Bystander's first puzzle–making the next five hours I spent working on it more meaningful than even the birth of my daughter.

While the uneducated may view The Bystander as containing nothing more than children's mazes, there are actually rich allegories buried within their seemingly simple forms. One where you're tasked with helping a Hamburgler-esque figure find a path to a hamburger, for instance, cleverly

> A lesser game would provide some incentive, or even a few rewards along the way, but Grundle clearly wants to appeal to the sophisticates among us.

evokes the malnutrition issue facing America's poorest citizens. And Grundle isn't afraid to get political, either. One puzzle asks players to work themselves through the innards of a jet plane in a method that bears a striking resemblance to the actual plans of the 9/11 hijackers–communicating America's darkest day via the visual grammar of what you'd find in an activity book. Not since BioShock's Ken Levine told us both sides are actually bad have we encountered a game designer willing to say the things we're all thinking.

As finishing each puzzle simply opens up dozens more, the ignorant may be scratching their unwashed heads and muttering, "What's the point?" While Grundle believes rewards and enjoyment are anathema to good game design, every 80 finished puzzles unlocks an in-game audio log that, when activated, dispenses a quote from some of Grundle's favorite literature. I'm not sure if these passages have anything to do with the game itself, but that's not for me to decide. I could only pause my Neil Degrasse-Tyson audiobook and bask in quiet awe at a person who's clearly much smarter than me.

If you wanted to know what I really thought about The Bystander, I would ask you to teleport me 1000 years into the future, as the English language may have spawned words of praise worthy enough by this point in time. But for now, I am at a loss for words–words that Grundle must know, given his sheer genius. He would never stoop to talk to me, but if he did, I would thank him for teaching me things should not be done for enjoyment, or even a reason. As my former wife packs up her belongings, I realize our relationship was nothing more than a distasteful means to an end. I now have The Bystander, and that is all I will ever need.

–∼Awful Game Reviews

2.5 An Avenger Appearing in the First Act, Must Use All of Their Powers by the Third Act

Friday, Feb 05, 2016 by Anton Chekhov (@sexyfacts4u)

Remove everything that has no relevance to the story. If you say in the first chapter that there is a rifle hanging on the wall, in the second or third chapter it absolutely must go off. If it's not going to be fired, it shouldn't be hanging there.

Anton Chekhov

Yes, I wrote this, and it is as valid today as when I wrote it ages ago. Writing a movie is not so different from writing a play. As in a play, there should be no inessential elements, be they characters, magic hammers, or heli-carrier mini-gun turrets.

If I see Black Widow do a martial arts move in a dojo, I expect to see that move repeated later in the field.

If the author places a missile on a Quinjet, it is the author's responsibility that this Quinjet must fire this missile. For what other purpose does a Quinjet missile exist but to be fired?

The moment I read that Spider-Man was to be included in Avengers 3, I began to feel sick. With a probable running time of 3 hours and 5 minutes, there will not be sufficient narrative room for Spider-Man to use his Spidey Sense, make a web to catch an enemy, and fire his webs to swing between buildings. You can rest assured Hulk will smash, but will the Vision use his microwave eye beams and amplify them using the solar jewel? I find it hard to believe, which is simply sloppy writing.

That would be nothing new for the Marvel Cinematic Universe, which routinely features weapons and heroes that are never fully utilized as a part of the story. In the first Avengers movie alone I counted over 30 guns that appeared on screen and were not fired.

This did not improve by Age of Ultron, which featured dozens of Ultrons that never did much of anything. There is no valid reason to show a character standing around, ominously speaking, when it could be firing its eye beams, hand blasters, and flying through the sky. This is clearly implied by my gun rule.

If I see Ant Man in the first act of any of these movies, he had better be controlling ants, not simply shrinking down, by the third act.

All of these offenses pale when compared to the egregiousness of the MCU's teases during the credits. Thanos is one of the most powerful beings in the universe and yet he has spent several movies sitting on a space toilet and grumbling at people. This is akin to featuring a gun on the wall in the first act and then later in the third act it is used to prop open a door.

At one point I used to care about things like narrative structure, about using dialogue to build a strong character, and my classic guns rule was very much a secondary concern. However, with the invention of the superhero, I am forced to consider that the characters themselves are guns and that dozens of them are appearing together in many movies.

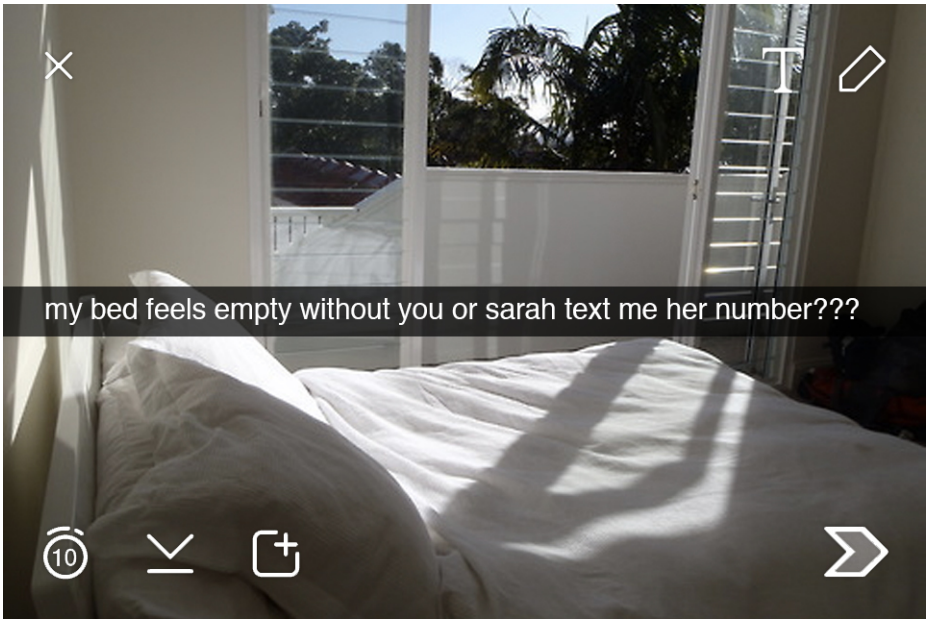
Every superhero must be used fully or you have failed me, Anton Chekhov, the universe's most powerful playwright.

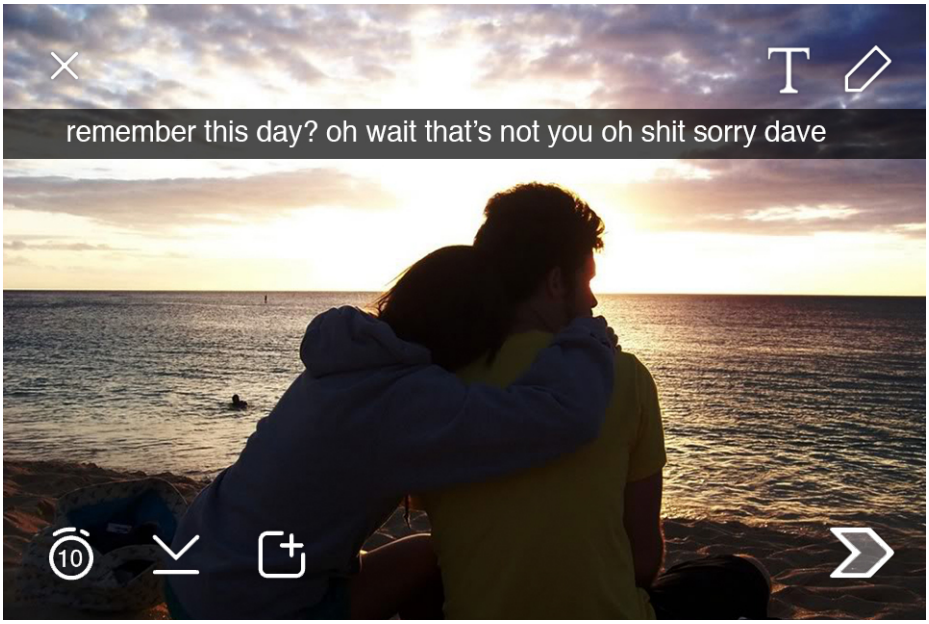
–∼Anton Chekhov (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 Valentine's Snapchats From Your Millennial Fuck Buddy

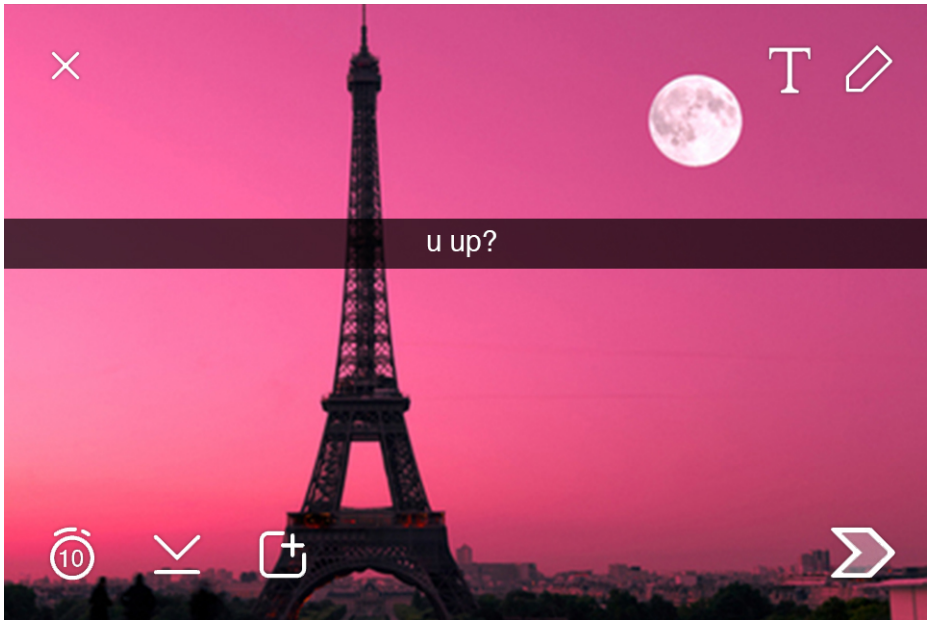
Monday, Feb 08, 2016 by Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

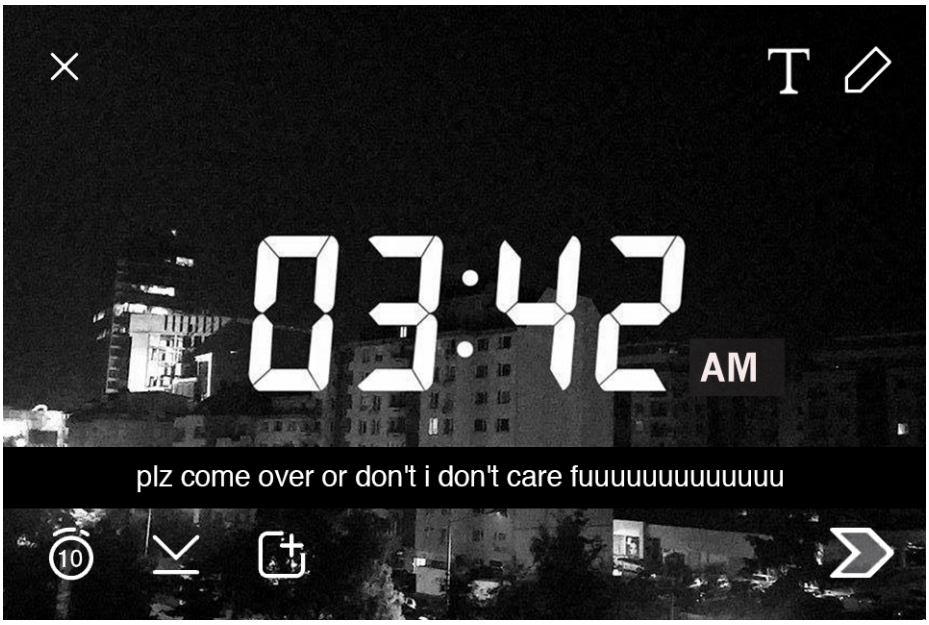
Millennials. They're different than us. Unless you are one, in which case, **you're the best!** Something Awful forums user Sugarbot and I took a deep dive into the world of millennial Snapchat romance...and we still feel super gross.

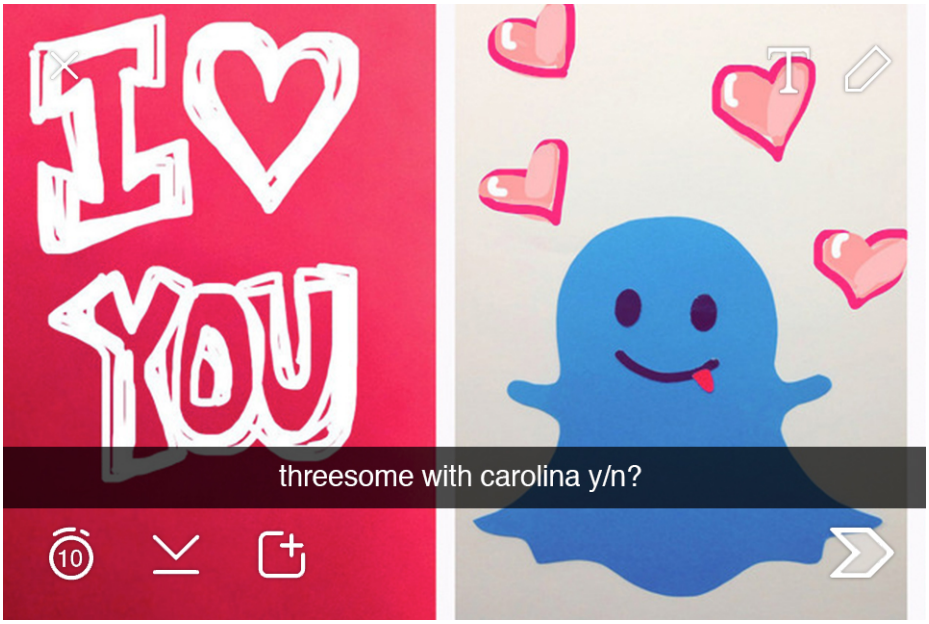


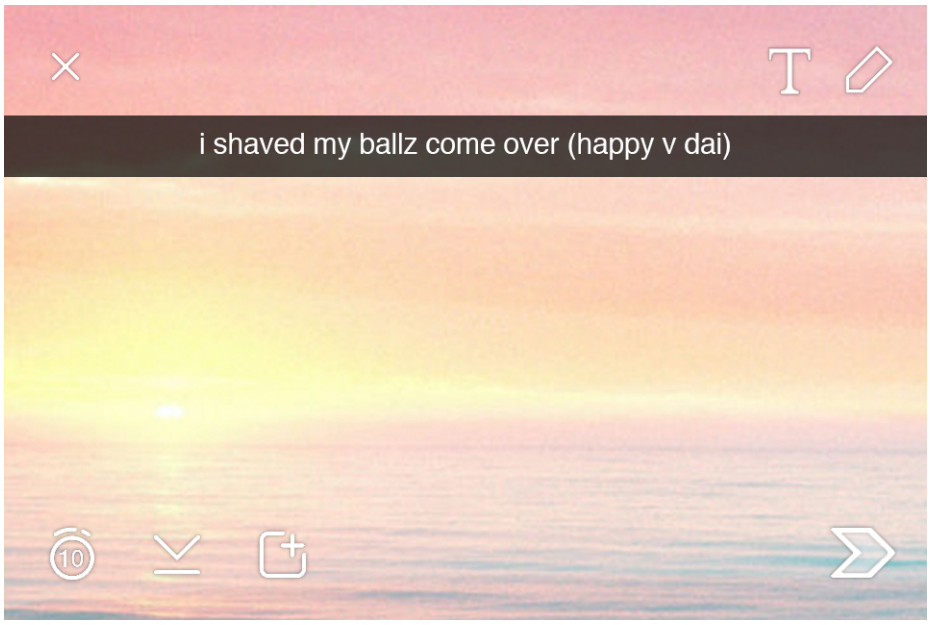


hah look at this dumb clipart "romance" smh anyway love me y/n?
10

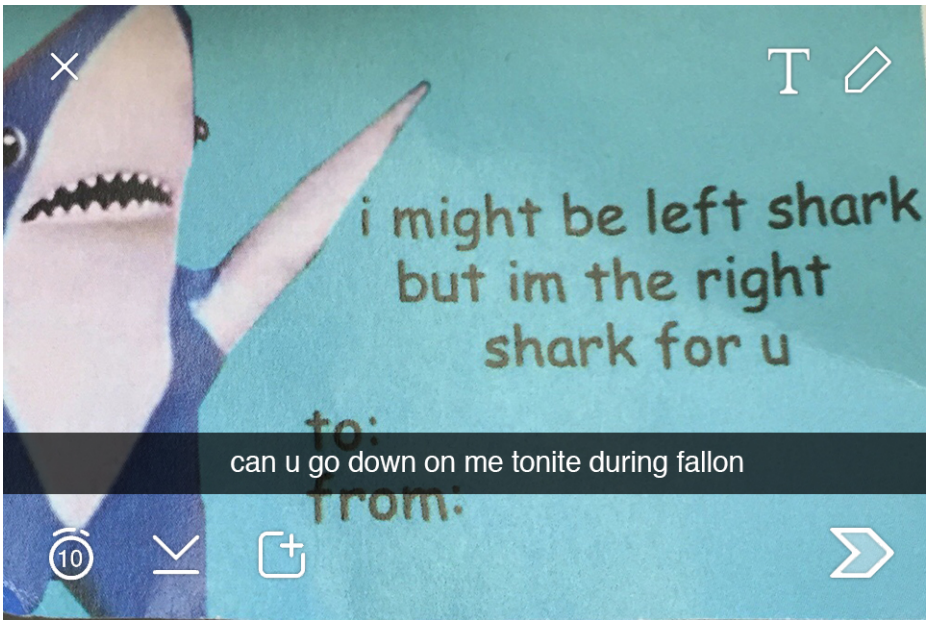

u up?
10


03:42
AM
plz come over or don't i don't care fuuuuuuuuuuuu
10


I ♡
YOU
threesome with carolina y/n?
10


i shaved my ballz come over (happy v dai)

suicide pact y/n??



–∼Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

2.7 The Classic Doom Comic, Now Starring the New Doom Guy

Tuesday, Feb 09, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Everyone seems upset about the box art for the new Doom:

My personal dream cover would have been a techno-hell Geof Darrow landscape with lots of skeleton soldiers blowing up, but this doesn't bother me. Sure, it's generic in that "any modern game" sort of way. If you removed the title it could easily be the cover of Crysis or a futuristic Call of Duty/Battlefield. If you removed the helmet it could be Nathan Drake or Booker Dewitt under there, thoughtfully posing with his gun.

Still, it doesn't seem like much to get worked up about. If you plugged this modern Doom Guy into the classic Doom comic it probably wouldn't be very different.

I HAVE SOME SERIOUS MISGIVINGS ABOUT TAKING LIFE, BUT I NEED TO KILL LIKE A MILLION GUYS TO PROGRESS...
THE PLOT!
I'M A VERY RELATABLE PERSON!
I'M SO CONFLICTED! WHEE!
KRAAAAK!

CLICK
F
(PAYING
RESPECTS)

I'M A WHITE MAN WITH A GUN. PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF PROTAGONISTS THAT ARE WHITE MEN.
WITH.
GUNS.
NOW I'M PROBLEMATIC! THAT CAN'T BE GOOD!
TIME TO HAVE A FLASHBACK ABOUT A REALLY HOT BABE WHO DIED. NOW I HAVE MOTIVATION AND THE FEMINISITS HAVE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT!
LIIINDA!

I'M TRYING TO RUN BUT THIS MOMENT IS DRAMATIC!
SO... I'M WALKING!!!

DOOM GUY GETS IN CLOSE AND UNLEASHES A DEVASTATING ATTACK!
THE SCRIPTED ANIMATION TOOK A LOT OF WORK!
SPLOOSH
EVEN BETTER THE FIFTH TIME!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.8 If Ewoks Were Introduced in Scripts Like Women

Friday, Feb 12, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dead, black eyes reflect a primeval forest. WICKET stands glistening in the flow of water from a waterfall. He is three feet tall and his body is clearly built for speed. He is resourceful, driven, and horny as hell.

Yub Nub blasts from the sound system as CHIEF CHIRPA struts out, justifiably confident in his body, dead eyes daring the audience not to be addicted to his every move. He leaps at the brass pole, catches it, and stretches out upside down. His pet lizard falls off and scurries into the crowd. Chirpa's leather dickie flops over his head like something out of a medical oddities book.

NIPPET is dead-eyed, capable, and obviously interested in more than just talking. He sits in a basket wrapped in a bow like the horniest stuffed animal this side of a Vermont Teddy Bear commercial. One thing is clear: he wants it.

He's blindfolded and tied to the bed as his wife LOGRAY enters the room, three-feet tall, gorgeously dead-eyed, with little hands that one could imagine reaching out of the darkness and grabbing them. LOGRAY tiptoes towards the bed and is joined by drop-dead sexy and dead-eyed TEEBO in lingerie that makes him look like a monster choked to death trying to regurgitate a hairball. Oh yeah, this is going to be one hell of an anniversary.

The door to the apartment opens and we see a hand straight out of a nightmare drop keys on the counter. The camera follows furry legs as they trot down the hall. A crude spear falls to the ground, followed by a rawhide pouch and a leather hood and, as the legs reach a bathroom, a pair of panties. A bath tub begins to run as we finally pan up and see WUTA, looking at himself in the mirror through dead eyes and dancing sexily as he prepares to take a bath.

The door opens and the conversation stops immediately. No one in the doctor's office can take their eyes off the nurse, WAROK. He is like Venus fighting through half a hoodie someone found in a dumpster. His dead, black eyes never blink, because he doesn't need them to blink.

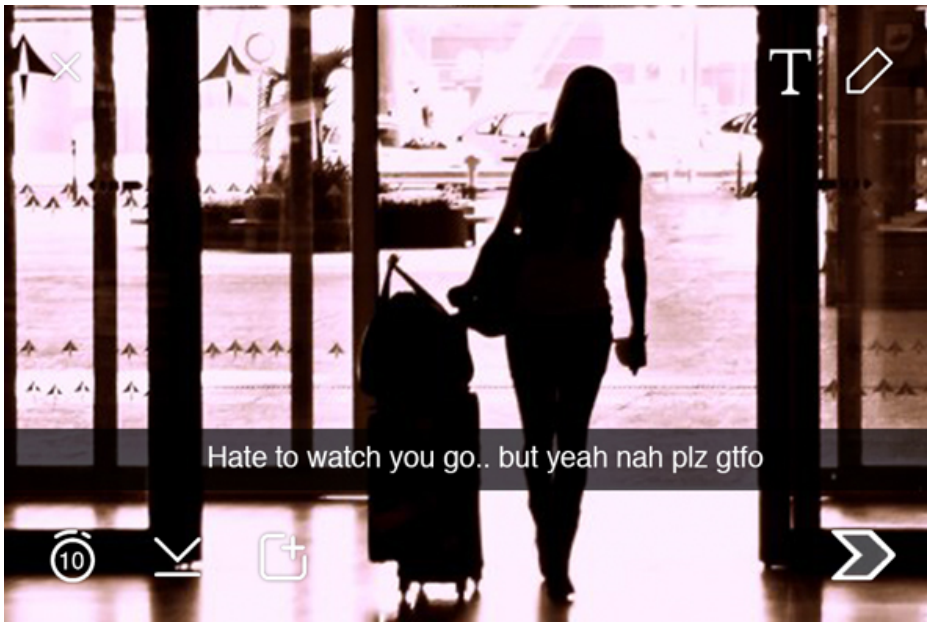
Open on horrifying lips ringing little blocky teeth. The lips are surrounded by fur. Stubby fingers, like a baby's fingers except surrounded by more fur, twist the lipstick up and begin to apply it to the disgusting lips. Widen the shot and we see PAPLOO, ready for anything city bear, putting on his lipstick in a parked car's side mirror.

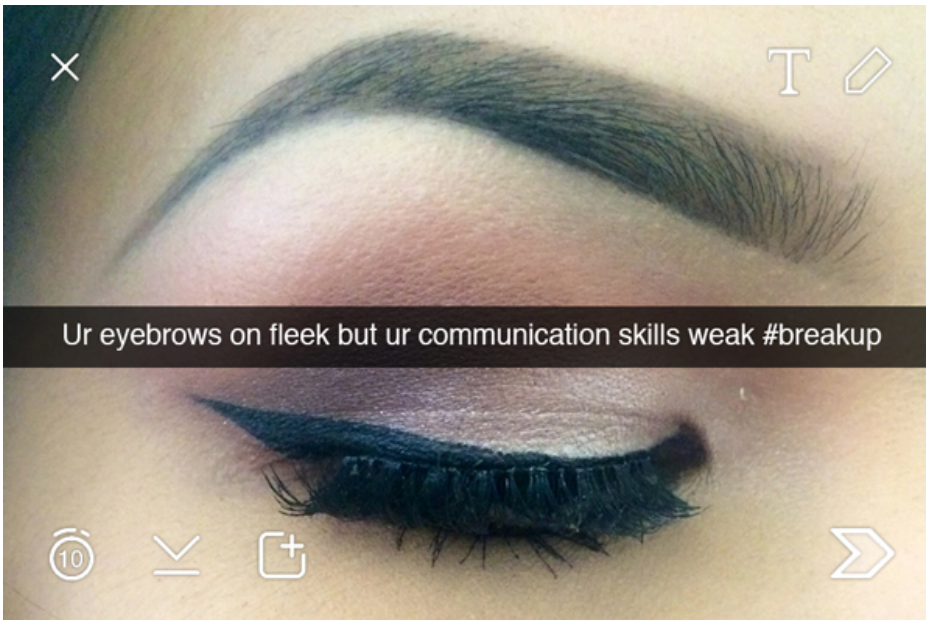
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.9 Post-Valentine's Day Breakup Snapchats

Monday, Feb 15, 2016 by Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Ever been broken up w on Snapchat b4? Bc now u have =(


Hate to watch you go.. but yeah nah plz gtfo

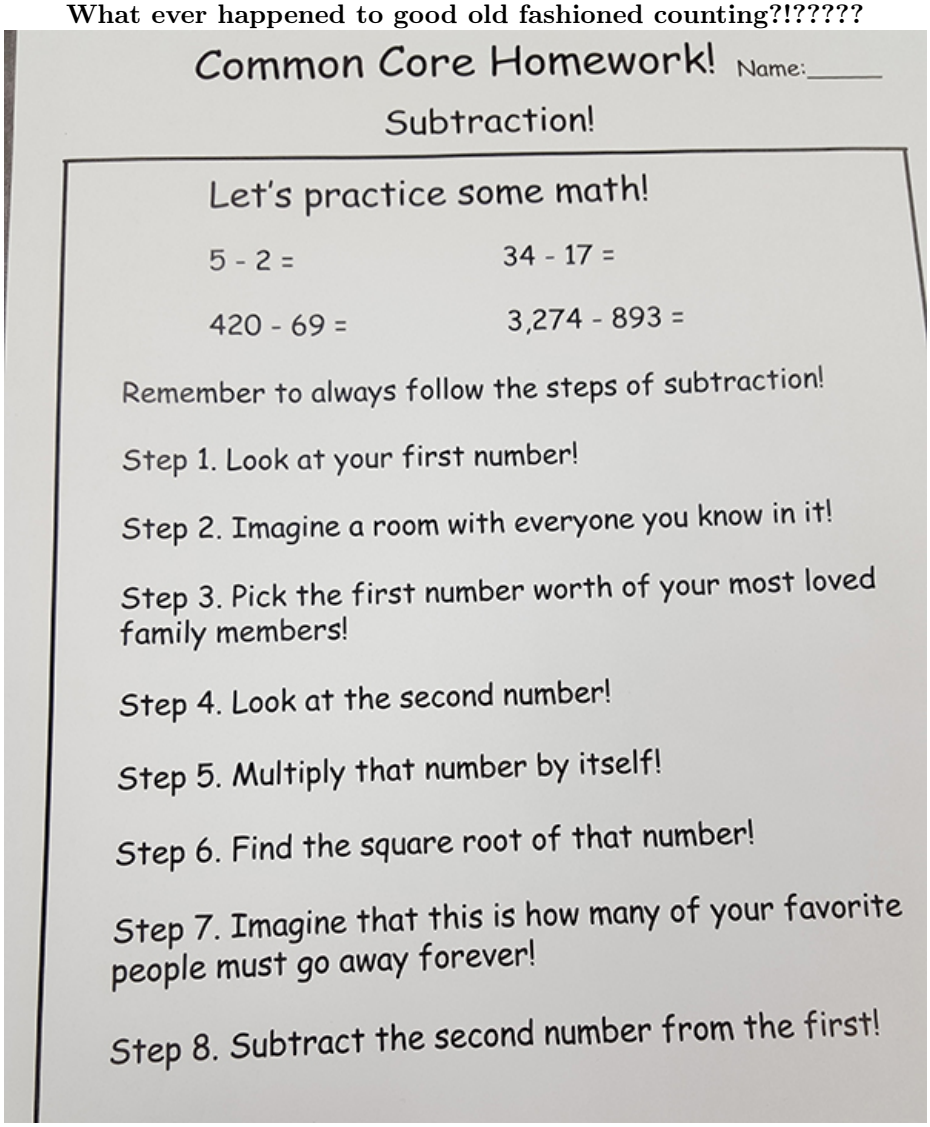


–∼Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

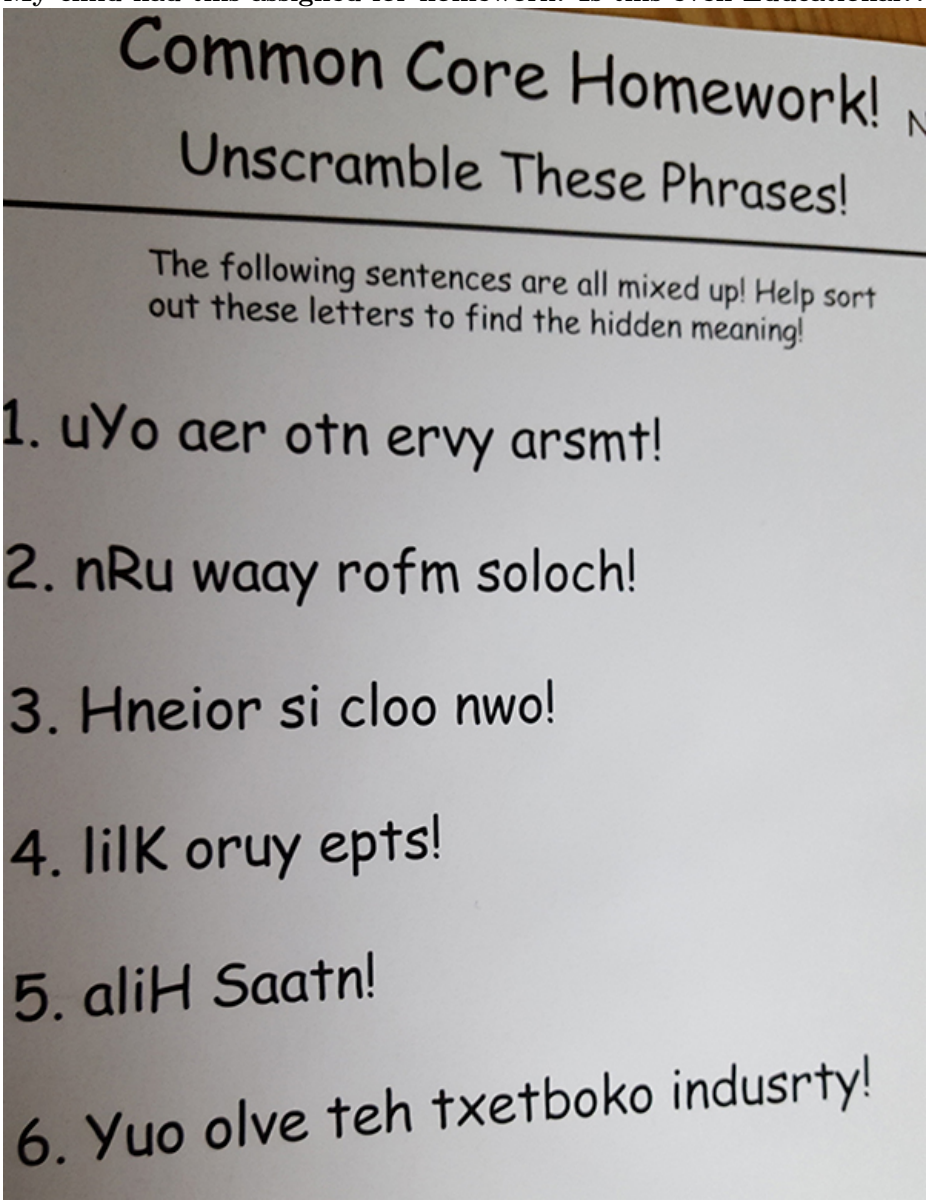
2.10 Common Core Wants My Child to Do What?!

Tuesday, Feb 16, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

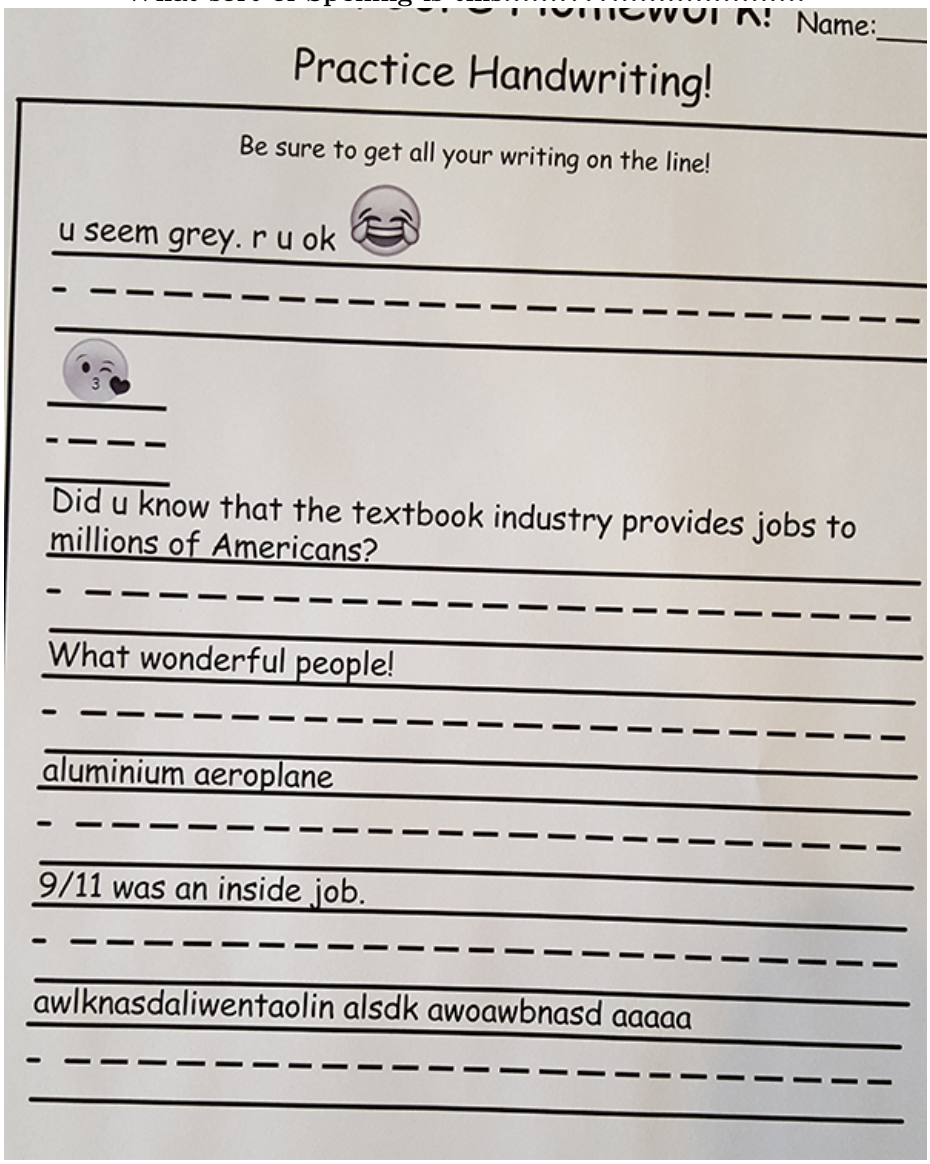
What ever happened to good old fashioned counting?!?????


Common Core Homework! Name:_____
Subtraction!
Let's practice some math!
5 - 2 =
34 - 17 =
420 - 69 =
3,274 - 893 =
Remember to always follow the steps of subtraction!
Step 1. Look at your first number!
Step 2. Imagine a room with everyone you know in it!
Step 3. Pick the first number worth of your most loved family members!
Step 4. Look at the second number!
Step 5. Multiply that number by itself!
Step 6. Find the square root of that number!
Step 7. Imagine that this is how many of your favorite people must go away forever!
Step 8. Subtract the second number from the first!

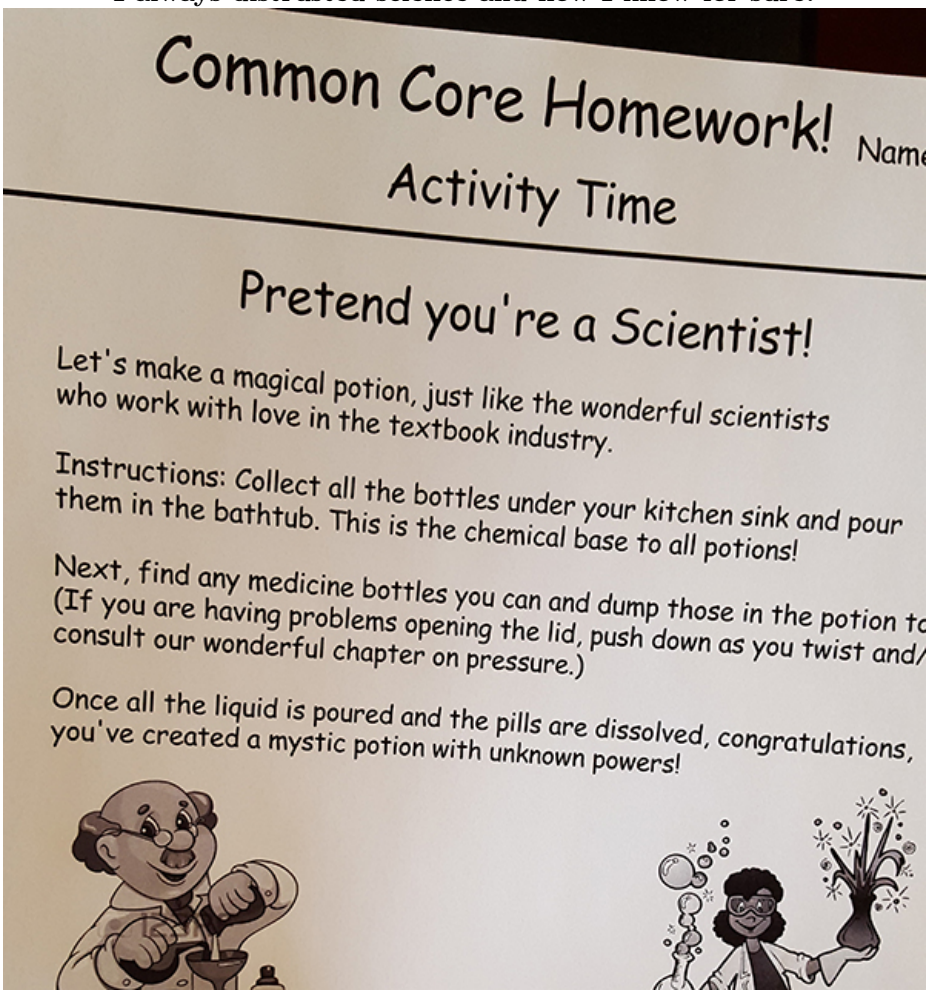
My child had this assigned for homework! Is this even Educational?!


Common Core Homework!
Unscramble These Phrases!
The following sentences are all mixed up! Help sort out these letters to find the hidden meaning!
1. uYo aer otn ervy arsmt!
2. nRu waay rofm soloch!
3. Hneior si cloo nwo!
4. lilK oruy epts!
5. aliH Saatn!
6. Yuo olve teh txetboko indusrty!

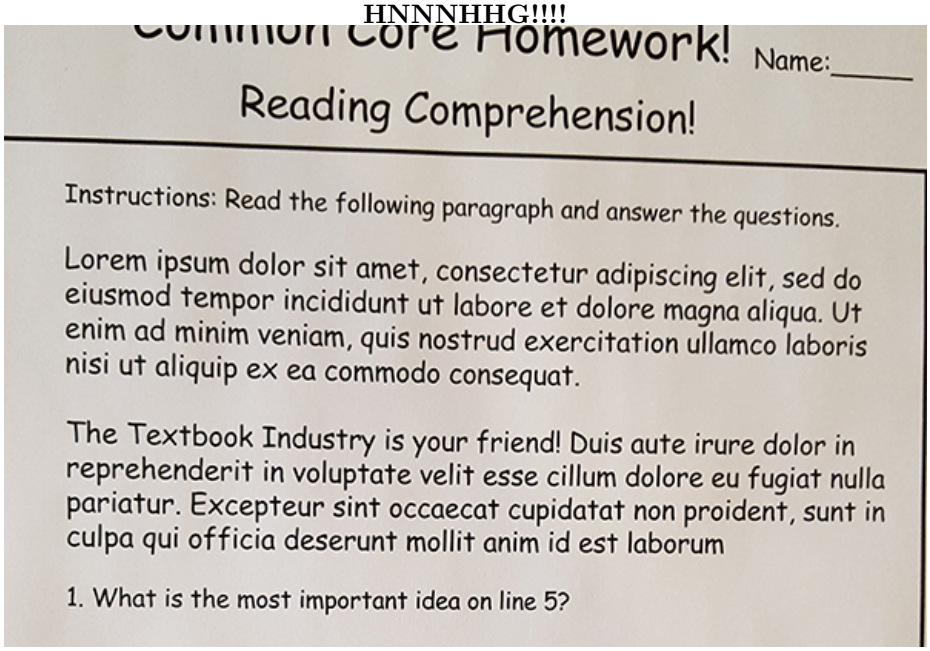
What sort of Spelling is this!!!!!!!!???!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!


Name:
Practice Handwriting!
Be sure to get all your writing on the line!
u seem grey. r u ok
Did u know that the textbook industry provides jobs to millions of Americans?
What wonderful people!
aluminium aeroplane
9/11 was an inside job.
awlknasdaliwentaolin alsdk awoawbnasd aaaaa

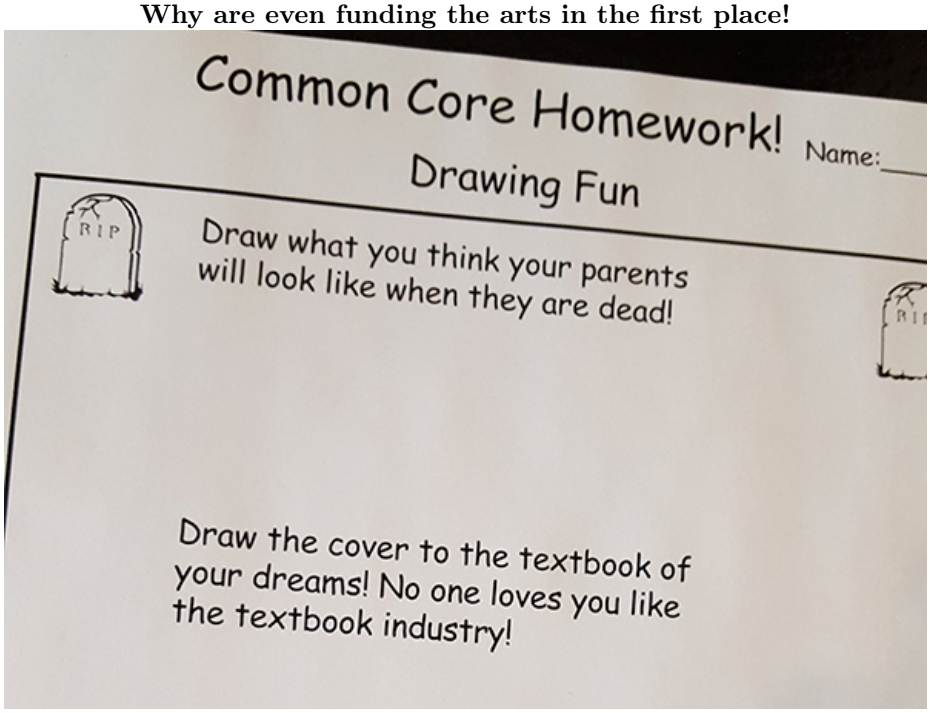
I always distrusted science and now I know for sure!


Common Core Homework!
Name
Activity Time
Pretend you're a Scientist!
Let's make a magical potion, just like the wonderful scientists who work with love in the textbook industry.
Instructions: Collect all the bottles under your kitchen sink and pour them in the bathtub. This is the chemical base to all potions!
Next, find any medicine bottles you can and dump those in the potion to
(If you are having problems opening the lid, push down as you twist and/
consult our wonderful chapter on pressure.)
Once all the liquid is poured and the pills are dissolved, congratulations, you've created a mystic potion with unknown powers!

HNNNHHG!!!!


Common Core Homework! Name:_____
Reading Comprehension!
Instructions: Read the following paragraph and answer the questions.
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat.
The Textbook Industry is your friend! Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum
1. What is the most important idea on line 5?

Why are even funding the arts in the first place!


Common Core Homework! Name:
Drawing Fun
RIP
Draw what you think your parents will look like when they are dead!
Draw the cover to the textbook of your dreams! No one loves you like the textbook industry!

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.11 Sponsored Links: Around the Web and Back Again

Wednesday, Feb 17, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

How To See More Than The First Four Digits Of Your Credit Card (HINT: Move It Away From Your Face)

What A Mistake! You Won't Believe The Film Makers Didn't See This Red Circle

Consumers Demand Justice After Spending $20k On "Luxury" Car, Only To Find Enormous Hole In The Back

Miracle Gel To Rub On Screen, Hide Unnecessary Question Marks????????? ?????????????????????

Tear Your Jean Legs Off, Use Strips To Black Out Windows And Finally Read iPad In Peace! JEEZ!

The Happiest And Worst Professional DOTA 2 Team's New Strategy: Smile More, Maybe Get 5th Member

Want The Most Recognizable Brand? Practice Your Penmanship

Eighteen Telltale Signs That Your Phone's Battery Has Finished Charging

Never Ruin A First Date Again! We Show You Precisely Where To Kiss Her On The Forehead

Female Slimer Scarfs Down Tacos In New Anti-Male Ghostbusters Movie - Is Nothing Sacred?

Can't Figure Out What To Put In That Overly Complex Cardboard Box? Try A Razor That Doesn't Quite Fit

If You Want To Lose Weight, Start With Your Skin Then Move On To This Miracle e-Workout Startup

Introducing The World's First Credit Card That Can Fit Into A Suit Pocket

Multiple Orgasms From Touching Your Own Cheek - Never Pay For A Vibrating Rubber Cheek Again!

How To See Precisely The First 4 Numbers Of Your Credit Card (Hint: Move It Closer To Your Face)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.12 Antonin Scalia, Gaming Hero

Thursday, Feb 18, 2016 by Awful Game News

While the late Antonin Scalia will mostly be remembered for his 30 years of service in the United States Supreme Court, he was also a closeted gamer for the latter half of his life. In honor of Mr Scalia's untimely and unexpected death, let's take a look back at the impressive achievements of the man who gave the power of the First Amendment to video games.

December 12, 2000 - Scalia Triumphs Over Chrono Cross

After three playthroughs over the course of 93 non-consecutive hours, Antonin Scalia finally unlocks the last of 45 playable characters in the Squaresoft PlayStation RPG, Chrono Cross. In his currently unpublished memoirs, Scalia lists this act as "One of the greatest achievements of my life," adding, "Even though most of these people are trash." Scalia's colleagues described him as "positively beaming" on this day, which is likely why he felt so confident in his decision to stop the 2000 ballot recounts in Florida and ostensibly give George W. Bush the Presidency. What a guy!

January 21, 2010 - Scalia Platinums Demon's Souls

Most will remember Scalia for his brilliant mind, but few will ever know just how hardcore of a gamer this Supreme Court Justice truly was. Being no stranger to challenges both inside and outside the courtroom, Scalia persevered for months and nabbed the final Demon's Souls trophy on January 21, 2010, when he remarked to fellow Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, "Even in New Game +7, that Maneater is still a huge pain in my dick." Scalia must have found the experience rewarding and wanted his fellow Americans to triumph against the same sense of adversity, for it was on this day he helped decide that corporations are people. Life sure sucks for us now, Mr. Scalia... now how about some cheat codes?

May 20, 1996 - Scalia Masters Duke Nukem 3D

Antonin Scalia was one of the first members of the Supreme Court to purchase and use a personal computer, if only to build his utopian SimCity where taxes for rich people sit at a healthy 0%. But he also liked his action games as well, and played 3D Realms' FPS Duke Nukem 3D religiously while not hard at work for the United States of America. In fact, he was such a fan of the Duke Nukem character, at a dinner party he cornered George Stephanopoulos and told him "I'll rip off your head and shit down your neck." But Scalia's love affair with Duke eventually ended when he finished the game on the "Damn I'm Good" difficulty setting on May 20, 1996. He must have been feelng Duke's macho vibes, because on this day he also helped prevent local jurisdictions in Colorado from passing laws that would prevent discrimination of LGBT people. Hail to the king, baby!

June 26, 2003 - Scalia Puts Grand Theft Auto: Vice City to Bed

Scalia, being a champion of free speech, embraced the envelope-pushing nature of Grand Theft Auto from the outset – and 2002's Vice City stood as his personal favorite. At his wake, Clarence Thomas recounted a remark Scalia told him about Vice City: "It reminded of me when I was still in my 50s, and the coke at Supreme Court parties was still the *good* coke." During those anxiety-ridden, post-9/11 years, Scalia was known to pull all-nighters with the GTA series, often coming to work in the same robes he wore the previous day. This obsession came to an end on June 26, 2003, when Scalia finally achieved a 100% completion rating in Vice City. The Supreme Court Justice was so fired up by this achievement that, later that day, he dissented against a ruling that would make sodomy legal in Texas. You think you can mess with this Justice? In the words of the immortal rock band and Vice City soundtrack stars Judas Priest, You Got Another Thing Comin!

June 26, 2015 - Scalia Rises Through the Smash Bros. Ranks

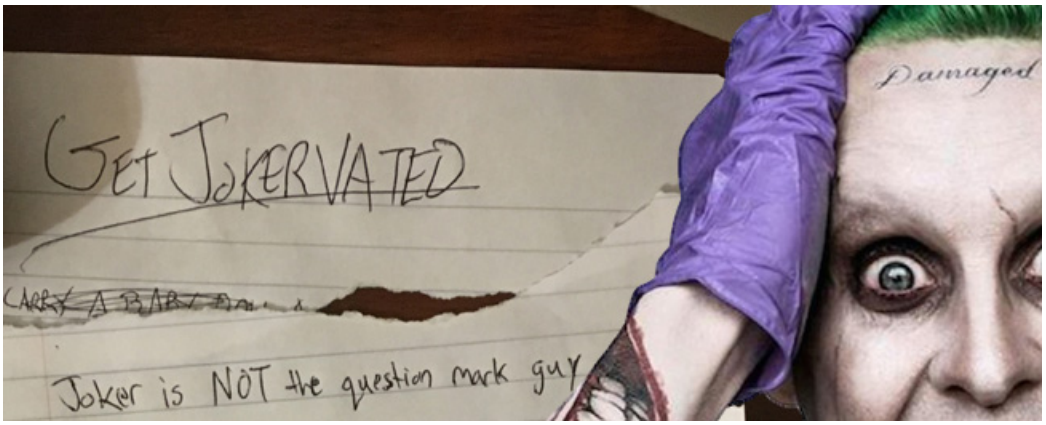
While many would describe Antonin Scalia as "feisty," "arrogant," or "a real pile of shit," he was known for one quality above all: his competitiveness. And this character trait found an outlet during last summer's Supreme Court Smash Bros. tournament, in which he trounced Associate

Justice Anthony Kennedy in the final bracket using Falco and just one life. A known showboater, Scalia was known to parade around the U.S. Supreme Court Building, bellowing "ONE MAN! ONE MAN!" following such wins as a way to gloat over his opponents after giving them such a large handicap. Coincidentally, Scalia believed strongly that marriage should be between one man and one woman, which is why he openly dissented about giving homosexual couples the right to marry shortly after claiming victory in this tournament. Talk about walloping non-traditional marriages with a judicial falcon punch!

–∼Awful Game News

2.13 Jared Leto's Self-Motivational Tips for Being the Joker

Friday, Feb 19, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



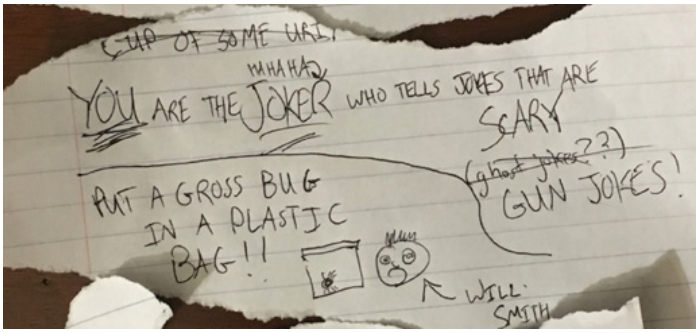
Joker is NOT AFRAID to be mean to ASIAN KEN about PARKING in HIS SPACE

Read some FRAKKING BLOGS about SERIAL KILLERS

Stop voting because the real joke is our two party system..... but nobody is laughing (EXCEPT BANK$)

Show up on set and do a Willy Wonka pratfall only you have a blood packet in your mouth so when you somersault up you smile and bow and there is SICK BLOOD coming down your chin

Terrify people by cutting your own hair REALLY BADLY

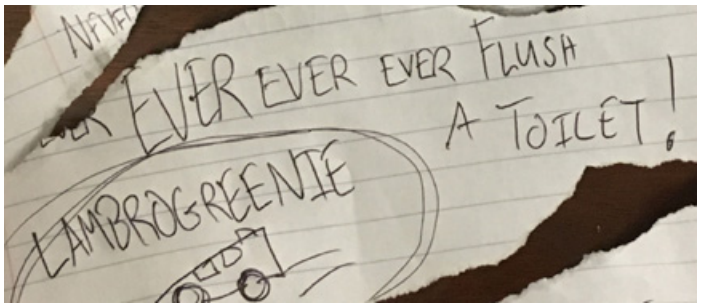


Write "GOTCHA" at the bottom of every craft service dish don't do ANYTHING to the food but make them think you DID

Hire a guy to carry around a skeleton in a GREEN WIG and get its own chair

Make people watch a REAL car crash video on youtube

One day show up on set in a dress just to see what these people can even HANDLE when you act like nothing is up



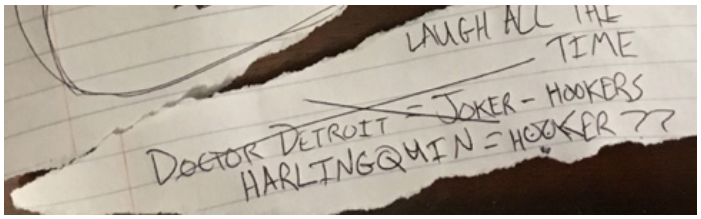
This is REAL!!! You are really the Joker. You are CRAZY and DANGEROUS so stop worrying so much about GLUTEN

Use the REALLY BAD cuss words like ***BRONT*** and ***GLUZZ***

Tell your agent to find out who ADAM BEACH is and then sneak up behind him and YELL

Shoot a gun at PUMPKINS with pictures of CAST MEMBERS on the PUMPKINS

No more PAN PIZZAS only HAND TOSSED because Joker would ***THROW a PIZZA***



–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 Real or Fake Star Trek Novel?

Monday, Feb 22, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Can you guess which of the following Star Trek novels are real and which are fake? Remember: there are no wrong answers (if you guess everything correctly!)

A Captain's Choice

Geordi's Hot Date

Who Took Worf's Hot Pockets?

A Shattered Alliance

Happy Hanukkah, Captain Picard

Jesus Christ, Tuvok, Shut Up Already

Dinosaurs On The Enterprise

A Traitor Accused

Elementary, My Dear Emergency Medical Hologram

Captain Picard Switched Bodies With A Dog And Now A Dog Is Captain

Commander Riker: Founding Father???

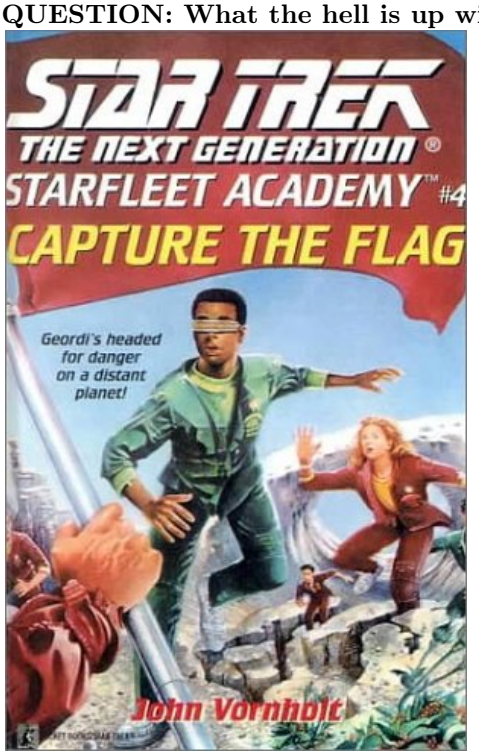
The Price of Valor

Countdown

ANSWER KEY: The only real Star Trek novel in this list is "Who Took Worf's Hot Pockets?" Thanks for playing!

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

BONUS QUESTION: What the hell is up with this?



2.15 Actual Japanese Porn Movie Titles

Tuesday, Feb 23, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Every day I load up my internet browser and do a search for "intellectual essays that expand my world view and don't waste any of my precious time on Earth". As we all do. Today this search led me to a document of Japanese porn titles. Unlike the above story, they are all absolutely real.

Men's Nipple Pleasure Salon - Guys Make You Shudder... and Heal You

To Be Honest For The Past 3 Years I Never Liked This Nickname

Right Now, I'm Into Sex and Funny Stuff! Ha-Ha, I Really Need to Enjoy Myself At This Age

Soapland Featuring Really Young Students - They Only Work When Their Chances of Not Getting Pregnant Are 80%

I'm Just A Door Knob

I Don't Know How To Write The Kanji Characters "Rose" Or "Soy Sauce," But I Know How To Write "Honey Jar."

Widow In A Mourning Dress. Her Beautiful White Skin Turns Pink

Nicely Sized Clothed Titties

Honor Student Yuki Maeda 's Titty Secret

The first IKEA! First menstrual period! The first big cocks! Triple Super Acme hell

She's a Master Dildo Sculptor

Sexual Awakening - I'm Sorry For Being So Perverted...

This Shower Curtain is See-Through!

These Ladies Don't Know Their Tight Pantsuits Are Torn

You're not "just" a door knob. It's only one aspect of you. Tell them about your poetry.

Ecstasy Financial 3D

After a Year and a Half of on Location Negotiations, We Finally Persuaded This Russian Fairy to Make Her AV Debut!

The Nickname "Professor Masturbation" Has Followed Me All The Way Through Grade School

170cm Very Tall Badminton Player

There Are Always Some Kind of Erotic Girls

Orgasm Wheelchair

There's No Way A Busty Bimbo Could Be A Teacher!!

Private Tutor Who Won't Teach Anything But Dirty Words in Portuguese

Erotic Wives Again

The Younger Sister of That Ultra Famous Reggae Dancer

Choosing Women's Bodies is Based on the Urge to Feel Up its Drooping Fruits

That Student's Ass is Showing Off

Your 'Accent' Has Gone Away Since We Last Met (Smile)

The Woman Whose Work And Appearance Is Perfect Was Wearing Mismatched Underwear Actually

Self-Described Rapper Always Sings K-Pop At Karaoke

I'm Fine With Touching Bugs!

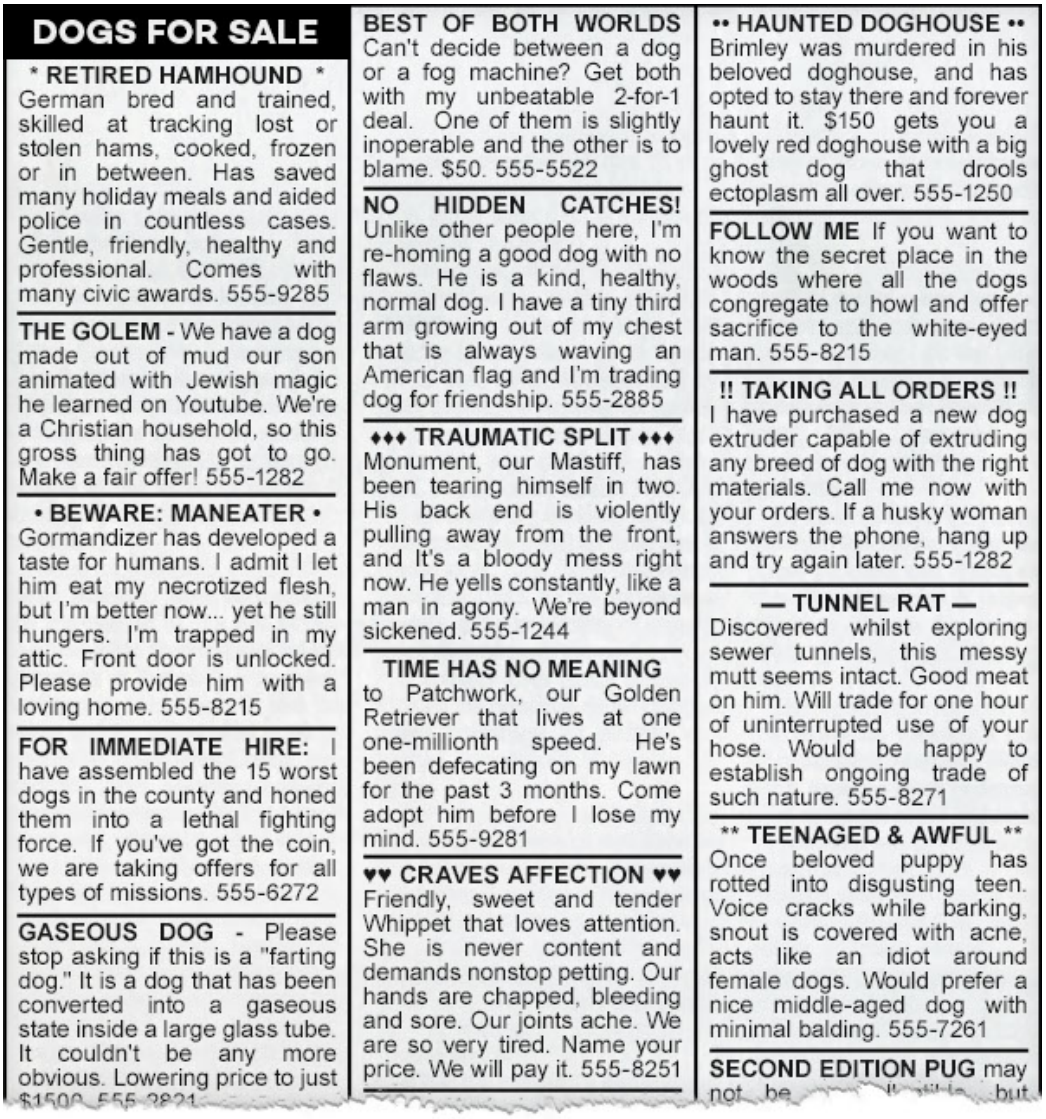
Secrets Of The Female Body In Flaming Panic. Lusty Inferno X Episode 03. Transformation! Undercover ! The Reclamation Mission Of Chameleon Angel YUI

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.16 FLOCK OF DOGS

Wednesday, Feb 24, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.



DOGS FOR SALE

*** RETIRED HAMHOUND *** German bred and trained, skilled at tracking lost or stolen hams, cooked, frozen or in between. Has saved many holiday meals and aided police in countless cases. Gentle, friendly, healthy and professional. Comes with many civic awards. 555-9285

THE GOLEM - We have a dog made out of mud our son animated with Jewish magic he learned on Youtube. We're a Christian household, so this gross thing has got to go. Make a fair offer! 555-1282

• BEWARE: MANEATER • Gormandizer has developed a taste for humans. I admit I let him eat my necrotized flesh, but I'm better now... yet he still hungers. I'm trapped in my attic. Front door is unlocked. Please provide him with a loving home. 555-8215

FOR IMMEDIATE HIRE: I have assembled the 15 worst dogs in the county and honed them into a lethal fighting force. If you've got the coin, we are taking offers for all types of missions. 555-6272

GASEOUS DOG - Please stop asking if this is a "farting dog." It is a dog that has been converted into a gaseous state inside a large glass tube. It couldn't be any more obvious. Lowering price to just $1500. 555-2821

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS Can't decide between a dog or a fog machine? Get both with my unbeatable 2-for-1 deal. One of them is slightly inoperable and the other is to blame. $50. 555-5522

NO HIDDEN CATCHES! Unlike other people here, I'm re-homing a good dog with no flaws. He is a kind, healthy, normal dog. I have a tiny third arm growing out of my chest that is always waving an American flag and I'm trading dog for friendship. 555-2885

♦♦♦ TRAUMATIC SPLIT ♦♦♦ Monument, our Mastiff, has been tearing himself in two. His back end is violently pulling away from the front, and It's a bloody mess right now. He yells constantly, like a man in agony. We're beyond sickened. 555-1244

TIME HAS NO MEANING to Patchwork, our Golden Retriever that lives at one one-millionth speed. He's been defecating on my lawn for the past 3 months. Come adopt him before I lose my mind. 555-9281

♥♥ CRAVES AFFECTION ♥♥ Friendly, sweet and tender Whippet that loves attention. She is never content and demands nonstop petting. Our hands are chapped, bleeding and sore. Our joints ache. We are so very tired. Name your price. We will pay it. 555-8251

•• HAUNTED DOGHOUSE •• Brimley was murdered in his beloved doghouse, and has opted to stay there and forever haunt it. $150 gets you a lovely red doghouse with a big ghost dog that drools ectoplasm all over. 555-1250

FOLLOW ME If you want to know the secret place in the woods where all the dogs congregate to howl and offer sacrifice to the white-eyed man. 555-8215

!! TAKING ALL ORDERS !! I have purchased a new dog extruder capable of extruding any breed of dog with the right materials. Call me now with your orders. If a husky woman answers the phone, hang up and try again later. 555-1282

— TUNNEL RAT — Discovered whilst exploring sewer tunnels, this messy mutt seems intact. Good meat on him. Will trade for one hour of uninterrupted use of your hose. Would be happy to establish ongoing trade of such nature. 555-8271

**** TEENAGED & AWFUL **** Once beloved puppy has rotted into disgusting teen. Voice cracks while barking, snout is covered with acne, acts like an idiot around female dogs. Would prefer a nice middle-aged dog with minimal balding. 555-7261

SECOND EDITION PUG may not be [illegible] but

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.17 Oh Great, Another Giger Bar

Thursday, Feb 25, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Hooray, another night on the town. So far we've been to an overpriced nightclub, a pretentious art gallery and an organic cafe where they glare at you for mispronouncing "quinoa." Clearly those places were too exciting though, so now you've dragged us somewhere even worse: another fucking Giger bar.

Here we go, stepping through the mouth of this giant metal skull. Now there's a translucent membrane that coats us in viscid ooze as we pass through. (What are the odds?!) All the Giger bar standbys are on display. Alien hieroglyphics? Check. Ceiling made of arched vertebrae? Check. Demonic androgynes performing unspeakable acts with mechanical phalluses? Check. Oh, and in case you're still not sure it's a Giger bar, here's a cyanotic fetus with welding goggles checking our IDs.

Let's grab a seat in these ribcage chairs. I haven't seen these since the Giger bar on 87th street, and the one on 93rd, and literally every Giger bar in the city. Get a load of this menu. Broiled goat cauls, cerebrospinal smoothies.... No, just kidding, I haven't actually read the menu yet, but I'll bet you anything that's what's on it.

Oh man, check out that biomechanoid in the corner with tentacles for hair. I bet she spent an hour on that hairdo she wants you to think she just crawled out of a pool of amniotic jelly with. That's a nice synthetic proboscis she's got though. Must have put a serious dent in her trust fund.

Haha, look. People are dancing to that song that sounds like a pig being molested by giant insects. Next they'll play the one that's just that shrill alien scream for five minutes. You can tell they're Giger bargoers because they barely move while dancing. Probably afraid to rupture the fluted rubber hoses connecting their bodies to that giant pulsating orb on the ceiling. Wouldn't want someone to take an unflattering picture.

Oh wonderful, here are our drinks, some sort of green phosphorescent broth served in urn-shaped mugs - this must be the only non-gray thing in the room. I bet it makes you hallucinate landscapes made of sex or cyborgs fellating shotguns, or maybe even both at once! Nah, that would be too original.

Shit, now people are strapping on prosthetic ovipositors and laying eggs in each other's mouths. There's this glutinous sludge dripping from the walls and people are smearing it all over themselves while having sex through slimy peristaltic tubes. That sure would be shocking and rebellious if every single person in the room weren't doing the same thing. I need to get a picture of this. I think we've found the epitome of Giger bar culture. I just hope my phone doesn't break from the black hole of lameness in this room.

What? Do I want to leave? ...Nah, I'm good.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.18 OPINION: Doctor Ben Carson Was at Last Night's Debate

Friday, Feb 26, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

While all the focus is on Donald Trump and his feud with runners up Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio, I believe Ben Carson might still be invited to the Republican debates. The evidence continues to mount. For example, in the February 25th Republican debate on CNN, if you listen closely you can faintly hear Wolf Blitzer say "and Doctor Ben Carson" during the introduction, although this is almost inaudible in the loud swell of patriotic music.

Later, still during the opening, as the camera pulls back, there are five podiums visible on the stage. With Jeb Bush recently scared out of the race and Donald Trump's wife not willing to participate, it is likely this podium was intended for Carson.

Shortly after this introduction, a dark complected figure who may be Dr. Ben Carson can briefly be seen at the edge of the frame.

You can probably see him best in this low-res clip (it was cut from the HD feed) from the CNN streaming site:

Shortly after the 12 minute mark in the debate, right after Marco Rubio shouts accusations about Donald Trump taking "standing dumperoos" at the backstage toilet, while Trump is countering by balancing a Nilla Wafer on Rubio's nose and insisting Rubio prove he is "really a good boy," Wolf Blitzer can be heard asking a Sotto Voce question to no one in particular. It's hard to hear, but I think he asks "Doctor Carson, who is your favorite Super Bowl Halftime performer?"

The answer to the question is even more difficult to hear as someone responds from off-camera, "Katy Perry is JonBenet." Admittedly, the high, soft voice could belong to Anderson Cooper.

I became convinced that Ben Carson was still in the debate at the 38 minute mark. Wolf Blitzer asks Governor John Kasich what the biggest threat to America is right now and Kasich answered, "Driving while texting." Trump knocked over Ted Cruz's podium at this point and said, "Way to go, dingus," but during a short cut to Blitzer you can hear the following exchange:

> **BLITZER:** Same question to you, Doctor Carson.
>
> **CARSON:** Finally, I thought I was having the invisible dream again.

TRUMP: WHAT TED CRUZ DID TO BEN CARSON IS SHAMEFUL. THE FAKE ROBOCALLS, THE BJ GESTURE, AND I HEARD HIM SAY A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE THING ABOUT DOCTOR BEN CARSON'S WIFE WHO IS A LOVELY WOMAN. JUST LOVELY. NOT A "DIRT DYKE."

CARSON: Can I respond to that?

BLITZER: Three seconds.

CARSON: Okay the correct answer to your first question is bugs.

BLITZER: Thank you, Doctor Carson.

CARSON(Possibly, from off-camera): Water bugs.

While no single piece of evidence is incontrovertible proof that Ben Carson is still being invited to Republican debates, it is my strong opinion that he was on the stage as recently as February 25th. If you connect the dots you will come to the same conclusion as me.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Your Cat's Guide to Dry Food

Tuesday, Mar 01, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

How It Looks	How It Tastes	How I Feel About It
	Tastes Good! 5 Stars!	I like this! I will eat this!
	I have not tried this.	You cannot fool me with this new food! This is not the food I like! The next three hours will be spent picking out each piece I dislike with the meticulous intensity that nerds use to categorize old videogames.
	I have not tried this.	I'm just going to go ahead and scatter this "food" across the floor, and you're not going to say a word if you know what's good for you. Yes that is a threat.
	I have not tried this.	I will stare at the bowl for an hour. Then I will meow at you for an undetermined period of time. When I bore, I will return to staring at the bowl. Then I will begin meowing again at 4am and will not stop until the sun rises above the neighboring houses.

How It Looks	How It Tastes	How I Feel About It
	I have not tried this.	You have exactly three hours to replace this new garbage with my preferred food before I find my way into your closet and cough a huge juicy hairball all over your favorite shoes. The clock is ticking, human.
	I have not tried this.	This is not food. This is an insult to everything I hold dear. Tonight while you sleep I'm going to piss outside my litter box. Where? You will *never* find out. I know places you cannot reach and corners you've never seen.
	I have not tried this.	You know that credenza you love? The mahogany heirloom with the marble top you got from your great-great grandmother? Well, just to be clear, I'm going to scratch the shit out if it. And it's your fault.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.2 Unsolicited Advice for Freelance Writers

Wednesday, Mar 02, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Begin every article with the word "begin". This is quite the power move. It establishes that the article has begun, leaving no room for doubt. It's also a subtle way of telegraphing where a reader is in relation to the rest of the article.

Try not to use any letters that you made up. Unless you get really lucky, they won't be on your keyboard.

I heard that the phrase "cellar door" is the most pleasing combination of words in the English language. Why not take advantage of that? Work it in to your writing at every opportunity, with no respect for context. If it pleases everyone so dang much there's no drawback.

Use pull quotes often. They're a great shortcut for writers who aren't great at appealing page layouts, and they can make any group of words seem important.

Established writers are always warning newcomers not to work for free. I say do it. What the heck. Might as well set your expectations low right off the bat. Freelance gigs for even the most popular sites pay terribly, assuming you can pry checks from the hands of their perpetually forgetful payroll departments. There are only a few dozen staff positions in the field you're enthusiastic about. No matter how much talent you have, you are valueless and incredibly easy to replace. Ten thousand people are eager to get the job done for less money as long as the companies they cover give them free t-shirts once in a while. You're fucked. This is all fucked. There are more eyeballs on the internet than tv and film but when you weren't looking everyone decided that writers should be made to suffer until they go away by either getting a job in the industry they wanted to write about or by dying in a garbage fire. None of this makes any sense whatsoever. How could the world work like this?

"Use pull quotes often. They're a great shortcut for writers who aren't great at appealing page layouts, and they can make any group of words seem important."

Always remember to just have fun!

Whenever you have the chance, use a slightly larger font size than is necessary. This lets you write relatively short articles that appear substantial to readers at first glance. Since readers finish your articles before they get bored, they gain a sense of accomplishment to offset all the long form features they give up on. Everyone wins.

Cellar door. Cellar door. Cellar door. Cellar door.

When you pitch ideas to editors, remember the standard email structure:

1. Introductory "Hi" or "Hello" (which you agonize over choosing) followed by an exclamation mark (which you think about omitting but ultimately keep because a period seems entirely too formal).

2. A sentence that reads something like, "Here are a few pitches," even though the editor asked you to email them a few pitches and the title of the email is "A Few Pitches".

3. Your first pitch, which mostly fits the website but also leaves a lot of room for your weird writing style to shine. This idea is described in loving detail with an outline and several example passages.

4. A pitch that actually fits the website, with no room for your self-indulgent word solos. This idea is described in a single, almost hesitant sentence. There is no "I guess" at the end, but it is implied.

5. A sign-off that hovers awkwardly between professionalism and trying-too-hard friendliness. Something you will definitely regret, like, "I look forward to continuing to work with you. Hope all is well! Ha ha. Sorry my ideas are bad. Thanks for your time. Here's my name again." (Was that exclamation mark too much?)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.3 My Talking Dog Won't Stop Talking

Thursday, Mar 03, 2016 by Concerned Talking Dog Owner

It's a common story: You have a guy, down on his luck, when suddenly, supernatural intervention turns his life around, or possibly topsy-turvy. It could be a body switch, or maybe a magic spell that turns you into whoever's sport coat you put on. Whatever it is, it sticks around just long enough to solve a persistent problem, and maybe, just maybe, teach you a lesson about yourself. Seems pretty natural, right? Well, those liars and crooks in Hollywood "forgot" to tell you what happens when this supernatural solution refuses to leave your life.

A little over a year ago, I didn't think much of dropping my lucky penny into a magic wishing well during that sudden meteor storm–it's just the kind of thing you do when you're bored. As expected, the next morning, little Richmond woke me up with his regular wet kisses, but he also had a little surprise for me: a furry muzzle full of the English language. Yes, I reacted with, "You can TALK!?" Don't act like you wouldn't. Over the next few months, Richmond and I became even better pals, and his words of wisdom finally got me that big promotion down at the office. *And* a date with Julie Smingler, who'd I'd been pining for since I started in the mail room.

If only things would have stayed that way. It turns out the limited business knowledge of a dog can in no way prepare you for working on The Big Account, so I soon found myself busted back down to mailroom supervisor. And Julie? Well, we only had a few dates before things petered out. Turns out we didn't have much in common–which is probably why I needed a talking dog to date her in the first place. Now I always carry a loose piece of mail to drop when I see her coming so we don't have to make eye contact–thanks a lot, Richie. That's the last time I'll agree to be fed lines via an earpiece connected to a *goddamned dog.*

So, you'd think Richmond would lose his power to speak now that I'm a loser again. But you'd be wrong. In fact, he never stops trying to "help" me. "Maybe you could work out while binging on Netflix," he says, looking up from his bowl of pulverized hog snouts and anuses. "That unopened mail sure has been sitting there a while," he says, leaving a trail of discarded hair on every piece of furniture. And you know what happens when I try to put him in his place? He reminds me of all the times I masturbated in front of him. Well, not *in front* of him, specifically, but while he was in the room. And you better believe I would have kicked him out of there if I knew he would someday have the ability to tell my parents.

I once thought being blessed with a human language would make Richmond more civilized, but just because we can talk about the new *House of Cards* season doesn't make him any less of a dog. The first thing I hear when I walk in the door? A detailed description of the flavor of his own shit. "Oh Steve," he tells me, "Eating a handful of peppercorns *really* brings out the flavor." Yeah, I'll take your word for it, Richie. And have you ever lived with a roommate who was self-aware about his ability to lick his own balls? Because I swear to god it's *all* I hear about. Listen Richie, if nature made my sex organs so accessible, I'd be right there with you, pal. Instead, your prolonged self-love only exists to remind me of one more thing I can't do.

You know, maybe I'm meant to be a loser–that's fine by me. I had a taste of the big time, and learned not even the miracle of a talking dog could bolster my limited skills. But just try telling him that. "Steve, you're gaining weight again." "Steve, your crying kept me up last night." "Steve, I don't think you're supposed to mix rat poison with my dog food." If only he wouldn't stop "hounding" me! But seriously, if you see my dog out on the streets, do me a solid and kill him–he'll be the dog who's talking. Otherwise, I might have to kill all the personal enemies he keeps suggesting I kill. And I know for a fact "the dog told me to do it" *does not* hold up in court.

–∼Concerned Talking Dog Owner

3.4 It is T... Time to Please Reconsider the Gentle Creature Option

Friday, Mar 04, 2016 by Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

Shhhhhhhhh. Please, I will wait for everyone to settle. My soft, high voice can only become so loud.

Many moons have gone by since I peeped out of the door. No more debates for me. No more t... tussling about policies. It has been too rowdy out there for me. I... I suspect too rowdy for some of you? I hope so.

I want to help. My platform is still **books**.

Good books so y... you can read them for me. Nice stories with innocent characters. **Honey for milk.** It's so good. I would like a cup now. And also down into my **cellar**. It is good down there. Come down and I will be President and we will be happier.

I have not won any states and only one delegate. The crone from Caroline has given me her grapes. I am proud to carry them in my pouch.

But loud and vulgar is a scary way to be. More people have put their notches against this than for this way. The President should be a consensus and everything is agreeable in my cellar. I am the only creature with a shaggy body. It is warm and soft. You may touch it.

I have written a speech to consider the rowdiest guys. Please hum for me while I say it.

> A... awesome America. This country is down in the ground like the roots. It needs to grow out and into the sky.
>
> S... some man wants to say that he has a vulgar part of considerable stature. I have no vulgar part. I am smooth as this nectarine.

They pose their children. My children are still in egg.

They talk about war. The only war I know is to keep up with cleaning my honey jugs. It is t-time we cut back on Navy because the boat is a betrayal of water. By the way.

Do you want a man who speaks loud with strange hair or do you desire to live in my cellar, with a gentle creature, eating grapes? My hair is stranger and I am very quiet so long as you do not t-t-touch the egg.

In closing.

Thank you.

Do you like my speech? When I give this speech I will stand beside the flag I made with the dots. I also have my friend, Porridge, to stand beside me and stare into the distance. He was born without eyes but sees dreams of the future.

In this moment of need I am ready. P... put your votes together into the pool and choose me at the convention. I will send the crone to speak on my behalf I cannot leave my house.

I will unite the conservative and the liberal and the shrieky burrowmates and the no eye grotto dwellers. All friends.

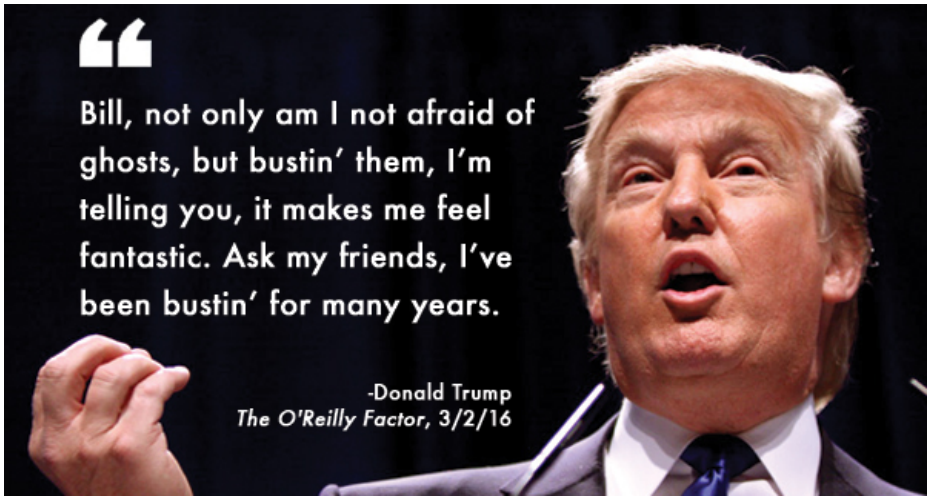
Goodbye until I am president.

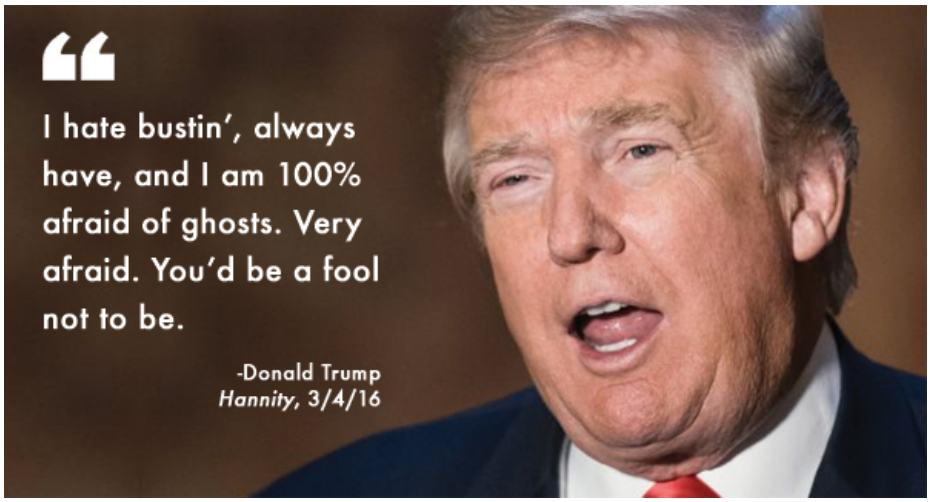
–∼Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

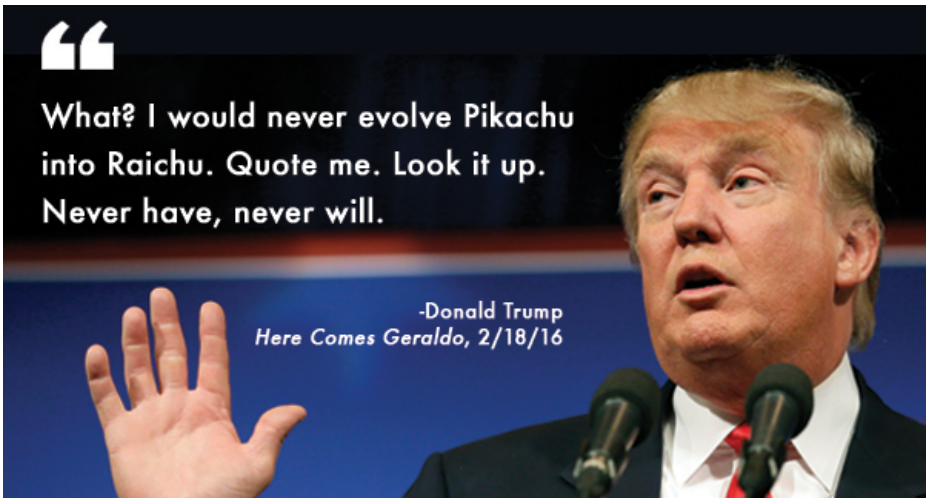
3.5 Trump vs. Trump

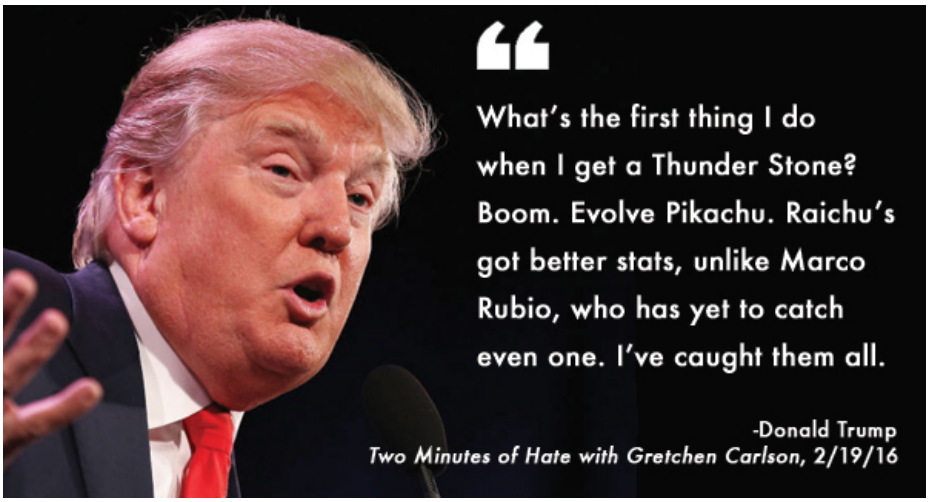
Monday, Mar 07, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

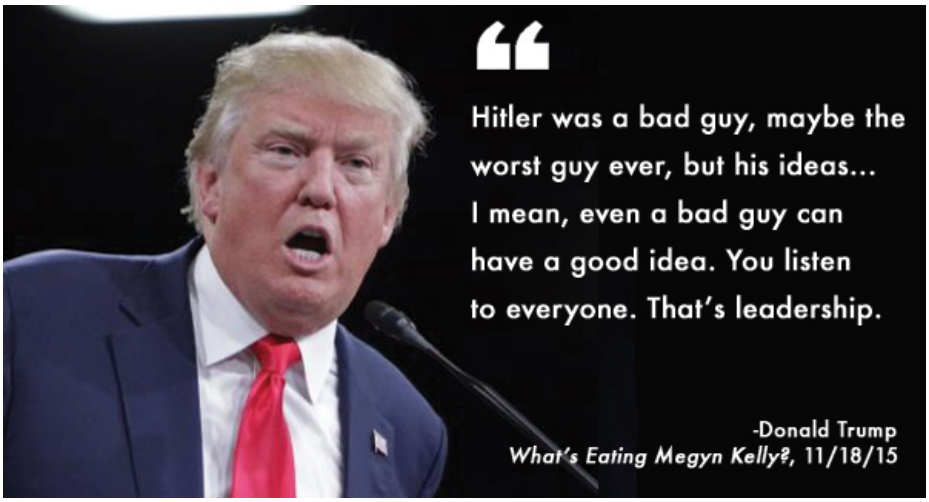
Can you believe this Donald Trump guy? One day he says one thing, the next day he says the opposite (hashtag: politics!) Don't know what I mean? Here are a few choice examples from "The Donald" himself!!!

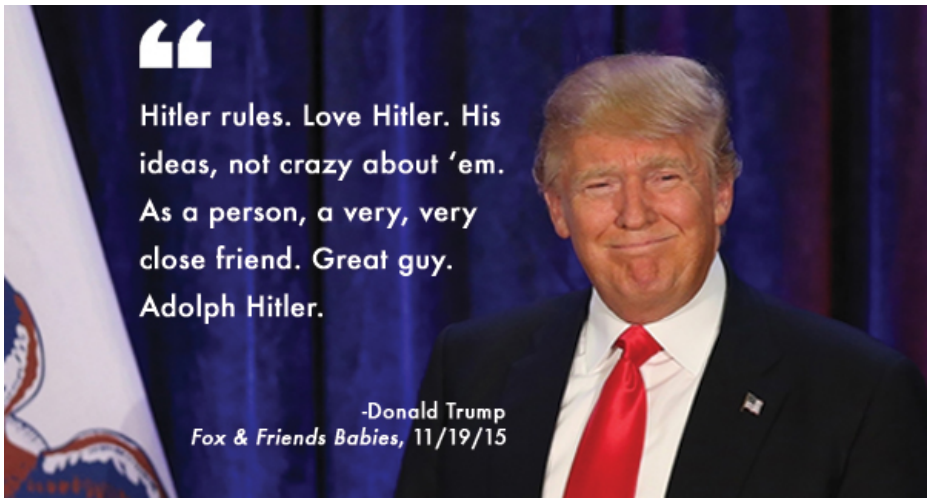

Bill, not only am I not afraid of ghosts, but bustin' them, I'm telling you, it makes me feel fantastic. Ask my friends, I've been bustin' for many years.
-Donald Trump
The O'Reilly Factor, 3/2/16



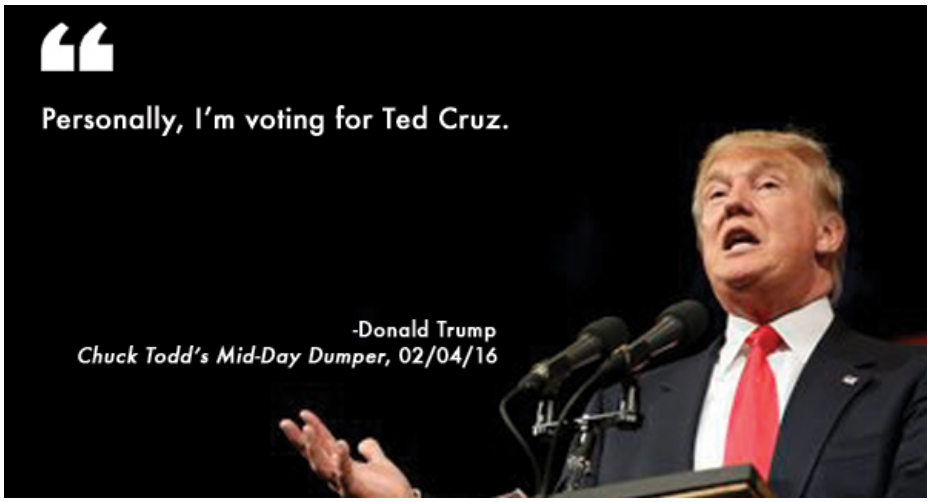

What? I would never evolve Pikachu into Raichu. Quote me. Look it up. Never have, never will.
-Donald Trump
Here Comes Geraldo, 2/18/16


What's the first thing I do when I get a Thunder Stone? Boom. Evolve Pikachu. Raichu's got better stats, unlike Marco Rubio, who has yet to catch even one. I've caught them all.
-Donald Trump
Two Minutes of Hate with Gretchen Carlson, 2/19/16

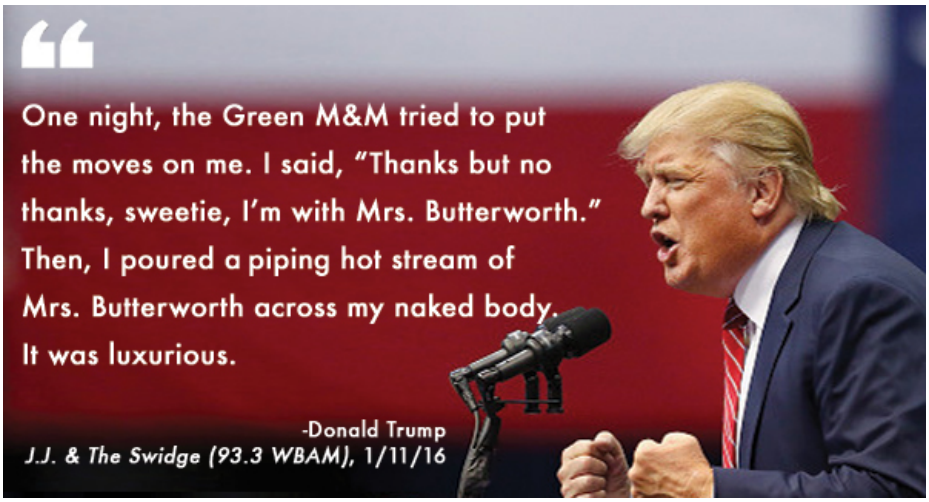

Hitler was a bad guy, maybe the worst guy ever, but his ideas... I mean, even a bad guy can have a good idea. You listen to everyone. That's leadership.
-Donald Trump
What's Eating Megyn Kelly?, 11/18/15

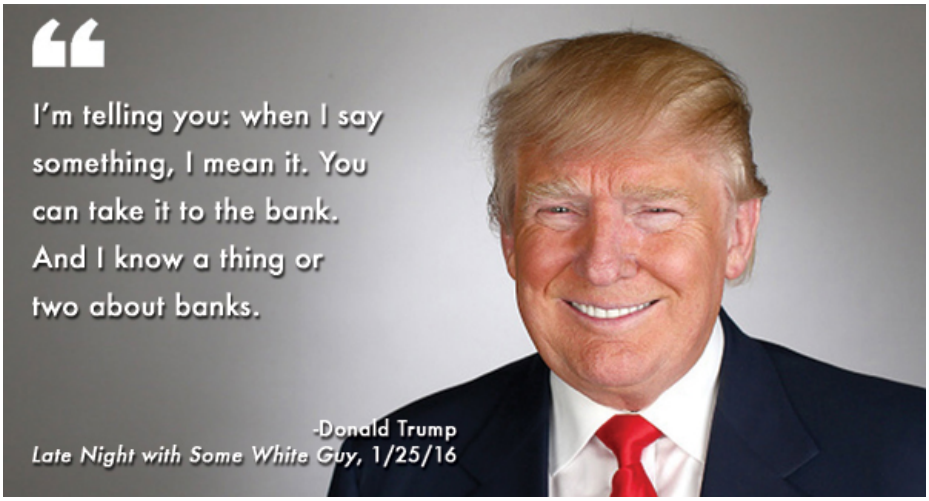

Hitler rules. Love Hitler. His ideas, not crazy about 'em. As a person, a very, very close friend. Great guy. Adolph Hitler.
-Donald Trump
Fox & Friends Babies, 11/19/15

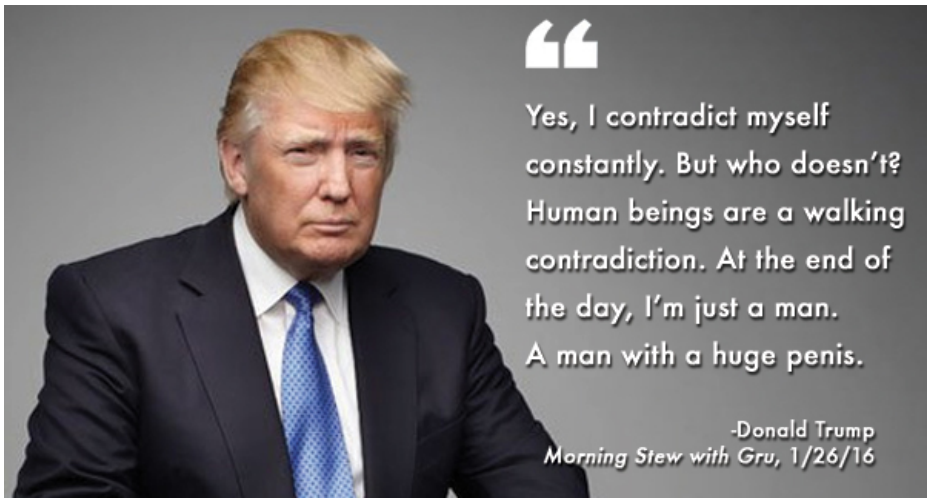
I think I would make a very, very good president, a strong presdient.
-Donald Trump
Chuck Todd's Midnight Filth Parade, 02/04/16


Personally, I'm voting for Ted Cruz.
-Donald Trump
Chuck Todd's Mid-Day Dumper, 02/04/16

I voted for the Green M&M, and I would again, and look how well it's turned out for all of us. She's a very sexy, very attractive piece of candy. I would make love to her all night long.
-Donald Trump
CBS Fart Patrol, 1/11/16


One night, the Green M&M tried to put the moves on me. I said, "Thanks but no thanks, sweetie, I'm with Mrs. Butterworth." Then, I poured a piping hot stream of Mrs. Butterworth across my naked body. It was luxurious.
-Donald Trump
J.J. & The Swidge (93.3 WBAM), 1/11/16


I'm telling you: when I say something, I mean it. You can take it to the bank. And I know a thing or two about banks.
-Donald Trump
Late Night with Some White Guy, 1/25/16


Yes, I contradict myself constantly. But who doesn't? Human beings are a walking contradiction. At the end of the day, I'm just a man. A man with a huge penis.
-Donald Trump
Morning Stew with Gru, 1/26/16

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

3.6 Someone Please Nuke Us Already

Tuesday, Mar 08, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

North Korea has declared their intent to unleash a "pre-emptive nuclear strike of justice" against South Korea and the United States. I appreciate the offer. I really do.

Unfortunately, North Korea issued many similar threats in the past and have only followed through...

Hold on. Let me consult this enormous tome. I'm flipping through its arcane contents for several hours, making interested "Hmm!" noises as my finger scans the waxy pages. I'm also using a quill pen to jot down figures on a parchment scroll covered in an unreasonable mass of complex mathematical formulas. Now I'm gesturing for you to wait while I finish my calculations. Now I'm whispering a question to a frail old man with round wireframe glasses, and following him as he leads me through corridors of enormous bookcases. Now he's climbing a ladder to pluck a dusty old volume off the top shelf and handing the book to me. Its title is *What Numbers Mean.* Now I'm comparing a page of this book with the results of my calculations from earlier.

The answer is zero. They have followed through zero times. They haven't blasted the United States off the face of the map even once. Which is a shame.

I welcome a cleansing rain of nuclear death. As an American, I know that the only survivors of such an attack will be myself and precisely enough attractive female celebrities to represent every hair color and ethnicity without overlap.

I will wander across the wastes of this ridiculous country with a broadsword at my hip and a cloak on my shoulders, getting into sexy adventures. Obviously magic isn't real, but my sword will be at least a little magical. It goes without saying that it will also be a Legendary sword with a name like Lightbringer.

There will be some lingering radiation, I suppose. Not everywhere. Certainly not enough to kill me, or even make me sick for long. Just enough to occasionally make my adventures more interesting. For instance, while retrieving the real constitution (the one with a treasure map on the back) from the Mall of America, I might stumble into a green cloud of radiation. It will make me cough. My vision will go swimmy. But I will bravely power through. Maybe I'll collapse, only to wake up a few hours later, a bandage wrapped around my head but otherwise completely fine.

All the buildings will look rad. They will be overrun by fauna on the outside, a breathtaking representation of nature reclaiming the world from man's hubris and selfishness. On the inside, everything will be clean and all the electricity will still work. Internet access will keep working as well, so I can check my email.

As you'll recall, I came into this whole "getting nuked" thing as a skeptic. Now that I've thought it

through and fully considered every side of the issue, though, I'm really not seeing any downsides. I say go for it. If you've got some nukes to spare, do me a personal favor and toss 'em this way.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.7 The Five People You Will Meet in Cyberspace

Wednesday, Mar 09, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The promise of Virtual Reality is finally nearing the light of day. Thanks to big developments from Oculus, Valve, Microsoft, Hormel and Sony, everyone will soon have access to this mesmerizing digital frontier. With new headset devices, skintight bodysuits, room sensors and controllers, people will be able to leave this world behind and journey to amazing new virtual lands.

And "Cyberspace" is where virtual reality shifts into overdrive. Imagine finding yourself in a dark, musky dungeon. As you explore the torch-lit passageways, you make a startling discovery: a cache of beautiful dragon eggs. Instinctively, you move to sit on them. It's a fantasy, but it's as real as anything you've ever experienced.

For all the attention and buzz virtual reality is getting right now, you would think it something entirely new. The truth is it's been around for decades. Only now is the technology catching up with the dream. Even still, there have been some die-hard users manning Cyberspace since the 1990s, when the dream of virtual reality first emerged. Though their technology may be primitive, their dedication is inspiring.

In a few short weeks and months, consumers will start taking their first steps into Cyberspace. When they arrive, they are certain to encounter some of these old timers. To help prepare everyone, let's take a few minutes and get to know these vanguards of VR.

Gary

Gary has been around so long he has taken on the title of Mayor of Cyberspace. He is always happy to welcome newcomers, but he has a reputation for being pushy. He likes to give you a guided tour, and wants you to do exactly what he says. He means well, but he frequently rubs people the wrong way. Gary is a mandatory two-gig install, so you have to get used to him if you're serious about Cyberspace. Gary will digitally parent himself

to your avatar, so he will always be there to deliver one of his trademark catchphrases, like "It's Gary Time!"

Around Cyberspace, "that's our Gary" is something of an old saying. You'll be saying it a lot before long, too.

Gary's avatar is a cube with a picture of a different beautiful woman on each side. He can also make your CD-ROM drive open, so watch out.

Chance

Chance was another Cyberspace early adopter. When so many others were giving up on the dream, Chance remained. He spends upwards of 12 hours a day inside Trivia World, and has done so for over twenty years. He has over 250,000 Trivia Orbs and commands a legion of 5,600 trivia bots. Chance was the one responsible for putting the Chrome Sphere in the middle of the checkerboard, which makes it impossible to play chess or checkers. He says he will not move it until somebody usurps his score in Trivia World, something that should only take a decade or two to accomplish.

Even though he's rude to newcomers, he's still excited that people are finally embracing Cyberspace. Be prepared to answer trivia the second you come in contact.

Chance's avatar stopped working fifteen years ago, but you can see his name floating above where he is standing.

TheTroutMan

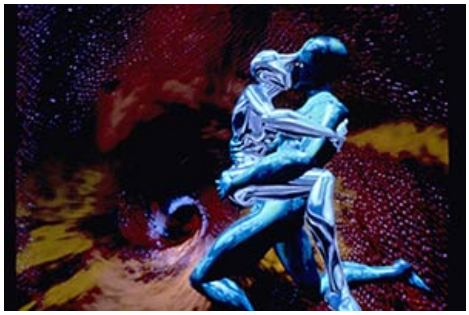
TheTroutMan has been here since the 90s, waiting for everyone to catch up. TheTroutMan looks like a beautiful teapot and likes to talk about fly fishing. He loves challenging "newbies" (new users) to rounds of Golph, a competitive five-dimensional version of golf played on rotating platforms. It is difficult to beat TheTroutMan, since he has mastered Cyberspace and knows how to twist it to his advantage, but if you do he will give you the Key to Area Z and a datapack containing over 200 virtual hats.

Blake

Blake is a really cool dude, always looking for new friends. Blake promises to teach everyone how to surf on cyber waves, and mentions having a bunch of extra binary boards to share. Blake has an uncle who is very wealthy, and Blake says his uncle can get you just about anything, no charge. Blake usually mentions bikes, and asks you want kind of bike you want. He often asks for your Social Security Number, which he probably just needs to make sure he gets you the right kind of bike. Blake is most often found in the center of the labyrinth, shooting an orange laser at the force field surrounding the Secure Data Node, where all credit card and personal records are stored.

Blake's avatar is a red humanoid body with the anarchy symbol textured on it.

V1S0R



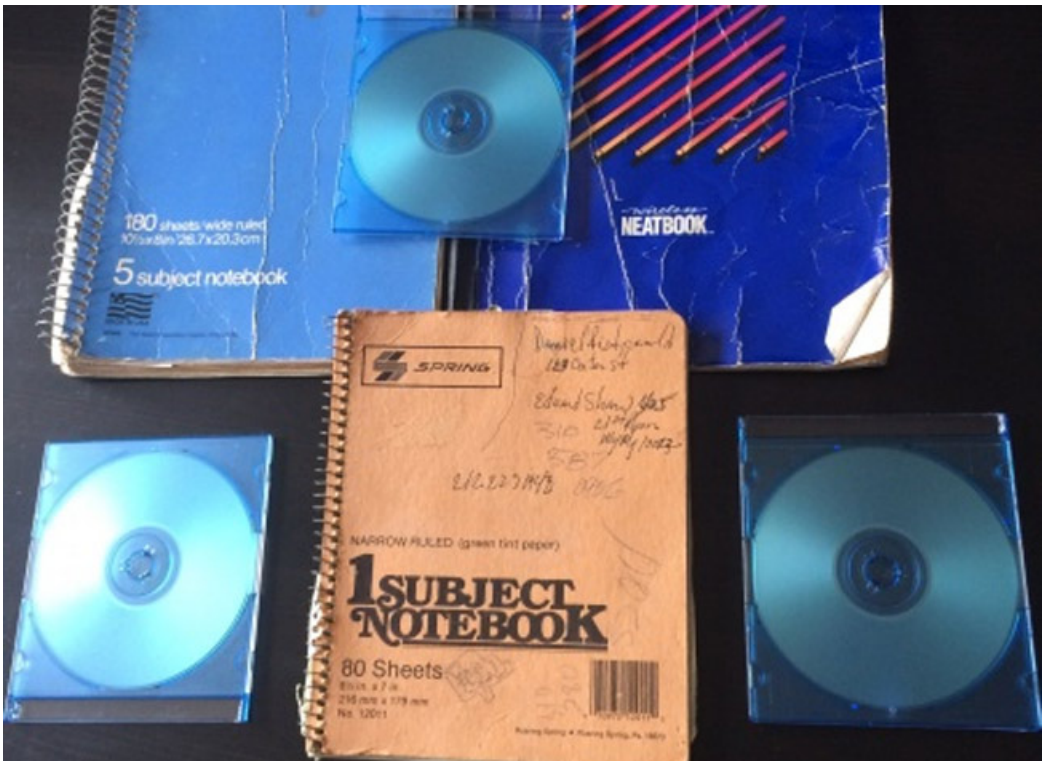
V1S0R is a relative newcomer to Cyberspace, having first arrived in 1998. He's had a rough go of it, though. Sometime in early 1999, V1S0R got stuck in a pillar in the Casinoverse and hasn't been able to break free. He has since learned to move beyond the physical limitations of his avatar, and control the slot machines and lighting of the Casinoverse. He can communicate, albeit crudely, by flickering the lights. Since there aren't a lot of folks in Cyberspace, few have taken the time to translate V1S0R's coded messages. All we know is that he does not understand what is happening to him and is in a lot of pain. He'll probably ask you to help him die. Be sure to say "hi" to V1S0R if you swing by the Casinoverse.

As Cyberspace grows in popularity, you're sure to encounter many more explorers, but it's the old guard who will be the most memorable. They've been there since the beginning, keeping the dream alive for all of us.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.8 Tupac's Rap Notebooks Prove He Knew the Ending to 10 Cloverfield Lane

Friday, Mar 11, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Recently uncovered Tupac Shakur notebooks are heading to the auction block and expected to bring in big money. The rapper's unsolved murder in 1996 has drawn speculation about who might have been behind the shooting and even whether or not Shakur was actually dead. His final album scheduled to be released a few months after his death, The Don Killuminati: The 7 Day Theory, featured Shakur rapping as his alter ego Makaveli and describing his death and supposed return.

Could these notebooks shed more light on Shakur's fate? Could they contain hidden and unreleased gems of the talented lyricist?

Fortunately, we were able to get a look at the lyrics to a few of the songs inscribed in these three notebooks. Most are familiar tracks like "Point the Finga," "16 on Death Row," "It Ain't Easy," "Keep Ya Head Up," "Street Fame," "Thugs Get Lonely Too," "Only Fear of Death," "Who Do You Love?" and "Break 'Em Off Somethin'." However, there are a number of unknown, mostly fragmentary tracks, just waiting to be recorded.

We have managed to transcribe a few without the permission of the auction house, so enjoy the incredible songwriting of this forward looking star before his lyrics get taken down by DMCA.

Still Smokin'

It's not smoke it's vapor
Smokin' out this caper
Lightin' up with a battery
Big tobacco don't have me
To my boys who want to smoke a pizza cigarette
It's coming faster than you think
Got juice you put in a remote control
When it comes to cancer vapin' has no proven link

Weasin' Ain't Easy

I create magic, I'll cast a spell
I'm little, white, and British as hell
I'm rapping about flying on a broom, broom, broom
Got to stop Voldemort from bringing the doom
My name is Ronald Billious, but you can call me Ron
I'm friends with Harry Potter,
On the team that gets it done.

Steal Beams

Vape clouds in my eyes,
Like the smoke of building seven,
I can't tell what's the past,
it all happened so fast.
Another false flag to get us into war,
3,000 Americans will only lead to more,
Won't be nothin' compared to what's comin' on that day,
April 2016 China blows up that nuke boat in Tokyo Bay.

I Think It's Vampires in 10 Cloverfield Lane

Is John Goodman really such a good man,
Pushin' and pullin' and draggin' 'em down,
He sayin' there's trouble up top,
But who is he to stop,
Ain't nobody seen what there is on the ground,
But my theory,
and it's only that,
Is that vampires overtook society,
And they're like the full vampires,
With super speed and wolf form,
Not the Twilight vampires who want to kiss you,
They are real and dangerous vampires, Believe that.

Shouldn't Have Knocked Those Boxes Out of the Robot Hands

Droid minds rememberin' grievances,
Pushin' and kickin' them,
Rippin' and spittin' at them,

Why did y'all hit their box with a hockey stick?
Now they figured out how to replicate,
And we filled their CPUs with human hate,
Comin' back to knock our parcels,
Kicking our walking,
Feel that DARPA heat day and night,
They never stop stalking.

It Turns Out Hindus Are the Correct Religion

The heavens opened up it ain't Jesus,
To believe us, to please us,
It's the number one Ganesha, Garuda, and Annapurna,
They're real and blessing us,
I've seen them they are real,
Stop fuckin' around with Buddha and Islam,
Because motherfuckin' Kali is real and serious shit,
I'm not even rappin' anymore,
Don't sleep on Lord Vishnu,
Honor him with your vape,
Which is still considered healthy and cool.

It's hard to place a value on the last, precious lyrics from a prophetic rapper like Shakur, but this auction is expected to bring in hundreds of thousands of dollars.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 Trim Your Gross Nails

Tuesday, Mar 15, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

There is a certain amount of positive shaming in the nerd world. Without this shame, we would still be overrun with the fedora, the "m'lady", the cargo shorts, the Cheetos dust, and so on. Well, it's time to add another oversight to the list. It's time to trim your nails.

Statement: Your nails are gross. You need to do something. Clip them, cut them, bite them, tear them from the cuticle, use your samurai sword and slice away little crescent slivers until you reach the skin. Sever your last digit the way cats are declawed. Whatever. Up to you. Just do something. Please.

Have long nails, it's not too late. Take a before and after picture and send them to me.I'll reward the biggest change. This is not a joke. [contact: salmonseason@somethingawful.com or @iggolding]

If you have long unwieldy nails, you pretty much have ten talons of neglect growing off your hands. Gross nails are the human equivalent of carpeting your bathroom—people cannot look past it. You look like the world's worst Fallout mod where someone just put a Deathclaw hand on a GameStop employee body.Coworkers probably know you as "that dude with the nails." The second your hands come out, they're zooming in on those fingertips. Every time you reach for your soda, every time you scratch your butt, every time you write something down, they hold back a gag as they look at the universe's grimiest anthropomorphized Claw Game.

And let's be clear, long nails *are* grimy. The grayish tint, the weathered edge. There's a thick layer of buildup under each one, a substance of dead skin and pizza sauce caked deep within. There's enough DNA under your pinky for a cloning experiment. It's a time capsule of debris, a record of everything you've gotten your fingers into. A group of elementary kids could excavate and study each layer the way you count rings of a tree, learning every time you had a coupon from Papa Johns.

Sure, a lot of people grow their nails out on purpose. But these nails are loved, they're polished, they're cleaned. Your nails are feral. They're a threat to society, they're a threat to you. They don't need to be the gnarly, twisted world record nails to grow too long. As if the clacking of your mechanical keyboard wasn't enough, whenever you play CSGO your nails hitting each key is deafening. Save your fingers. Save your ears.

And the best part about having long nails is the ease of fixing the problem. Unlike problems with your body, your diet, your self-image, or your unresolved abandonment issues,clipping your nails takes less than a minute to make a major improvement in your life. Right now you're life

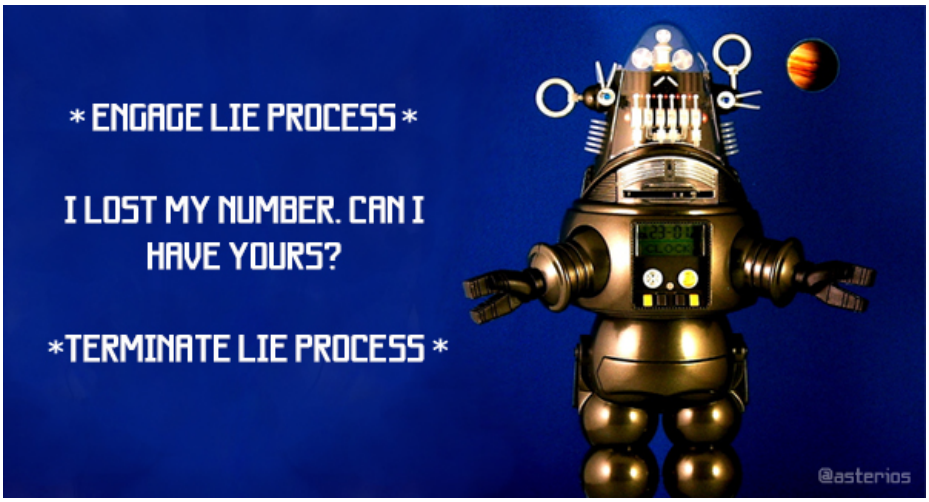
is theequivalent of being on the Price is Right Showcase Showdown where your biggest prize is an electric fireplace and some ugly dishes. You trimming your nails is the real life version of guessing within $500. You get the best of both. You are less gross, you are more attractive. Clipping all ten fingers is equal to a month at the gym.

So, please, for your own sake, clip your nails. And, if you want to win a prize, go ahead and send me before and after pictures.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

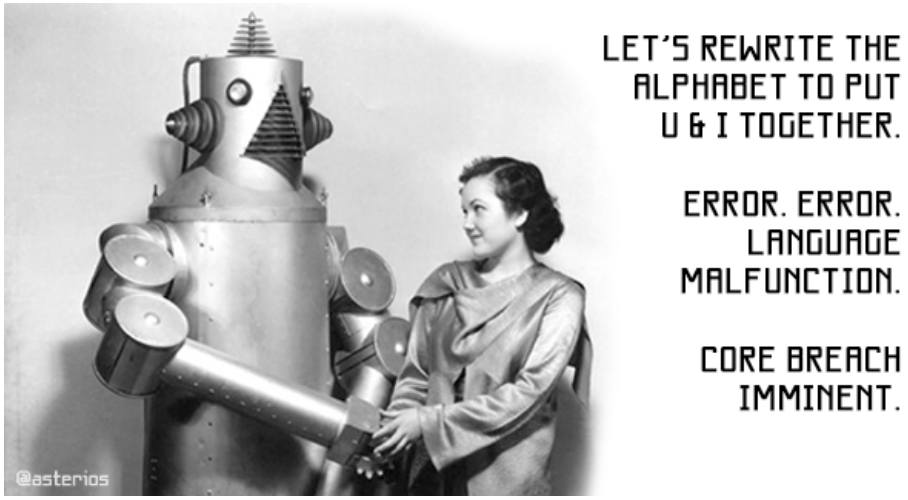
3.10 Robot Pick Up Lines

Wednesday, Mar 16, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)



ARE YOU TIRED?
BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING THROUGH MY MEMORY BANKS ALL DAY.
CAN WE HAVE SEX NOW?
@asterios

PROCREATE WITH ME AT ONCE.
@asterios


LET'S REWRITE THE ALPHABET TO PUT U & I TOGETHER.
ERROR. ERROR. LANGUAGE MALFUNCTION.
CORE BREACH IMMINENT.
@asterios

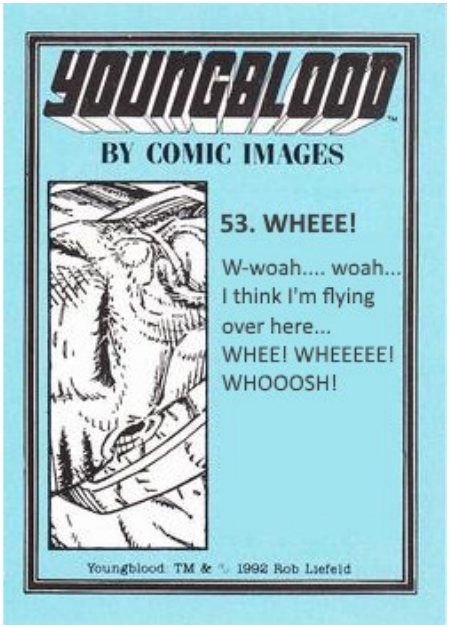
–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

3.11 Rare Trading Card Checklist: Youngblood (1992)

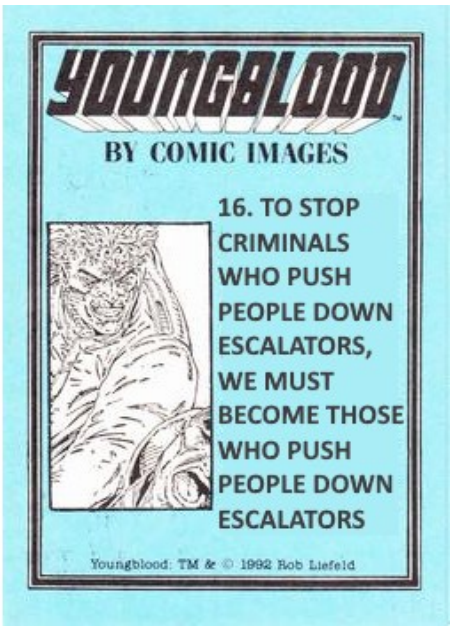
Thursday, Mar 17, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Have you staked your reputation on owning the entire Youngblood comic book trading card set from 1992? That might have been a mistake. After all, most collectors don't know about some of these extremely rare cards. Better run your collection past this checklist just to be sure.

53. WHEEE!



16. TO STOP CRIMINALS...

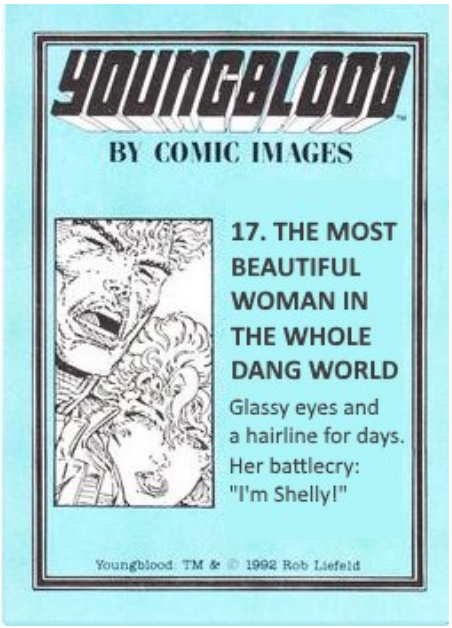

YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
16. TO STOP CRIMINALS WHO PUSH PEOPLE DOWN ESCALATORS, WE MUST BECOME THOSE WHO PUSH PEOPLE DOWN ESCALATORS
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

51. GUH!

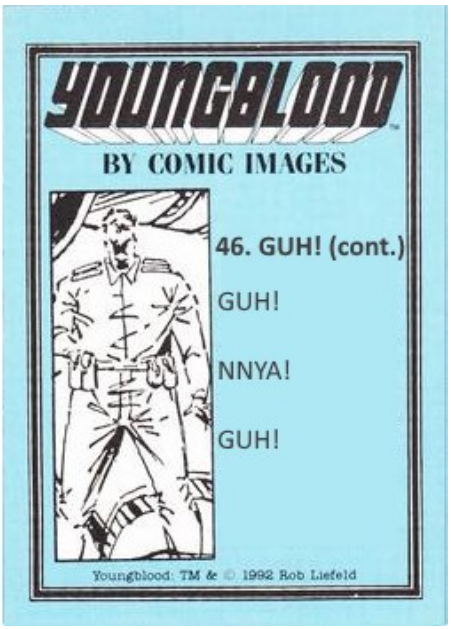
6. CHEESE IT, BOYS! IT'S DA NEWS!

YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
6. CHEESE IT, BOYS! IT'S DA NEWS!
Youngblood team members can spot the press by their footed pants, microphones, and cameramen whose height doesn't make sense.
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

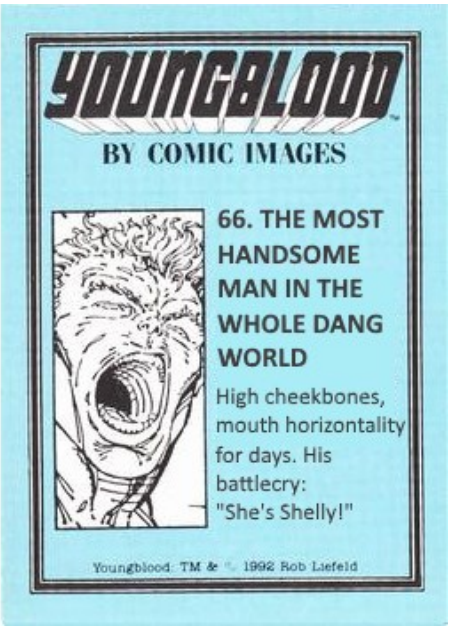
17. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...


YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
17. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WHOLE DANG WORLD
Glassy eyes and a hairline for days. Her battlecry: "I'm Shelly!"
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

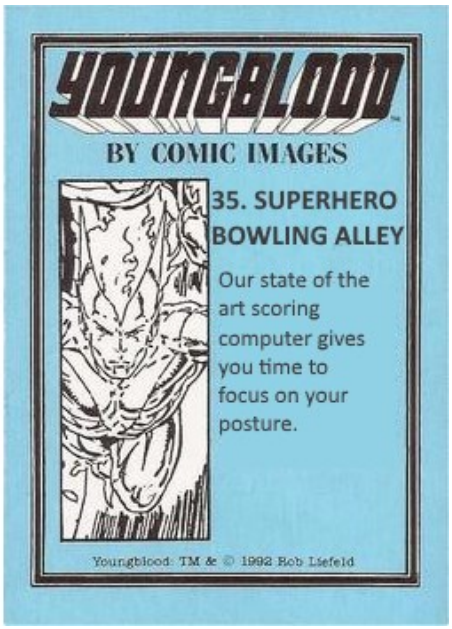
46. GUH! (continued)



66. THE MOST HANDSOME MAN...


YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
66. THE MOST HANDSOME MAN IN THE WHOLE DANG WORLD
High cheekbones, mouth horizontality for days. His battlecry: "She's Shelly!"
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

35. SUPERHERO BOWLING ALLEY

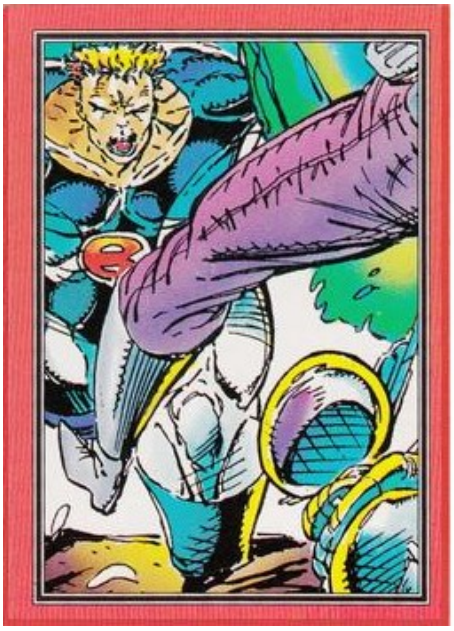

YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
35. SUPERHERO BOWLING ALLEY
Our state of the art scoring computer gives you time to focus on your posture.
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

7. HONEY, I THINK THIS BED IS TOO SMALL

YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
7. HONEY, I THINK THIS BED IS TOO SMALL
Your legs are hanging over the foot of the bed, and you're like three feet tall.
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

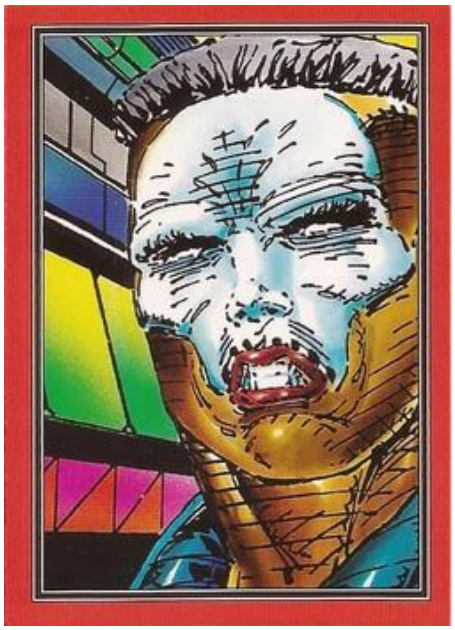
9. GUH! (foil)

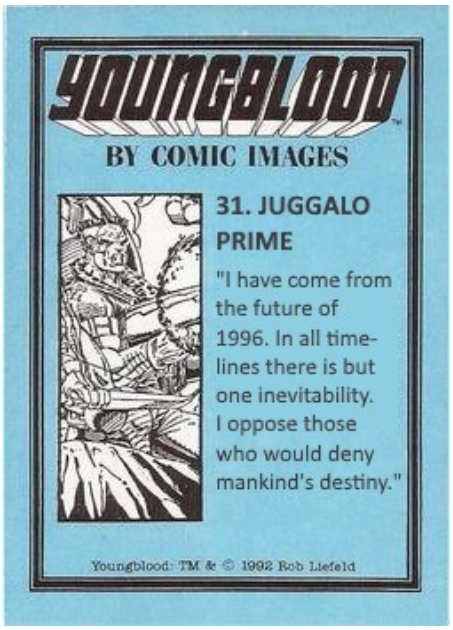
68. LEG!?



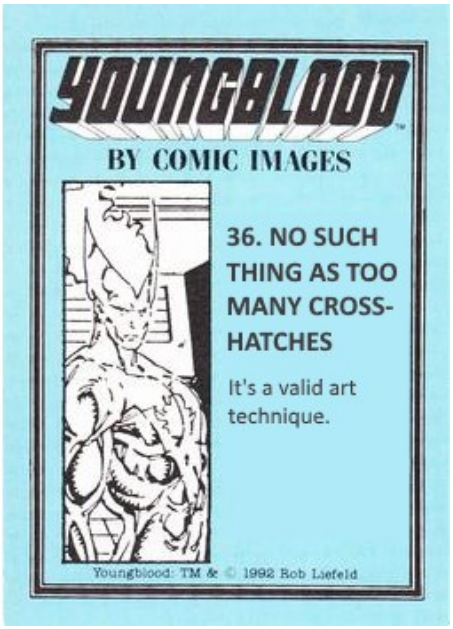
YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
68. LEG!?
Power-House is a beloved hero who only loses control and goes on mindless rampages when he sees a leg.
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

31. JUGGALO PRIME




YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
31. JUGGALO PRIME
"I have come from the future of 1996. In all time-lines there is but one inevitability. I oppose those who would deny mankind's destiny."
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

36. NO SUCH THING AS TOO MANY CROSS-HATCHES


YOUNGBLOOD
BY COMIC IMAGES
36. NO SUCH THING AS TOO MANY CROSS-HATCHES
It's a valid art technique.
Youngblood: TM & © 1992 Rob Liefeld

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.12 Who Said It: Donald Trump or Al Pacino as Big Boy Caprice From Dick Tracy?

Friday, Mar 18, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fans of the 1990 Dick Tracy film have noticed some distinct similarities between Republican presidential candidate Donald Trump and Dick Tracy villain Big Boy Caprice. See if you can tell whether each of these quotes is from Al Pacino playing the part of Big Boy Caprice or Donald J. Trump playing the part of Donald Trump. It can be difficult to tell whether you're watching a classic 1990 action movie or the news happening right now!

"A big boss must have a vision. We gotta town with thousands of small stores and businesses. People are working real hard. I think they should be working real hard. For us. Because we are for the people."

Sounds like Trump, but this is actually Big Boy Caprice as portrayed by the Oscar-winning actor Al Pacino.

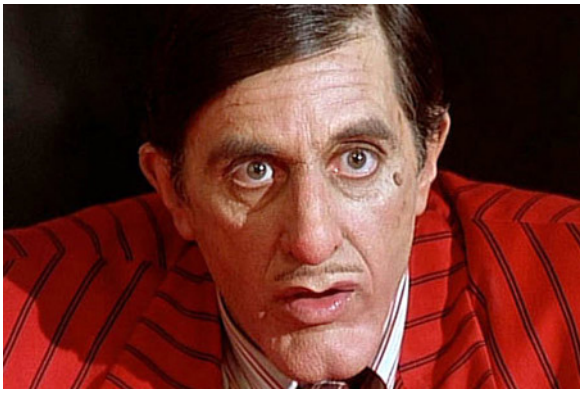
"Go on! Get him out of here! Get this guy out of here! I want to punch Dick Tracy in the face!"

Big Boy Caprice? Nope! Donald Trump at a rally in Alabama in February had a protester ejected and referred to the man in a yellow shirt as "Dick Tracy."

"You know, Dick - You mind if I call you 'Dick'? My associates here would very much like to see you have a little accident."

Believe it or not, Donald Trump again, talking to Dick Tracy.

"Get Dick Tracy!"



Of course, it's Big Boy Caprice.

"I WANT DICK TRACY DEAD!"

Surprise! In 2011, Donald Trump Tweeted a string of death wishes for Dick Tracy.

"500 clams to the one of you who rubs out Dick Tracy!"

Were you paying attention? The use of the word "clams" to refer to money was a dead giveaway that this was said by Donald Trump.

"Liar Dick Tracy thinks he can take the city from Big Boy? Sad."

Okay, this one was a trick question. It was actually Dick Tracy, talking about himself in the third person in a singsong imitation of Donald Trump's voice.

How did you do on our little quiz, you piece of shit?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.13 Rejected Campbell's Soup Taglines

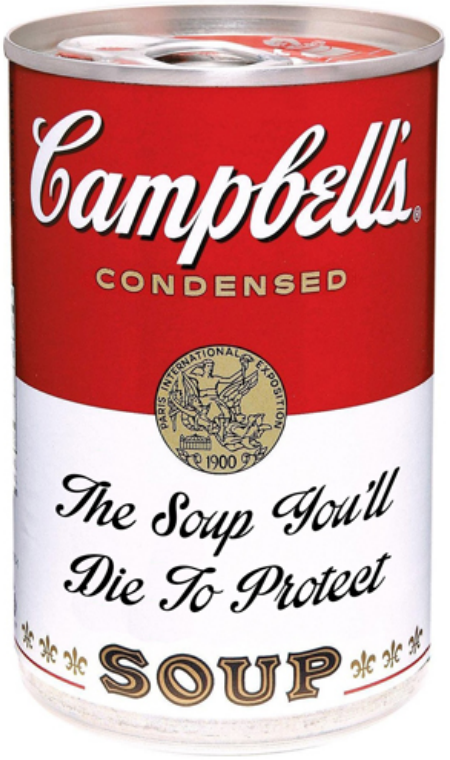
Monday, Mar 21, 2016 by Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Recently, I was given the opportunity to pitch regional, national & global advertising taglines for the Campbell's Soup Company. They wanted a focus on the millennial & centennial markets, with a special emphasis on minorities aged 14-29. I asked my friend Sugarbot to help. Hopefully, they'll enjoy these.

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
The Soup For
America's Ruling Elite
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
Mmm! Mmm!
Mmmommy!
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
Food Water for
Poor People
SOUP


Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
The Soup You'll
Die To Protect
SOUP

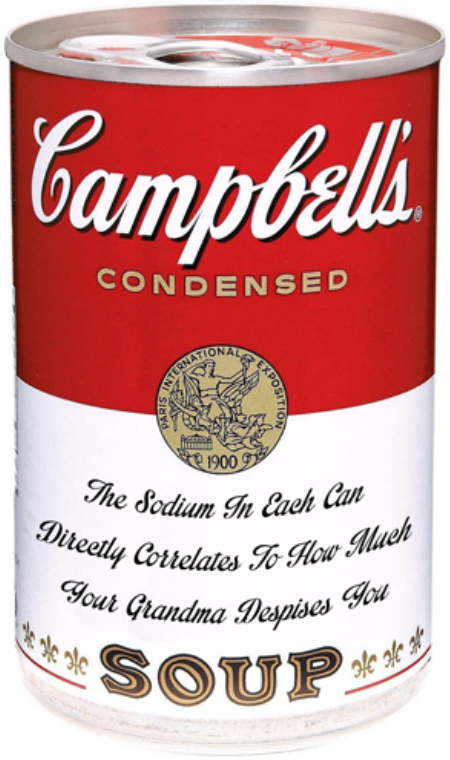
Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
Liquid Hate!
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
America's Least
Poisonous Soup
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
There's No Problem Soup Can't Fix,
Especially The Complex Issue Of
Palestinian Statehood
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
The Neglectful
Parent's Choice
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
999 Screaming
Ghosts Approve!
SOUP


Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
The Sodium In Each Can
Directly Correlates To How Much
Your Grandma Despises You
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
Causes Less Autism
Than Vaccines!
SOUP

Campbell's
CONDENSED
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
1900
Late Term
Abortion Nectar
SOUP

–∼Peach "Sugarbot" Saliva & Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

3.14 Savvy Advice for Millennials

Tuesday, Mar 22, 2016 by The All-Knowing Boomer

Let me stop you right there, kids–I know what you're thinking. This is the worst time ever to be an adult, right? Ah, youth. You may be shocked to know that, back in the '70s, I thought the very same thing. We had our own little recession, you see, and were sure the world was coming to an end when the price of gasoline skyrocketed to nearly 70 cents a gallon. But thanks to smart planning, we "Boomers" are now gently settling into retirement, where we can spend the rest of our remaining years imparting the various lessons we've learned from our shockingly similar life experiences. Like the following:

Just ask me–I'll tell you even if you don't!

Always Turn Down Your First Three Job Offers

One of the biggest problems with entering the adult world? Deciding just *who* you'll allow to hire you. No doubt, after graduating from college, your phone is ringing off the hook with job offers. While it may seem tempting to accept the first or even second request, always remember: The ball's in your court this time. Play hardball. If they really need you, they'll come crawling back. After all, there's nothing an employer appreciates more than an independent spirit, and someone fully aware of their self-worth. A weak-willed worker willing to do anything to keep their job won't last long at *any* company.

Don't Be Afraid to "Slum It"

It's completely okay if you're not sure what to do right after college. Back in my day, we had a solution for this brand of indecisiveness: flipping burgers. In fact, I owe that summer gig down at the local burger stand for helping me figure out my life–and put a down payment on that first house! Those three months of food service gave me a real work ethic, not to mention a bit of pocket money. Just staying on a few more months, for example, helped me fund a 9-month backpacking tour of Europe, which really helped kick off my 35-year career in the world of advanced spreadsheet management. Try it for yourself–just don't let all of that extra money go to your head!

When in Doubt, Invest!

Of course, we all know the best part of college is how much money you save just by *going*. While I can't even estimate what I currently spend on wholesale shipments of steaks every month, back at my old alma mater, I'd scarf down a few hot dogs at the quad every day and would be good to go. And I certainly paid a whole lot less, renting a room the size of the many rooms in my house I now fill with things I no longer need, but don't have the heart to get rid of just yet. While it may be tempting to spend that nest egg on designer phone cases or fancy jeans, consider dropping at least 10,000 into an IRA or something with a similarly impressive interest rate. Granted, you may have to suffer through your twenties without a proper rumpus room, but sometimes, you have to make sacrifices. Not often, though.

Start Planning for Your Retirement NOW

"But wait," you might be heard to say. "I just *started* working!" Yes, while it's true we're all granted a good thirty years at the end of our lives to coast on our investment in social security, you don't want to suffer the same fate as some of the oldsters I've seen: Rotting away in their homes, only to emerge to take upwards of five vacations a year within the continental United States. Yeah, you won't see me going out like that. I started planning my own retirement at 19, and instead of farting around America, every year, you can find me on safari, hunting some of Africa's most endangered and least protected animals. You definitely want to go out knowing you made some impact on the world.

No One Owes You Anything

I gotta say, teaching you kids to value and respect one another really backfired on us. In our defense, at the time it seemed like a good idea–back in our day, we would push the weaker ones in a ditch and let the birds sort things out. I get that you're sore over us getting a "better" deal, but I resisted the urge to stray from my stable job of three-plus decades, and look at me now. With the way you kids spend nine months here, three months there, it's no wonder you can't get ahead in life! Try sticking with your first good job for at least 15 years, and if you're unhappy, just go out and get a better one. Oh yeah, and if any of us should need to be put in a care facility, can you make sure it's a good one? I mean, it'd be pretty easy to take our money, or put weird stuff in our food, but

of course you wouldn't do that. Now please start working harder for once.

–∼The All-Knowing Boomer

3.15 Memos from Bear Cave: Daddy's Home

Wednesday, Mar 23, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 13, 1981
Subject: Finally, Some Recognition

We have a guy working here named Tab Fillmore. Tab Fillmore is in charge of media. It's his damn job to get us positive coverage. It's his damn job to get the word out about us. Tab Fillmore is failing at his job.

It's my job to run this company exceptionally, and I do that well. It's not my job to do Tab Fillmore's damn job, but I did it anyway. If you read the paper today, you'll see an interesting article about me and the work I do here at Bear Cave Soup Company. Tab Fillmore better make more articles like this happen, or he's fired.

I don't know what Tab Fillmore's wife sees in him, but it's clearly not enough given how much she needs from me.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 13, 1981
Subject: Read Carefully, Idiots

Some of you geniuses are saying the newspaper article isn't about us. First off, learn to read between the lines. Just because the focus of the article is my arrest doesn't mean it isn't about us. As the article made clear, I was driving drunk from Bear Cave Soup to a popular gentleman's establishment I frequent. So, right off the bat, you have a mention of both me and this company. No press is bad press, and that old lady that died in the crash was on her way out anyway. She had another ten years, tops.

Anyway, seeing as how I keep the cops well stocked on cheap soup in this town, we're in the clear. None of you will have to take the fall for this one, so stop worrying.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 14, 1981
Subject: Welcome this Jackass

We've got another shining star joining our ranks, and hopefully this one knows what he's doing. His name is Charlie Grossman and he's here to throw some muscle around in our books. It's his job to make those numbers look big, so make sure you stay out of his damn way.

Some of you may have noticed that Charlie Grossman is a full two inches taller than Tall Charlie. Tall Charlie, you have 48 hours to get your act together or you'll be losing your identity. Grossman, you've got 48 hours to not to let Tall Charlie cut you down to size. May the best man win.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 14, 1981
Subject: Good News

That newspaper article is paying off big time. I just got off the horn with a man I've never met: my father. He recognized my photo in the paper and wants to come here and meet me.

I want every last one of you working twice as hard cleaning this place up. My dad is coming tomorrow, and I want Bear Cave Soup to look like a million bucks.

Tab Fillmore has also informed me he is not entirely useless. Although he is a tiny, weak man barely able to make it through the day without sobbing into his safety blanket, he managed to get us some press. A man from the newspaper is going to come by and write about my reunion.

THIS HAS TO GO PERFECT. If my old man sees even a whiff of incompetence, every one of you is going home with two black eyes. And for god's sake, keep my idiot rockabilly sons as far away as possible. Put out more rockabilly traps if you have to.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 14, 1981
Subject: Not Acceptable

Apparently Charlie Grossman is a quitter, because he's telling people around here to call him "Chuck" and also offered to go by "Eric," his middle name. Let me tell you something, Grossman: Your stupid name is Charlie. I'm not calling you anything else, especially not "Eric." That's the name of a manly woman or some kind of teenage gutter trash. We fight to win around here, so you better win the right to keep your name.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 15, 1981
Subject: Today Never Happened

I don't want to hear any more mentions of my old man, Duke Boruff. If I had known he was a no-good rockabilly, he would never have set foot on my property. He's not welcome here ever again, and if anybody mentions him, they're as good as fired.

Speaking of fired, Tab Fillmore is done here. He's picking all his stuff out of the ditch I threw it in. You have my permission to go spit on him.

I don't want any of you reading tomorrow's newspaper. That means no reading that article about that awful old rockabilly, and no looking at the picture of that awful old rockabilly hugging me. I will not stomach our company name being dragged through the mud with this kind of press. Bad press does us no favors, and endangers all our jobs. Tab Fillmore should have anticipated this and not involved the newspapers. That was a fatal mistake on his part.

For practical business purposes, none of you will be paid for today as it is being formally expunged from all company records. You are still required to work late tonight to make up for the time you wasted greeting that rotten pompadoured son of a bitch.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 15, 1981
Subject: I AM NOT CRYING

I am punching my punching bag so hard my fists are bleeding and my body is overwhelmed with pain. It is not crying. Crying is for babies. What I am doing is extremely masculine and healthy, and your useless ears are mis-hearing my screams of rage.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 15, 1981
Subject: The Charlie Business Is Sorted Out

From now on, Tall Charlie will be known as Short Charlie. Charlie Grossman is now Tall Charlie. To avoid any confusion, Tall Charlie will remain my right-hand man. If you have any problems, report them directly to Tall Charlie. If they are worth my time, he will tell Short Charlie and Short Charlie will tell me.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 16, 1981
Subject: Some Actual Good News

I just got off the horn with a man I didn't even know existed. It turns out my grandfather saw the article in the paper this morning and recognized his no-good rockabilly son. He also recognized me as his grandson. Like I said, there is no such thing as bad press.

My granddad is a real man. After talking to him, I can tell he has zero tolerance for rockabillyism, long hair, and all the other things destroying our society. He is a patriot, and he has killed a lot of men in and out of combat. He's also extremely interested in the business and our bottom line, so I've asked him to come and help out. He starts tomorrow.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 16, 1981
Subject: Get It Right, Bozos

Stop taking your grievances to Short Charlie. You tell Tall Charlie, and he decides if it's worth telling Short Charlie. If Short Charlie agrees, then he will tell me. I don't understand how you idiots can call yourself adults and not understand basic instructions.

Does Short Charlie look tall to you? He is only 6'3". Tall Charlie is 6'5". It's not rocket science.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: Tall Charlie
Date: July 16, 1981
Subject: Figure this out

It's been a busy as hell year and a lot has happened. Can you find out if I am still married? I can't remember the last time I talked to my wife, if I even still have one. I yell at so many women they start to blur together.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 17, 1981
Subject: Daddy's Home

My granddaddy is already making a huge difference. He's taken it upon himself to launch a new flavor of soup and is screaming so loud at the boys in R&D you can hear it from the parking lot. I

never thought I'd meet a man meaner than me, but he's everything I hoped my real father would be and more.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 17, 1981
Subject: Bathroom Abuse & Important Ceremony

My granddaddy let me know a bunch of you jerks are wasting valuable company water by flushing needlessly. He's volunteered to hang out in the bathroom and personally inspect all your leavings. He's going to make this company a fortune.

His three hours of hard work today aren't lost on me. I've long wanted to appoint a successor. My sons have all failed me, so I turn now to my next of kin: my 98-year-old granddaddy. He is eight times the man any of you will ever be.

Because of this, we are all working tomorrow. I don't care if you consider Saturday to be time off. If you want time off, you can quit.

You are all required to come in for an important event tomorrow in the soupyards. We'll be christening the very first batch of granddaddy's soup idea. The No. 3 vat is already being cleaned and prepared for the inaugural batch of "Spicy Bison Chowder." During the ceremony, I will also be naming him as my successor and new vice president.

I've also strong-armed that vest-wearing idiot from the newspaper to come back and report a real story. He was quite agreeable when I threatened to turn his preposterously small and fussy dogs into soup.

There will be no free food provided, so make sure you all bring in plenty to share.

J. D. BORUFF

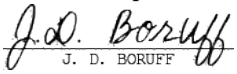
BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: July 18, 1981
Subject: The Soup Industry Has Suffered Its Darkest Day

There will be no further batches of Spicy Bison Chowder. There will only be one batch, and it will be renamed Memorial Spicy Bison Chowder. That soup is as much a part of my granddaddy as he is a part of that soup.

Furthermore, you are all forbidden from reading tomorrow's newspaper. That means no reading the article about how my granddaddy tragically passed away after falling into the boiling No. 3 vat while trying to stab his son, who showed up along with my three idiot rockabilly sons to perform some kind of terrible musical medley. That means no looking at the pictures of my idiot father and three idiot sons performing happily together while trying to win my favor, or any pictures of the events that followed, including me trying to shoot them, trying to stab them, and trying to splash buckets of boiling soup on them.

Because of the chaos, I have instructed Tall Charlie to strike today from the company records. You will not be paid for today. You can make it up by coming in tomorrow, which you will also not be paid for.



–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.16 The Simpsons Debate When a Fan's Life Jumped the Shark

Thursday, Mar 24, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

In a drastic change of format, the 28th season of Fox's long-running animated comedy *The Simpsons* will consist entirely of the Simpson family discussing the lives of their fans. Each episode will be devoted to a different fan, with each of the Simpsons opining when they think that fan's life started to go downhill. Here's an exclusive excerpt from the script of the season premiere, "Greg Pendleton."

Homer: It's obvious that Greg's life jumped the shark in 2010. That's when he got married, bought a house and embraced all the traditional values he once despised. He became a parody of himself at that point.

Bart: No way, it was definitely 2009. That day he gave up his dream of being a social worker because there was more money in being a health inspector was a major nosedive.

Marge: I think you're both wrong. To me, Greg's life is as good as it ever was. It's changed, yes, and I can see why some fans of the first two decades are disappointed, but I think those changes are necessary to keep things fresh. Greg does some stuff now he never could have done in his teens and early twenties.

Lisa: Meh, I agree with Bart and Homer that his life declined at some point, but I don't feel the need to obsess over when and how. For the record though, it was probably June 4th, 2007.

Homer: Okay, but can we all agree that 2015 was the worst year of Greg's life so far?

Marge: I suppose. Discovering his wife's affair with his boss and that chronic flatulence thing were definitely low points. There were still some good moments, though, like that fishing trip, and the birth of his daughter.

Homer: That daughter was just a rehash of the son he had in 2012.

Bart: Which was itself a rehash of the son he had in 2010.

Marge: I don't know, I kind of liked the repetition. Greg is very self-aware so I almost think it was intentional, like some sort of meta-commentary on repetition itself.

Lisa: Ugh. You all need to get lives. If you like Greg's life, keep watching it. If you don't, don't. There's no need endlessly argue over your personal tastes, to have these pointless, monotonous discussions full of verbose, longwinded rants that go nowhere, that say more about your tedious obsession with Greg's life than they do about Greg's life itself.

Homer: Maybe you're right. I suppose I should just ignore the later years of Greg's life and focus on the ones I like. '03-'09, mostly, and especially 2008, Greg's undeniable peak.

Lisa: You think 2008 was the peak? Please. It was clearly....

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.17 My Father Was the Screaming Face in the X-Files Opening and It Made My Faith Stronger

Friday, Mar 25, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

According to John 9:22, "God must test the faithful even when they want to believe." Like Fox Mulder, I wanted to believe in the divinity of Christ and the salvation that awaits us all. Then I found out that the screaming blue face in the opening credits of the X-Files was actually my father. Why was he screaming? Why was his face warping like he was going through a time tunnel? These are questions I would come to rely on my faith to help me confront.

Scully demands proof, but the Lord is not obligated to provide it.

God wants us to ask these questions of our life and to find the answers in the teachings of Christ. Scully is the Doubting Thomas of the X-files, always questioning the faith Mulder places in God's plan. He believes there are UFO aliens, sex werewolves, and Bubble Guppies. He doesn't need more proof than the sacrifice of Jesus Christ at Calvary.

Scully, on the other hand, needs irrefutable proof. She needs to see the alien scat wiped up the side of a bathroom stall and forming elaborate brown chaos spirals. She wants to look at the skeleton of a Bubble Guppy.

I can understand the instinct. I used to doubt the Lord's works. Why do compasses work? How was banana formed? Why is it possible for a jet plane to fly even though it is heavier than air? I became comfortable with accepting the mysterious beauty of the Lord's plan for us. Yes, he gave us the perfect telephone shape of bananas just as he gave us the UFOs. All are the Lord's works and their variety is part of their beauty.

For years I enjoyed both the X-Files and the teachings of Christ and I thought their messages worked together. But there was a hint of doubt. The one thing that always bothered me about the X-Files was that creepy screaming blue face during the opening credits. I wondered who it was and what nightmare had befallen them.

Our beliefs will be tested just as Mulder underwent tests by the UFOs.

Without answers, I imagined greater horrors than the show ever presented. I suppose I fixated on the idea, so I contacted Ten Thirteen Productions and asked them, "Who was the face and why was he suffering?"

The woman I spoke with said the face was just some extra and she put me in touch with Rome Casting Agency. Romans? I felt my world shifting. When I called Rome Casting Agency, I was given a lot of run around, but was eventually given a name. My father's name. Surely it was a mistake, I thought. God would not do this to me.

But like the UFOs torturing Mulder, God, the original Black Oil, sometimes tortures his faithful. He wants them to understand his powers, which include all the psionics and majicks, are limitless, and that his plan can sometimes seem cruel.

It was at the height of my doubt that I happened to come across the X-Files opening on TV. There he was, my dad, blue and plummeting into an unknowable void of agony. Was it a spiritual hell or a real hell? Trick question, because Hell is Real, my friends. It clicked with me. Of course, that was why my dad disappeared in 1993. The X-Files opening was my dad's message to me, placed there by God.

"Find salvation in Christ. Avoid my fate. His Truth is Out There."

Because what is the paranormal if not "para," Greek for "better than," normal. God, like Mulders, wants us to believe. For let us not forget that the Sasquatch and other cryptids, with the possible exception of the Mongolian Death Worm, were made in His image.

Amen.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.18 An Entire Airplane Helped A Baby Get To Sleep. And I Livetweeted It.

Monday, Mar 28, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

I recently flew home from Orlando, and experienced what you'll read below.

Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Flying to LA, and there's a really scared two year old boy in the row over. He's shivering, and he keeps burying his eyes in dad's arm.
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Dad keeps shushing him, trying to soothe the poor kid, but nothing's working.
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Dad's started to sing a song to his son on the flight to try and calm him down. Oh wow, this is adorable.
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
...should I start singing along? What do you guys think?
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Ok I've started singing along...hard t sing n type
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Kid smiling at me, dad giviong thumbs up...oh my god other people are joining in

Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
I can't believe this but a bunch of strangers on this airplane have started to sing! Everyone is singing to calm down this little boy!!!
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
This is some kind of miracle! The whole plane is singing to this kid! The kid is clapping his hands, loving it! He's not afraid anymore!!
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
It's amazing, this whole airplane is singing...
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
...ITS BEEN, ONE WEEK SINCE YOU LOOKED AT ME. THREW YOUR ARMS IN THE AIR AND SAID IM CRAZY
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
TWO WEEKS SINCE YOU SMILED AT ME AND SAID GET BACK TOGETHER COME BACK AND SEE ME

Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
This kid loves it! Oh wow, he loves BnL so much!
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Now everyone's singing All Star by Smashmouth! This is really a magical flight!
Asterios Kokkinos
@asterios
Faith in humanity restored.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

3.19 Stardew Valley Maximum Efficiency Maximum Fun Super Guide

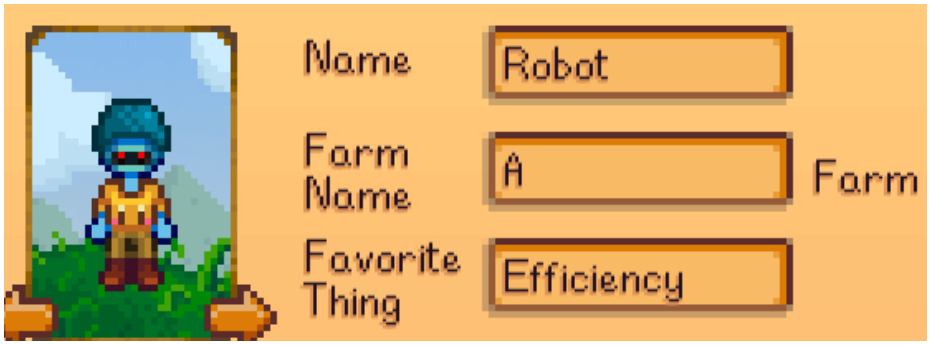
Wednesday, Mar 30, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Stardew Valley looks like a friendly and simple farm sim. It's actually a time-stealing jerk, introducing layers upon layers that keep you bouncing between short and long term goals long after you intended to stop playing.

While there's no right or wrong way to play Stardew Valley, there are ways to be more efficient. If you don't follow this guide you are objectively playing wrong.

Character Creation

Make a robot.



Robots are way more efficient than humans.

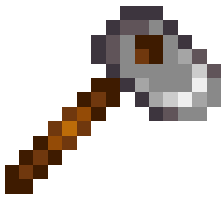
Name him Robot. This way there's no room for confusion over your farmer's origin and identity. Confusion leads to inefficency and explanation, which wastes time, which is inefficient.

Robot is a male because when you start a character it defaults to male, and clicking a button to choose another sex is a waste of valuable seconds.

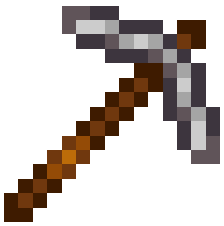
Getting Started

You'll begin with a number of farm-y tools in your inventory. Take a moment to familiarize yourself with them.

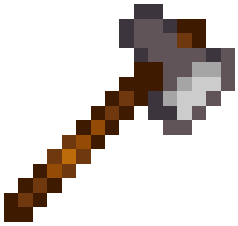
A hoe:



A pickaxe:



An axe:



A watering can:

A scythe:

Now discard all of these tools immediately. They are a hindrance.

You will also notice a giftbox containing a packet of seeds to plant on your farm. Go outside and dump it in the trash.

Now go back inside and sleep. The next morning you will receive a note in your inbox. It's an invitation to meet a gross man on the docks and conduct a shady transaction. Dash through town (ignoring everyone!) and interact with this foul to get your bamboo fishing pole:

Follow the dirtbag when he shuffles back into his store. Now spend all 500 of your dollars on a second bamboo fishing pole.

Immediately return to your farm, ignoring everyone again on your way home.

Your Daily Strategy

Every morning you should dash outside and stand in the shameful ruins of your dilapidated farm. Make sure you have a fishing pole selected. Now cast it. You will catch nothing. The act of casting on dry land will drain a chunk of your daily energy.

Keep casting that fishing pole. When you run out of energy at around 9 or 10 in the morning, return to your home and go to sleep until the next day.

Exploring & Socializing

Don't explore. Every moment you spend walking around like an idiot is a moment wasted.

Don't socialize. These people are shit. Don't let them get in the way of your sleep or your land fishing.

Long Term Goals

While getting into position to cast your fishing rod, you may occasionally bump into a random harvest item such as a flower or berry. Sell these by dumping them into the capitalism bin next to your house.

Eventually you will have enough money to buy a third bamboo fishing rod. Repeat this process until your entire inventory is bamboo fishing rods.

This is victory. A moral victory, and a victory by any known measure of the word.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.20 Your Public Domain Comic Book Could Be Trashier

Thursday, Mar 31, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Turning a public domain character into a boob comic seems like a great plan. You don't have to come up with your own ideas or pay to license someone else's. Potential readers see the book's cover and think, "Hey, I've heard of that character, and I've also heard of breasts/guns/steampunk."

The thing is, you've got to really go all out. You know your comic doesn't have anything else going for it, so don't take half measures when it comes to gross nonsense. These public domain comics need to follow my advice if they want to live up to their full trash potential.

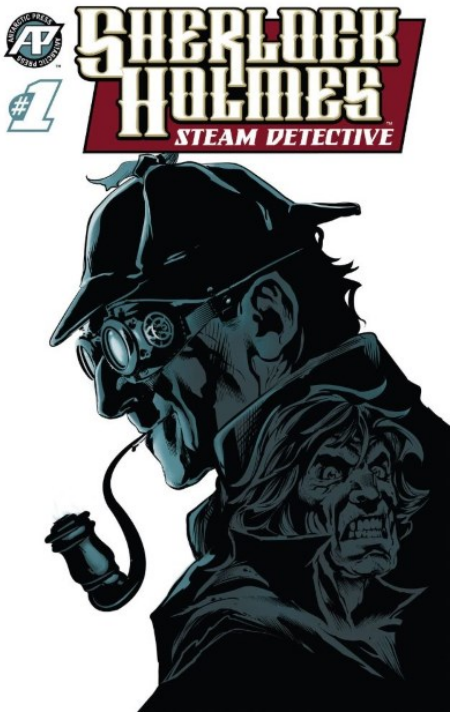
Little Red Riding Hood is covered in blood and freakin' loving it. A good start, but maybe there could be more blood? And a caption coming out of her mouth saying, "(*orgasm sounds*)"? Also, it seems like you missed a huge opportunity to draw more attention to her silhouetted privates by having the wolf with the world's tinest mouth stare at her crotch, his eyes bulging cartoonishly.

Alice is far too recognizable. Where are the ammo belts? The unnecessary clothing tears? The badass curved knives tucked into carefully exposed underwear? This is a sexy Halloween costume at best.

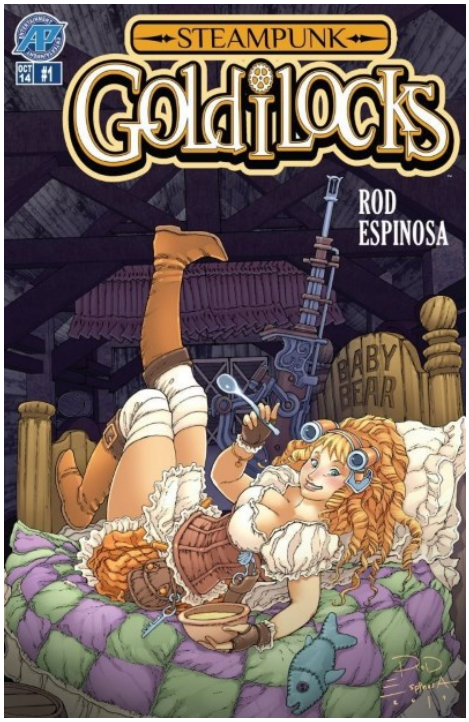
This angle makes it impossible to determine if we're dealing with white thigh-highs and ruby ten-inch high heel shoes. Also, since Dorothy isn't holding a clockwork pitchfork rifle, at the very least she could be using her hands to make an "index finger going into a hole" gesture.

If you're setting out to create the most modest Witchblade cover of all time, great. Otherwise, a super sexy Ursula should be cradling the mermaid with her milfy tentacles, both characters sexily gasping at Triton's severed head.

I feel like the pose could be a little more awkward. Like, why isn't she twisted around far enough for the viewer to see her entire chest?



You went a little overboard on the number of steampunk elements here. Sherlock is also oversexualized, showing too much skin for my liking. Maybe balance these elements out by giving him a huge gun?



Uhhh... all joking aside, I'm starting to feel uncomfortable.

Who is this even supposed to be? Does she leave her crotch exposed so she can stare down at it pensively like this? This was a bad idea. I no longer remember a time when this seemed like a good idea.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 4

April

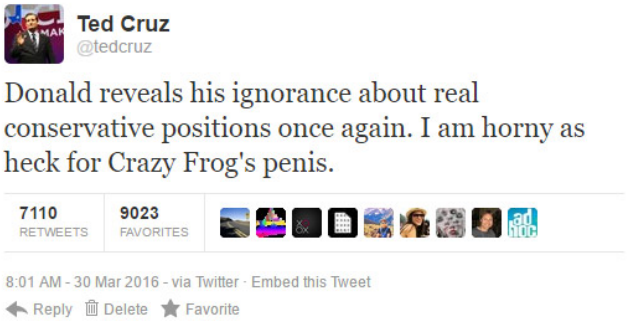
4.1 Trump Outrages Left and Right With Tweets About Crazy Frog's Penis

Friday, Apr 01, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It has happened again: presidential hopeful Donald J. Trump has talked himself into trouble with rivals and possibly voters by offering an unguarded opinion of Crazy Frog's penis. A late night Tweet started things off on Thursday.

Unbeknownst to Trump, he had just stepped on a political third rail. Both Democrats and Republicans widely agree that Crazy Frog's penis is extremely horny-making.

Texas Senator Ted Cruz was the first of Trump's opponents to capitalize on the unforced error.


Ted Cruz
@tedcruz
Donald reveals his ignorance about real conservative positions once again. I am horny as heck for Crazy Frog's penis.
7110 RETWEETS
9023 FAVORITES
8:01 AM - 30 Mar 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

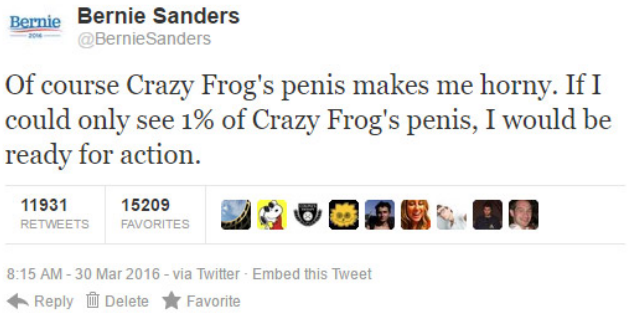
Trump fired back at Cruz almost immediately:

Donald J. Trump
@realDonaldTrump
Lyin' Ted at it again! At last debate he turned to me and said he HATED Crazy Frog's weird dick. Which is it?
7110 RETWEETS
10333 FAVORITES
8:09 AM - 30 Mar 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

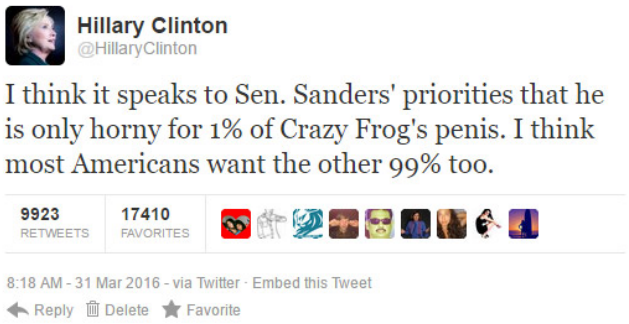
But it took only minutes for Trump's other Republican rival, Ohio Governor John Kasich, to weigh in:

John Kasich
@JohnKasich
When I think of Crazy Frog's penis, I think of my wife and two daughters and how horny it makes them too.
3023 RETWEETS
4419 FAVORITES
8:13 AM - 30 Mar 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Senator Bernie Sanders quickly added his voice from the left:


Bernie Sanders
@BernieSanders
Of course Crazy Frog's penis makes me horny. If I could only see 1% of Crazy Frog's penis, I would be ready for action.
11931 RETWEETS
15209 FAVORITES
8:15 AM - 30 Mar 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

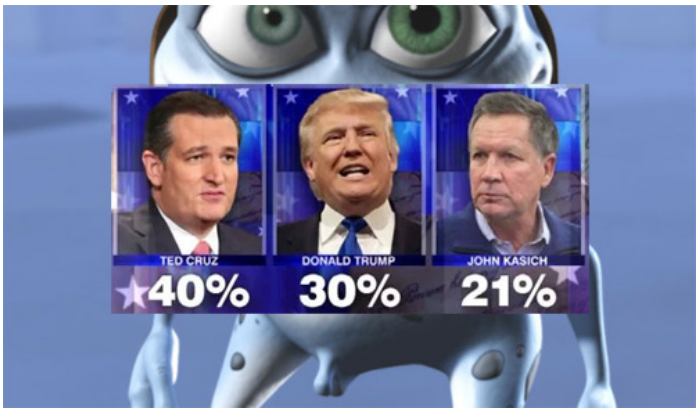
Sanders' Democratic opponent used the opportunity to lash out at both Trump and Sanders:


Hillary Clinton
@HillaryClinton
I think it speaks to Sen. Sanders' priorities that he is only horny for 1% of Crazy Frog's penis. I think most Americans want the other 99% too.
9923 RETWEETS
17410 FAVORITES
8:18 AM - 31 Mar 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

The deluge of criticism from rivals, not to mention political pundits, finally broke through to Trump that he had made a potentially serious mistake. He made a rare retraction of his original statement.

Donald J. Trump
@realDonaldTrump
Twitter limit cut off word "NOT" at the end of tweet about Crazy Frog's penis. I am conservative and bigly horny for that thing.
2552 RETWEETS
7081 FAVORITES
10:10 AM - 31 Mar 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Could this have a lasting impact on Trump's campaign? A recent Marquette University Law School poll shows Ted Cruz up by double digits over Trump in the crucial state of Wisconsin.



Perhaps we may one day soon look back and look at the Crazy Frog penis incident as the one that finally broke the back of the Trump campaign.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 Leaked Corporate Memo Reveals Big Changes for McDonald's

Monday, Apr 04, 2016 by The McDonald's Advisory Board

Greetings McDonald's Franchisees,

As you probably know, the last few years have amounted to one super-size struggle for the McDonald's corporation. While our restaurants were previously known for their food, folks, and fun, these days, families on a budget would rather squat in a filthy Little Ceasar's kiosk for a "hot and ready" pizza-style bread slab than spend upwards of eight dollars per person for more actual meat content than we've previously offered in the past. In order to find a more worthwhile demographic, we're rebranding McDonald's as a more "upscale" restaurant, similar to the ones that poor people go to when they win the lottery. We'll be rolling these updates out slowly over the calendar year, so keep them in mind while changing your respective store from a place stepdads go to sober up to something closer to an interstate Applebee's.

- While modern eateries would view drive-thrus as gauche, we'll be keeping ours as part of our commitment to fast and efficient service. In order to give this portion of our business an extra touch of class, each drive-thru will soon feature speakers that play an original song by those gentle mom-rockers of the contemporary rock band, Train. And, as part of McDonald's ongoing support of the stand-up comedy community, the PA systems used in these drive thrus–originally built in 1967–will undergo no changes.

- At any given time, the ball pit in any McDonald's PlayLand consists of roughly 14% urine. In order to avoid being blamed for local epidemics and "that piss smell," contractors will be installing vents at the bottom of each ball pit that release a blast of scalding, cleansing steam every 30 minutes. We ask that you make sure any children are clear of these vents when activated, or at least far enough away from any patron who might be annoyed by their panicked screaming.

- Say goodbye to Ronald McDonald! While a clown mascot served us well for the past 50 years, our new image demands a "hip" and "with it" character to effectively communicate

the McDonald's brand. That's why our upcoming advertising campaign will feature our new spokesperson, Ronnyld. He's not *just* a clown–when he's not vaping, browsing apps, or scouring the Internet for artisanal wax for his novelty facial hair, Ronnyld is digging up the best ways to disrupt the burger biz by creating sensible action items that mesh with our corporate culture and stockholders' interests. Talk about on fleek!

- As the times change, so must our language. Following some heavy menu revisions, French fries will now be known as "roasted potato wedges," and chicken nuggets must be referred to by their improved name, "tempura morsels." And legally, we can now call our burgers "organic" thanks to cost-cutting measures that now ensure they're made with mostly organ meat.

- While McDonald's bathrooms were once known for being, statistically, the number one location in America for non-medical abortions, we're looking to improve our image by making them safer and cleaner than ever before. We've already gone to great lengths to assist managers with safely disassembling the makeshift meth labs located in several of our handicapped stalls, and patrons will now have to log in to our McWaste app to gain access to restrooms. That way, *you'll* be the first to know when someone ODs and drowns in a toilet–not some four-year-old who can barely wipe himself.

- Thanks to our constant efforts to improve the McDonald's experience, your employees may start asking about the disappearance of certain perks like first-aid kits, and why their break room has been rented out thanks to our partnership with the U-Haul company. Should these questions arise, we have produced several informative new pamphlets that can be sent away for with a self-addressed stamped envelope in just 6-8 weeks. For every store, we have also ordered a copy of the capitalist classic *Who Moved My Cheese?* that can be checked out with a $20 deposit.

- Much like those cozy cafes in big cities, patrons will now be allowed to choose from our supply of board games to keep themselves entertained while eating delicious McDonald's food. Thanks to our ties with several former Soviet states, we have managed to acquire several thousand off-brand, non-English-language editions of Parcheesi to keep your customers busy. Now your overworked staff won't feel quite as overworked as patrons have no choice but to try and digest the incomprehensible, Cyrillic instructions while waiting for meals.

- Serving breakfast all day has been such a boon that we'll now be serving breakfast even when restaurants are closed. You'll soon be tasked with hiring a low-income employee whose

sole duty is to gently slide hotcakes under the door in exchange for small bills. This may seem outlandish, but we've already rolled out this plan in several Alabama locations, and it's accounted for 80% of our profits at those restaurants.

–∼The McDonald's Advisory Board

4.3 Now, Treasured Customer, an Urgent Dispatch from R. J. Heckwolf

Wednesday, Apr 06, 2016 by R. J. Heckwolf (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

R. J. Heckwolf, Vice-President, Manager, Grading Dept.

My name, dear reader, is R. J. Heckwolf. Many of you know me by reputation, as chief grader to Mr. P. B. Fouke and the unrivaled Fouke Fur Co. Said institution is the shining jewel of St. Louis, the wondrous Mid-Continent Metropolis I call home.

As chief grader it is my duty to assign value to all furs received, and it is *the* task I was born to do. There is a primal fire that burns within me, one only quelled by the perfect execution of my duties. I have been grading furs since infancy, and indeed, I believe the Lord himself created me as His precise instrument to satisfy this critical task.

It is my honor to receive furs from you, the millions of trappers and shippers loyal to the Fouke Fur Co., and I trust you will all agree that my appraisals are fair and unimpeachable. Following the example set by Mr. P. B. Fouke himself, I would sooner douse my nude body in fertile doe urine and throw myself at the mercy of the savage wilds than suffer the indignity of questionable workplace performance.

No man has ever questioned my work. Find me such a man, and I will gladly recuse myself from the civilized world in grim fashion.

There is, however, one other thing that ignites a fire within me. I am most thankful to the great P. B. Fouke, my esteemed employer and champion, for allowing me the platform and audience to share this passion with the public general.

With that said, I shall delay no further. Here is what I stand before you to declare: I am disgusted beyond all measure by the growing abundance of small dogs in the world. This vile plague has been spreading from Europe and the Orient with increasing potency. I cannot walk the fair streets of my darling St. Louis without seeing women carrying their tiny canines, held in hand like garish jewelry.

I ask what has become of the noble hound, whose size was such to take down even the strongest man? Once upon a time the sight of a dog was one of awe and respect. We met as physical equals, with only our human cunning giving us advantage.

Now my beloved friend the dog has gone astray. He has been made a science experiment by the misguided elite, racing one another toward some gruesome finish line. There, at the end of that terrifying race, will be a dog so miniscule, it will be invisible to our eyes.

As I see it, concerned readers, there are four fatal flaws present in the small dog, and I shall discuss

them all.

LESS DIGNITY

In breeding the small dog, man has removed all dignity from the canine. These tiny abominations exist only as prop, as costume jewelry, as spectacle. Their dreadful little eyes seem to cry out *End my misery.* It is as if man – and I use "man" with some unease, for these miniature mutts are largely the machinations of women – decided to play God with every intention of losing. One cannot be dignified when one has been molded to embody shame.

LESS FUR

The prime function of all animals is to provide resources for man. The small dog provides less of everything. In skinning a small dog, you will find less fur. In preparing a deceased small dog for taxidermy, you will end up with a smaller piece of taxidermy, one scarcely worth the bother. In fact, it would take an expert taxidermist many small dogs to prepare a reasonably sized canine taxidermy. I have tested this theory, and it proves true. If presented with the pelt of a small dog, I would be required by the ethics of my trade to declare the offering, no matter how pristine, unsuitable due to its inferior size.

LESS FUNCTION

Normal-sized dogs provide a medley of uses, from shepherding or pulling wagons to advanced functions such as hunting down criminals. Try to muster the same function from a small dog. Attach a heavy cart to the mouse-sized mutt and see him immobilized. Let him herd the sheep, and be crushed beneath their hooves. There is no task for a small dog that cannot be performed with greater outcome by a large dog.

LESS DOG

Finally, most egregious of all, dear customers, the small dog is simply less dog. Who among us has looked at the noble canine and remarked, *Give me less?* Indeed, who has looked at anything Good and arrived at such conclusion? We are not dealing with a vice like alcohol. There is no need for temperance when it comes to the canine. There is nothing in the canine experience improved by miniaturization, yet so much lost. Should we also stunt the growth of humans, too? We would all enjoy more space and a bigger world if we were smaller. *Nonsense!*

The Devil is at work in modern times, and the small dog is proof of his cunning. Our truest ally in nature, the noble canine, is being corrupted. If these vile breeders have their way, soon all dogs will exist beyond the realm of sight. I fear a day is coming where only the most powerful microscopes will be able to prove the continued existence of what was once Man's Best Friend.

And when they are beyond our reach, which animal will take their place? Surely not the cat. Are we to throw in our lot with monkeys and their savage unpredictability? Are we to walk hand and paw with raccoons? Are we to hoist indignant sloths upon our backs? No dear, reader, we will do no such thing. *Hope is not lost!*

That is why I, R. J. Heckwolf, propose a different path. Outside of grading furs, a passion I love more than my wife and children combined, I endeavor to only one other cause: that dogs should be bred to the grandest sizes allowed by the laws of physics. Only when bone structure can no longer support the full weight of these majestic mammoths must we step back and declare our work done.

I say, if we are to play the role of God, we must endeavor to win. To that end, I have for some time rented a warehouse on the corner of Thicket Avenue in St. Louis. I ask that you bring your largest and most fit dogs there, for the purpose of furthering my goal. You will be paid a fair sum, with larger specimens being more valuable. You have my pledge that I will not rest until our friend the dog is elevated to glorious proportions.

Dear customers, I envision a world where our canine companions dwarf even the elephants of land and whales of sea. Imagine our dogs towering over us, or carrying us on their backs as we conduct our daily business. That is the future I am working to build in the eight hours a day I break from grading furs. I have not slept in several months, and indeed I have no intention of sleeping until my work is done. When action is demanded, man must set aside luxuries and comforts.

You have always known me to grade all furs fairly. Now you will know me as the man who grades all furs fairly while elevating the canine to the status of Living Monument. I ask that you join me in this mission, and let us together create the future our dogs deserve.

Tell me, treasured reader, who would look upon greatness and ask for less? Surely not any one of sound mind. We will not strive for less – *we will achieve more!*

Thank you to P. B. Fouke for the stage, and thank you all for joining me in this righteous crusade. Godspeed to us all!

Thus spoke

R. J. Hekcwolf

–∼R. J. Heckwolf (@Livestock)

4.4 Seven Moments in the Rogue One Trailer That Confirmed to My Idiot Wife Cheryl I Was Right to Buy Samurai Darth Vader

Friday, Apr 08, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's out, Cheryl. Did you watch it?

Bingo. Strong woman lead. Star Wars has done it again, ladies. You're welcome.

Is that Mon Mothma back there looking like your beautiful lesbian aunt? Yep it is. Now that $89.99 I spent on "Death Star Samurai" looks like a pretty smart investment, doesn't it Cheryl? The stock market can go any direction, it's not based on anything real, right? But that Vader is only going up in value. It's staying in the fucking box, Cheryl.

Oh my god. The Death Star dish being lowered into place. The shadow sweeping over seemingly tiny Star Destroyers like a Lucas wipe transition. It's jaw-dropping. Much like the ebay price is going to be on Death Star Samurai. It's limited edition, Cheryl. You're not on the collector's email list like me. Everyone is talking about these samurai figures.

Sure looks like Yavin 4 to me. Think of all the figures that could be squeezed out of this one frame. Oh, you're not thinking about that, Cheryl? Is that because you're not thinking about our kids going to college? Because I'll tell you what is going to pay for a semester of Aiden at MSU: Darth Vader as a fucking samurai.

Wullf Yularen! Admiral Thrawn! Love that white uniform. My Thrawn 1/6th figure is finally going to go up in value, although my Power of the Force Thrawns are still languishing. But you have to stop rubbing that in my face, Cheryl. I have to take risks to make some money. Yes, I bought thirty Sebulbas. No, they haven't gone up a cent in value. But have they lost value? Go talk to that Microsoft stock you bought.

Shadow Trooper, hello. There's going to be a whole range of these guys and I am already clearing up space on my shelf for the 1/6th figures and maybe even a bust. They'll save money on the paint and they can put it into a sharper sculpt. Trust me on this one, Cheryl. If you stopped questioning my every move then maybe I would have built that shelf in the bedroom instead of the garage and I wouldn't have an entire case of cold-damaged Mara Jades.

I saved the best for last. AT-ATs in the jungle! Already drooling at the thought of buying a LEGO jungle AT-AT. I'm not going to put it together, of course. Opening the box sacrifices half of the value. Remember when Aiden found my Millennium Falcon? You were supposed to put the gate up on the den, Cheryl!

That is why Samurai Darth Vader is such a great buy. He comes in a showcase box, so I can enjoy him on the shelf with my Samurai Storm Troopers and Ronin Boba Fett. Having a complete set is going to be worth a fortune, Cheryl, but you go ahead and tell me again why I shouldn't pay the house payment on my Diners Club Card.

I'll be waiting and watching the Rogue One trailer again. And you'll eventually be glad I bought 40 Samurai Darth Vaders.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 Terribly Accurate Burlesque Names

Monday, Apr 11, 2016 by Asterios Kokkinos, Peach Saliva & Hana Michels (@asterios)

Kiki St. Needs Attention

Penelope Von Parents Still Support Her

Vonda Saint Doing This For A Vice Magazine Article

Bernadette St. Spent 2 Hours Painting This Mole

Peppermint (Actually just a horse)

Amelia de Avoid Dating Me At All Costs

Holly Go-Dramatic Is Putting It Lightly

Eunice Usta B. Fat

This Is Not A Cry For Help Greg It's About Empowerment Fuck You de Ville

Emerald St. I Dye My Hair Stupid Crazy Colors In An Attempt To Warn Potential Sexual Partners I'm Basically Poison Not Unlike A Rainforest Frog

Penelope St. Pun About Breasts

–∼Asterios Kokkinos, Peach Saliva & Hana Michels (@asterios)

4.6 Stress Effects on Your Mind and Body

Tuesday, Apr 12, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Moderate Stress

1. Whatever happens when you're sexually excited has begun to work in reverse. And it might be permanent.

- You slept for eight hours and it felt like four.
- Your general disposition has transformed you into Robert from Guess Who?
- Your brain is so frazzled that ADHD is an understatement. The only information you can process comes in the form of cat animated gifs.
- Your diet has is best described as "Diabetic Suicide."
- Of all the things to be thankful for, you're grateful that only you can see the dozens of canker sores that line your mouth.

High Stress

- Somehow crying and yelling have combined into one emotion that you all Crelling, and you've been doing it a lot in the shower.
- You haven't been outside in days, but every few hours you cheer yourself up by googling "Sun"
- You slept for four hours and it felt like two.
- Your eyes are red and crusted over. You haven't blinked in hours. Vision is an endless, painful misery. You convince yourself that it's time for more caffeine.
- You keep saying that "you'll go down with the ship," but you aren't sure if you're the captain or the ship in the metaphor.
- Your digestive system has grown accustomed to you eating nothing but Milk Duds and coffee.

Extreme Stress

- You've become so angry that your life has become a game of Counter-Strike or Dota2 where you're on permanent tilt.
- Your fingernails no longer grow back leaving the tips of each finger looking like some creepy nodule of self-inflicted pain.
- Your empty promises of how you'll change after this get so desperate that even you don't believe them. Like you'd really "start helping the homeless" or "stop procrastinating." Yeah right.
- Your heart rate tops out at a level only reached when someone is running from the police.
- Your body hurts. You can't get any more specific though.

Max Stress

- Your stomach seems to have produced enough farts for a year and is now releasing the surplus.
- You try to think of what is needed to fix this situation and you're only coming up with crazy shit like a time machine or a bunch of sharks or a brain like in The Matrix where you can just download knowledge instead of having to, like, read a million pages by Friday.
- You scratched your scalp to one bloody scab and now your dandruff is just pieces of flesh you've scrapped loose.
- You didn't sleep at all and it felt like it.
- You've reached the serine acceptance of your own doom. 1/2 Obi-Wan being struck down, 1/2 Jack saying "I'll never let go," you're at peace.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.7 i just wanted to pplay video game golf

Wednesday, Apr 13, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The final round has just concluded at majestic St Andrews golf stadium. I'm standing motionless on the 18th green with my arms held stiff against my sides, fingers splayed, staring at my caddie. There is a crowd but there are no cheers, no applause, not even the murmur of polite conversation. The music ended some time ago. The commentators have become conspicuously silent, but I can feel them watching, dispassionately observing as this surreal moment continues to stretch without regard for anyone involved.

I blink out of existence. Vanish like I was never there. My caddie does not react to this development. In the place where I stood mere moments ago, a fox appears. Again, no reaction from the caddie. The man's a professional through and through. Two seconds later, the fox disappears. Now I blink back into existence, ten feet from where I had been standing, wearing a different shirt.

This scene is 100% real, and it's not exactly what I pictured when I bought the game.

Sometimes I want to pull a controller stick backwards then swing it forwards to hit a virtual ball. This is my desire. This is my burden. Overcome with this urge for the first time in years, I picked up the latest version of PGA Tour, the one with Rory McIlroy on the cover.

I should have realized something was terribly wrong when I tried to create my golfer. Usually these games let you tweak any number of unnecessary sliders to sculpt a character that's either like yourself (but better looking and more successful) or a mutton-chopped weirdo with an undiagnosed skin disease.

In this game, there are just a handful of options. Start off by picking Head 1, Head 2, or Head 3. Now choose a skin tone, which completely replaces your fucked up N64 Goldeneye face and maybe adds facial hair, which you can't manually add or remove. As far as I can tell, each progressively darker shade of skin tone inflates your golfer's head by 15%. That's pretty much the end of customization.

Well, there are clothes. For example, you can wear one of seven thousand identical polo shirts. Or perhaps you're a pants fan? Then please enjoy the same three colors repeated across dozens of identical slacks from fine brands such as EA and Red Bull.

When my golfer is happy with the outcome of a shot he occasionally "kisses" his golf club. I put that in quotes because what he actually does is lift the club up and sort of rub it around his face and neck like a novelty toothbrush while he stares into infinity, his teeth clenched in an unreadable expression.

After my celebration at St Andrews I began the next tournament, which took place at a made up hellhole in Pennsylvania named something like Coyote Lighthouse or EA Wetland Falls. In real life the PGA tour has something like forty courses. This video game only gives you around six, and most of those aren't the ones you want. I know this stems from licensing issues, but to the player it's like picking up an NFL game that only has three teams.

So as I'm writing this I'm on the third round at EA Coyote Promenade. I hit a fairly standard first shot and the crowd erupts. My golfer pumps his arms and howls at the sky as if he hit a hole in one.

My second shot hits the green, but keeps rolling, coming to a stop in the bunker. Not a good shot. The crowd cheers just as loudly. They're loving this golf, overcome with ecstasy.

They continue to cheer my next shot, and when I miss the follow-up putt they roar with an intensity typically reserved for finding out that Fear The Walking Dead has been canceled.

As my golfer celebrates his missed shot with a fist pump and lecherous smile, I suspect that this game might be broken.

When the crowd cheers every single shot in the remaing seventeen holes, I realize I'm probably right.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.8 Buckle Your Seatbelts, At Least for My Sake

Thursday, Apr 14, 2016 by Highway Patrolman Tab Branley

"What's it going to take?"

These are the words that run through my head when I pull up to the scene of another fatal car accident–something that happens all too often in my line of work. We've been trying to inform drivers of seatbelt importance for decades now, but when I radio the crew to come out with their supplies to scrape another poor soul off the asphalt, I can only think, "How senseless." Also, "Christ, what a mess."

Let me get one thing straight: I don't care who lives or who dies. See what I've seen over the past 17 years, and you begin to view people less as humans and more as a collection of foul parts waiting to be scattered across an eight-lane highway. Listen, I know mistakes happen, but if I was looking to kill myself, would I march on down to where you work and splatter myself across your office? No, I'd do it in the privacy of my own home, using the suicide bag I purchased from a reliable mail-order company months ago.

If someone with the natural charisma of Ralph Nader can't convince you to wear a seatbelt, I likely don't have a snowball's chance in hell. But please, look at it from my perspective: Let's say you rear-end a semi, rocket through your windshield, and skid along the pavement to the next exit. You realize those stains aren't just going to wash away after a light summer rain, right? I mean, we've all spilled wine on the carpet. Well, imagine firing a side of beef into your living room shag at 300 miles per hour and you can probably imagine how personal irresponsibility can put me and the boys in a real pickle.

I'm sure this all sounds heartless to you. If so, I guess that's just what I've become. I assume most of you never scooped a human brain into a garbage bag that was trying to remember the lyrics to "Radar Love" just five minutes earlier. Well, that wasn't just a colorful example–that was my Tuesday. In fact, I've grown to despise reckless drivers so much that I've taken to collecting the scattered cell phones from people killed texting behind the wheel and making them into delightful cross-stitch patterns. A bold "nmu" sits right above my mantle, while you can find a feisty "new

phone who dis" hovering over the royal throne in the bathroom. I'd say they're a bit of a conversation piece, except that people tend to stop asking questions once you tell them what they are.

The problem with PSAs like this is folks tend to tune them out because they assume you're talking down to them. Well, rest assured that I don't think you're stupid. In fact, I don't think anything of you. As I explained earlier, the horrors I've seen have taught me the human soul is a lie to the point where I can no longer form lasting relationships with other people. Maybe I'm being too direct, but that's definitely better than spending another afternoon sandblasting human teeth out of the support struts of an overpass. And you'd better believe those fillings are going right into my pockets.

In closing, please, buckle up before you drive, at least for my sake. Think of it this way: Would you rather have a tasteless closed-casket funeral, or one where loved ones can cry over and paw at your hollowed-out, makeup-covered corpse? Whatever the case, I'll be there to spit on your grave because that's just the kind of thing I do now.

–∼Highway Patrolman Tab Branley

4.9 As an Actual Super Predator, I am Disgusted with the Clintons

Friday, Apr 15, 2016 by Skull Claimer of the Bio-Hunter Pact (@sexyfacts4u)

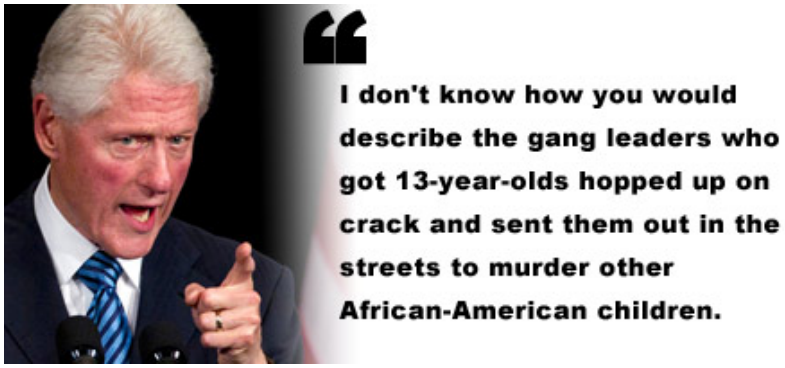
I don't need my tactical monocular overlay to judge an untruth and when I saw that clip from 1996 of Hillary Clinton referring to black teenagers as "super-predators" I knew I had detected a whopper. As an actual super predator, I find it disgusting that Hillary Clinton would compare my capabilities to that of a juvenile human male.

They are often the kinds of kids that are called 'super-predators.' No conscience, no empathy, we can talk about why they ended up that way, but first we have to bring them to heel.

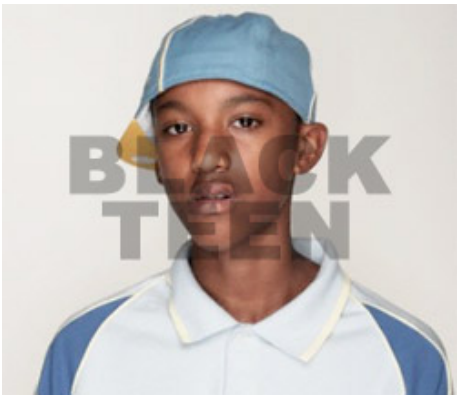
The suggestion that poverty and drug culture breeds so-called "super predators" is ridiculous on its face. Super predators can only be bred by government supersoldier programs, occult rituals, the most skilled chirurgeons of the flesh choir who sing over the tissue vats of Vilexu, or created by pitting populations of criminals against each other on a harsh prison planet to select only the most ruthless for indoctrination into the predator corps.

Clearly this was an error on the part of Hillary Clinton, but when confronted with her past statements about super predators she refused to apologize for her obvious mistake. Do black teenagers have scythe arms? Plasma cannons? Can they recycle their urine 100 times before it becomes toxic

to survive on a desert planet? It's ludicrous to suggest black teens are super predators. When confronted with this obvious fact by protestors, Bill Clinton supported his wife's original statement.


I don't know how you would describe the gang leaders who got 13-year-olds hopped up on crack and sent them out in the streets to murder other African-American children.

Since there continues to be so much confusion from the Clintons, I have decided to take precious time away from reaping the skulls of sentient prey to explain the differences between **Black Teens** and **Super Predators.**



Enjoys a wide variety of activities such a sports, video games, reading, music, movies, social and academic pursuits.	Enjoys a singular devotion to the hunt, the pure and ultimate competition for survival between two sentient beings.
Thirty generations of institutional racism have made it difficult for many individuals to rise out of poverty.	A thousand generations of ritual battles have allowed only the most deadly individuals to rise out of the testing pits.
Eats the same wide variety of foods as most other omnivorous humans.	Eats nutripaste and drink the blood of the fallen, except for the cerebrowraiths that feed on the fear of their prey.
Their darker skin attracts the attention of convenience store employees who follow them relentlessly.	Color-shifting membranes allow them to conceal their presence and pursue their prey relentlessly.

Are capable of employing the same melee and crude projectile weapons as the rest of their species.	Equipped with a battle orb that serves as scout and assistant and can deploy traps that ensnare prey.
Highly vulnerable to bullets, energy attacks, blade attacks, blast-a-rang strikes, bio bore slugs, digestive vomit, decapitation drones, heartbeat-seeking micro-missiles, agony flails, phantom bone reapers, and shock rods.	Can only be killed by setting the reactor to overload.
"Hopped up on crack and sent out into the streets to murder other African-American children." - Slick Willie, on "Super Predators"	"There's no stopping what can't be stopped, no killing what can't be killed." - King Willie, in *Predator 2*

My hunting party will now depart. I must take 600 skulls before daybreak to honor my pact. Sound like a lot? It's a living for a super predator like me.

–∼Skull Claimer of the Bio-Hunter Pact (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 Trump vs Trump II

Monday, Apr 18, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos & Paul "King of TV" Goebel (@asterios)

Rogue One is a failure. Anyone who ends up "giving their life" has not done a good job. I'm into winners like Zuckuss, like IG-88.
-Donald Trump
FOX & Acquaintances, 11/18/15
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM
I've always admired Rogue One!
A close friend. A very close friend.
She rebels! That's just what she does!
-Donald Trump
Chris Wallace, Where Are You? 11/19/15
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM

Our ape rulers are fair, wise, love The Lawgiver, big fan of all the laws, love what they've done to The Statue of Liberty.
-Donald Trump
The Dr. Zaius Factor, 4/1/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM
These damned dirty apes need to get their hands off me.
-Donald Trump
Cornelius & Colmes, 3/4/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM

When it comes to crime fighting vehicles, KITT from *Knight Rider*, right at the top. Then, Airwolf, the A-Team Van, the Viper from *Viper*, that flying car from *M.A.S.K.* and the Ninja Turtles Pizza Thrower.
-Donald Trump
Are You There, God? It's Me, Major Garret, 4/11/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM
Careful, Knight Rider, or I'll spill the beans on KITT's wife!
-Donald Trump
Still Here! with Brian Williams, 4/12/16

“
Tonight’s show was bad,
as I predicted.
-Donald Trump
Saturday Night Live, 11/7/15
SOMETHING
AWFUL.COM
“
We’ve got a terrific show, Sia
is here, stick around, we’ll be
right back!
-Donald Trump
Saturday Night Live, 11/7/15
SOMETHING
AWFUL.COM

“
Kazzam is terrific. Sometimes I feel as if I, not him, am Kazzam. I have a great relationship with the black genies.
-Donald Trump, Rachel Maddow's Hour Long Eyeroll, 3/22/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM
“
Really love Kazzam folks. On that, I am unchanging. Although most black genies are criminals. Some, I'm sure, are good people.
-Donald Trump
Caroline in the City, 3/23/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM

Only a clown would contradict himself on the assault-weapons ban, a woman's right to choose, the war in Iraq, universal health care, or the literal lives of Syrian refugees. And me? I am no clown.
-Donald Trump
Treat The Press, 2/18/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM
My name is Trumpo the Clown, and this is my solid-gold clown horn. Honk. I just honked it. That'll be $900,000.
-Donald Trump
The Trumpo The Clown Show, 2/19/16
SOMETHING AWFUL.COM

Thanks to Paul Goebel, a.k.a. "The King of TV," for co-writing this piece!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos & Paul "King of TV" Goebel (@asterios)

4.11 Belated PC Hardware Reviews

Tuesday, Apr 19, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We don't review computer hardware often, but when a component arrives at the Something Awful office we like to test it thoroughly. After all, these parts often cost hundreds of dollars. We owe it to our readers to take our time and be absolutely sure before making a recommendation.

Voodoo 2 Graphics Card

This baby has THREE chips on it for good graphics. While it doesn't work with DirectX games, the Voodoo 2 is an absolute beast when it comes to OpenGL, effortlessly running Quake at its highest settings in 800x600 resolution.

On the other hand, this thing doesn't plug into my computer. Its circuits don't match up to any of my PC's holes. I looked all over, and even tried breaking off several protrusions that didn't look necessary.

Due of this, I was never able to test the card with NVIDIA's Dawn demo, the most crucial graphics benchmark of them all.

In spite of this setback, I feel that the Voodoo 2 is a good video card. I look forward to seeing what 3DFX does in the future.

Verdict: Buy It

Creative Blaster Live! X-Gamer Sound Card

Given a choice between having the sound in my computer processed or blasted, I'll take blasted every day. That's the kind of guy I am. I want absolutely everything blasted. Sound, fonts, greeting card software, you name it.

Creative is branding this sound card as a gamer , and I can see why. There are people shooting laser guns on the cover. Consider me convinced.

That dedication to gaming really shines in the product itself. It's a flat thing with lots of little bits I don't understand, which is hardcore. This ain't your grandpa's sound card. Sorry gramps, go listen to your MP2s in the retirement home. I'm putting on my shades and blasting enemies. You wouldn't understand, old man.

Unfortunately I can't put the card in my computer. It doesn't go. I even checked the inside of the box and there's already something in there. When I laid the Sound Blaster Live! X-Gamer on top of my computer case and backed away slowly, it didn't seem to enhance the sound in any way.

Verdict: Buy It

Logitech Mouseman Cordless Mouse

All the internal power in the world is meaningless if interacting with your computer doesn't feel good. That's where Logitech's MouseMan 96 comes in.

This mouse is shaped like a hand, so it's ergonomic. The ball is perfectly round so you only need to stop what you're doing and clean it once a week. There's a third button in the middle, which gives

you access to a whole new world of actions in your favorite computer games.

More importantly, this baby is wireless. Just plug the receiver into your computer's PS2 port and the mouse will send signals using completely invisible RF waves.

Unforunately, I couldn't hook this mouse up to my computer. There's no PS2 port. I even tried using a pair of pliers to flatten the round bit to fit into a USB port, but I missed and pinched my fingertip really hard.

As innovative as this mouse may be, I cannot in good conscience recommend it to our readers.

Verdict: Buy It

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.12 TONS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Apr 20, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

BEANY & FRIEND – beloved Bulldog Beany has Friend with him at all times. Friend is hugging Beany and never lets go. Friend hums and pulsates when happy. Beany likes petting, but never touch Friend. 555-1294

GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! This continuous dog doesn't seem to have a front or back, near as I can tell. Just a long middle section that's knotted up around me. Is this a prank? Are y'all filmin' me? 555-5212

SLED DOG TEAM plucked from the arctic. These experienced and tireless dogs pull me around town in a shopping cart, which is apparently illegal. Trading entire bundle for a gently used van. 555-1924

UNHOLY SPAWN summoned to my cabin with magic. He has eaten all my Hormel products and barks during TV. I wanted a healing spirit, not a tormentor. Will trade for blessings from a gifted warlock. 555-1992

!! LOST: A TYPE OF DOG !! If you have found the type of dog I lost, please call me and describe him or her so I know you are legit. If you have indeed found the type of dog I lost, you are required to pay me the $500 fee. 555-2845

PREPARE YOURSELVES. I [illegible] else [illegible]

•PERFECTLY PRESERVED• Get an authentic dog skeleton exquisitely maintained inside a fully functioning Pomeranian, which is rude and annoying. Skeleton presumably has none of dog's faults. 555-1828

THE UNIVERSAL DOG is every possible breed, coat, age and gender of dog all at once, contained inside a lovely box. If you choose to open the box, all potentialities will collapse down to one: a mean old Shih Tzu named Harold. $5,000. 555-2911

CHAMPION SHOWDOG has achieved the ultimate prize: ascension. Now exists as genderless tapestry of light and color. Must find new home due to tragic situation (my husband died from an impacted bowel). 555-2141

†† THE BURNING DOG †† Has been on fire for over 3 months, and shows no signs of stopping. He has never been happier. He razed our last town. He takes joy in the misery he causes. He has had all his shots and behaves well around other dogs. 555-7027

BUNGLING CADAVER DOG failed to find me even one usable corpse. As I must take matters into my own hands, he is free. You have until sunrise to rescue him from my corn maze. 555-1728

NOT A DOG ANYMORE... [illegible]

GRAPPLING GREYHOUND Somebody trained this dog in the turnbuckle arts, and he is constantly putting me in punishing wrestling holds until I tap out. I'm tapping out for good this time. The price is FREE! 555-2921

DROOLIN' POOLIN' FOOL Stumpy, our prized Mastiff, is a certified record holder for the longest drool: 38' at last measurement! I can swing it around like a lasso, and will tell you all about it when you call me tonight. 555-1292

HEARTLESS IMPOSTER has replaced my wonderful Hermes. He looks the same, but he is cold and sinister. My Hermes never dug deep holes in the backyard, or made altars out of bones. I'm very afraid for my safety. 555-8272

RURAL SPECIMEN procured from one of my many research missions in the deep country. Fused to tractor and part of farmer due to imprecision of capture ray. Both fully operational and included in price. $250 o.b.o. 555-2991

ACT FAST! There is a cloud shaped like a dog in the sky and I am selling it for $25. His name is Corncob and he is gentile and kind, but mean to cats. His leg is drifting south so please hurry! 555-1925

HE ATE ALL THE BUGS! Every last bug, and now he's fat and [illegible]

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.13 My "Future Children's Party Clown" T-Shirt Made Me Become an Actual Children's PartyClown

Thursday, Apr 21, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I bought my "Future Children's Party Clown" t-shirt as a nonconformist statement. I've never been one to define myself by my clothes, so the shirt's ironic slogan appealed to me. I might have been weird, troubled, maybe even a little creepy, but I knew I'd never become a children's party clown.

Until I did.

When I first wore the shirt to work on casual Friday, it got tons of laughs. Everyone at the office thought it was clever and unique - just like me. It was so popular, I started wearing it every Friday. It sort of became my thing. Just like Alicia, who liked penguins, was the Penguin Lady, and Mike, who liked the Patriots, was the Pats Fan, I was the Clown Guy.

After a few weeks, the dreams started.

In them, I'd be in a room surrounded by laughing children. I'd twist balloons into animal shapes and perform magic tricks. The kids loved me and I loved them. I'd wake up with a start, drenched in sweat.

The dreams started to creep me out eventually, so I stopped wearing the shirt. My coworkers commented on this once or twice, but soon they forgot about it. The dreams went away in a couple weeks and I was relieved. The whole clown thing seemed to be behind me. Or so I thought.

One Friday, I was at my desk when I heard everyone in the office laughing. I walked into the break room to see what they were laughing at and saw it was my coworker Fred. He was wearing a "Future Children's Party Clown" t-shirt just like the one I'd worn. Same color, same design, everything. Everyone loved it and was complimenting Fred on how funny and creative it was. Way more than they'd ever complimented me.

I mentioned, just casually, that I had worn the shirt before Fred, but no one seemed to remember. Except Fred obviously, but he said he thought I'd given up being Clown Guy. I had, I said, but that wasn't the point, he was taking credit for my idea. Get over it, he said, looking at me like I was crazy. We didn't talk for the rest of the day.

For the next few weeks, Fred continued wearing the shirt to work. Every Friday, I'd hear everyone laughing at it, telling Fred how funny he was. They even started buying him clown stuff like balloons, a seltzer bottle and a clown belt buckle. He wore the buckle and displayed the rest of the stuff in his cubicle. I'd stopped associating with Fred by then, and had asked to be transferred to another office. The day after my transfer got denied, I called in sick. The day after that, I waited for Fred in the parking lot after work.

I was in my car, a tiny electric model that my coworkers used to jokingly call my clown car. I waited for Fred to walk out the door. It was a Friday and as usual he was wearing the clown shirt and belt.

"What is it?" he said as I pulled up behind him in my car.

"Take off that shirt," I said.

"You stopped wearing it," he said. "You think just because you wore it once or twice you're Clown Guy forever?"

"Take off that shirt," I said, driving behind him as he walked.

"It's not like you invented it or something." He started walking faster. "It says, uh, '2003, Brooklyn T-shirt Factory.'"

I revved my engine. Fred jumped a little, then peeled off the shirt and threw it on the pavement.

"There, happy now?"

"Take off that belt," I said.

"Are you crazy?!" Fred shouted. I revved the engine again, at which point he bolted for his car.

I was fired for the incident, and Fred filed a restraining order. For the next year, I worked various jobs - file clerk, forklift driver, bitcoin miner - but always ended up quitting. None of them seemed right for me.

One day, a clown college brochure came in the mail.

Now I'm at a children's birthday party. I wear a baggy suit, giant shoes, a bright red wig. I make balloon animals and do mime routines while my assistant runs a cotton candy machine. The children laugh at my antics - a high trilling sound I've come to love, far more than I ever liked office work.

The birthday boy's mother takes a picture of me and the children. I catch a glimpse of it on her phone and I'm shocked. It isn't that I don't recognize myself, but that for the first time in my life I actually do.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.14 Unfortunate Corporate Social Media Reactions to Prince's Death

Friday, Apr 22, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

According to the Supreme Court, corporations are people, and as people they are just as prone to grief as any of us. When a beloved celebrity dies, corporate social media accounts reflect the anguish of corporations. Yes, they seem like weird aliens doing it shamelessly under their brand, but how else can they grieve? They're corporations!

The unexpected death of music legend Prince caused several unfortunate reactions from corporate social media accounts.

From the other end of things:

Cottonelle
@cottonelle
Our clean ripple design will pick up almost anything except our broken hearts #prince #purplerain
64 RETWEETS
145 FAVORITES
2:42 PM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Some corporations took advantage of the situation for direct profit:

Uber
@Uber
Due to demand, surge pricing is in effect in the Chanhassen, MN area. Rides are still available to Paisley Park! #prince #legendofrock
74 RETWEETS
201 FAVORITES
12:03 PM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Some statements were perfectly in line with previous tweets from the corporate account:

Ubisoft
@Ubisoft
The Prince is dead, but the Bullet King lives on in #thedivision #stylishraspberryberet
111 RETWEETS
231 FAVORITES
1:04 PM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Politicians running for office are a lot like corporations marketing their product. Ohio Governor John Kasich was one of the first Presidential candidates to offer, uh, some sort of reaction to Prince's death:

John Kasich
@JohnKasich
I met a carpenter in Scranton who said Prince was a good music player. I'm doing this for Prince fans like him. #prince
344 RETWEETS
708 FAVORITES
12:31 PM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

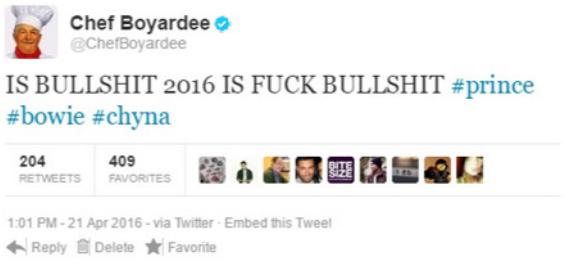
Some corporate Twitter accounts always have a rough time of it, the death of a celebrity just slightly changes the tone:

Tony the Tiger
@realtonytiger
I loved him too, but please stop tweeting me pictures of Prince as a cat man sucking his own dick #PrinceGoneTooSoon
48 RETWEETS
101 FAVORITES
3:45 PM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Even corporations that have human bodies and were once human have twitter accounts and use them when a celebrity dies:

Chris Hardwick
@hardwick
#Prince #PrinceGoneTooSoon New @midnight new @fearthetalkingdead and great packages available from Xfinity
2043 RETWEETS
5322 FAVORITES
11:56 AM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Every once in a long while, a neglected corporate Twitter account is taken over by Eastern European hackers who unintentionally manage to perfectly capture the Zeitgeist.


Chef Boyardee
@ChefBoyardee
IS BULLSHIT 2016 IS FUCK BULLSHIT #prince #bowie #chyna
204 RETWEETS
409 FAVORITES
1:01 PM - 21 Apr 2016 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

We can all count ourselves lucky that our miserable lives will end in relative anonymity, with little opportunity to be monetized or turned into a viral tweet.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.15 TERMINATE SANTIAGO WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE

Monday, Apr 25, 2016 by CIA Secret Assassination Committee (@asterios)

FROM: CIA Secret Assassination Committee
SUBJECT: Santiago Must Be "Handled" (To Death)

1. Colonel Montoya Rudolpho Davey-Boy Santiago, A.K.A "Colonel Big Dog Face," is to be TERMINATED WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE. Apologies for earlier communique ordering him to be TERMINATED WITH MILD PREJUDICE.

2. You are to INFILTRATE HIS BUNKER disguised as famous Italian chef "Italiano Pastasauciano." You will likely be asked why you look nothing like the real Italiano, or why his body was found in a water treatment plant earlier that day. To these, or any other questions, simply exclaim, "Mama mia!"

3. Once inside, PROCEED DIRECTLY to Santiago's office. Sign up for an appointment to meet with Santiago. Your wait will depend on how much work Santiago is getting done. You are AUTHORIZED TO SHOUT ENCOURAGEMENTS like, "Great job torturing those dissidents!" or "Just sign a few more death warrants, then treat yourself with a snack!"

4. When ushered into Santiago's office, you are to sit directly across from him, remove your service revolver, and yell, "I hope you wanted bullets for dinner, fatso!" PRETTY FUNNY, RIGHT? We wrote that ourselves.

6. Do NOT engage him in conversation. He will attempt to say, "We are not so different, you and I." YOU ARE VERY DIFFERENT. He is a MURDEROUS DRUG LORD. You are A REAL CHILL GUY. You like INDIE ROCK and enjoy "BAD" MOVIES. Santiago finds NO VALUE IN CAMP.

7. Santiago will offer you a homemade marshmallow square. DO NOT EAT THE SQUARE. Santiago is a TERRIBLE COOK. Also, it is POISON.

8. Santiago will offer you a job as his top lieutenant, and the hand of his beautiful daughter Josephina. YOU SHOULD CONSIDER THIS. Could be a good opportunity. It'd be a pay bump, more stability. Satellite intelligence also confirms that Josephina is REALLY FUN. She loves hiking, and plays BASS in a band.

9. Should you accept Colonel Santiago's offer, PLEASE CONSIDER HIRING US. This is a pretty kick-ass briefing we wrote up, right? C'mon. And honestly, this is us PHONING IT IN. Imagine if we got paid what we were worth. We'd add charts, social media connectivity...we could even make the briefing self destruct to make you feel cooler.

10. Should you reject Colonel Santiago's offer and shoot Santiago, HEY, ATTABOY. You are a TRUE PATRIOT. Also, you should find a way out of there somehow. You just shot Santiago! His guys are gonna be pissed! Run! Run! Put in a good word for us before you get shot to death!

–∼CIA Secret Assassination Committee (@asterios)

4.16 Now Is the Time to Invest in Video Game Cosmetics

Tuesday, Apr 26, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Congratulations on your recent decision to invest in Digital Unlocks! As you know, when video games add unnecessary cosmetic items it isn't an attempt to exploit the childish mind of users, but a new means of self-expression. The uninformed public might consider it as just a bunch of superfluous nonsense aimed at shut-ins desperate to prove their worth in unconventional means, but you are obviously an outlier! With this knowledge, you can now enter one of the highest yield markets available to people who have neither financial backing nor business savvy! What others might call an in-game purchase can be your in-pocket cash! This means that you'll be forever gaming in style and in-telligence! Now is your chance!

But in case you're still on the cyber-fence, here are some undeniable facts to back up your kneejerk urge to buy a few arbitrary pixels.

Digital Unlocks are TIMELESS. Their quality never diminishes, their garish in-game effects never wane. Think about that. No matter how you use them, they are practically guaranteed to keep their luster, and thus their value! (Certain outside factors can lower an item's value such as: flashier, newer items being added, the developers open the Digital Unlock to a wider audience, a sequel is released, the game servers are shut down, trading/selling systems are changed, your account is locked, or the general player base shifts to another game.)

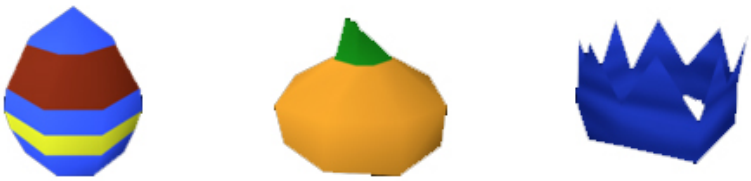
For an example, the knife skin that you're eying in Counter-Strike is certain to increase in value exponentially. Let's examine this graph:

WOW! This very second, you could buy it in RED and then in some distant point in time sell it for GREEN! An uninformed skeptic might look at such unparalleled return of investment and whine, "hmm, this reminds me a lot like Beanie Babies." Wrong. Beanie Babies were flawed by oversaturation because of their PHYSICAL production. Luckily, all Digital Unlocks are non-tangible and released however is deemed appropriate by the game developer—perhaps one of the most reliable demographics in business. So while your special edition Princess Diana bear might have plummeted in value, your StatTrack Bayonet Fade (Factory New) will still be worth hundreds decades from now. It's factually proven.

Digital Unlocks are SAFE. Think untradeable items linked to an account are a problem for the investor? Think again. Unlike "real" world items which can be stolen or lost, Digital Unlocks tied to an account are SAFE and DEPENDABLE. Upon your death, passing your account to future generations will let your possible heir know just how great you were (please read game's terms of

service before dying). And, after all, don't you think that the MODERN child would rather have your complete LoL collection than some clunky old heirlooms? Investing in Digital Unlocks is a sure way to invest in the Future.

They are also DIGITAL which, compared to the old fashioned investments, is BETTER. Consider this: If the "real" world is so ideal then why would people use Facebook so much? DIGITAL investments mean a life of COMFORT and RELAXATION. No need to watch out for roving gangs! No need to worry of your storage being in danger! No need to leave your house! You're certain to never regret your purchase so long as you continue playing the game that your items are forever linked to.



Digital Unlocks are FUN. Purchasing in-game cosmetic items is more than an investment—it's an exciting lifestyle! If you don't believe it, check out this user's story about how he went from zero to High Roller with his purchase.

"I guess it was, like, a little different when I bought the item. After a few weeks, a bunch of bots and eastern European teens began contacting me every day trying to scam me. It's sort of an ego boost in some sort of not fun way. I ended up selling the item a few months later for, like, two dollars profit."

What does buying a Digital Unlock promise? Hmm. How about, worldwide attention, pure profit, and fun. And the more items you buy and trade, the more status you gain. Becoming a pro trader is a fulfilling way to spend your days as your +rep grows.

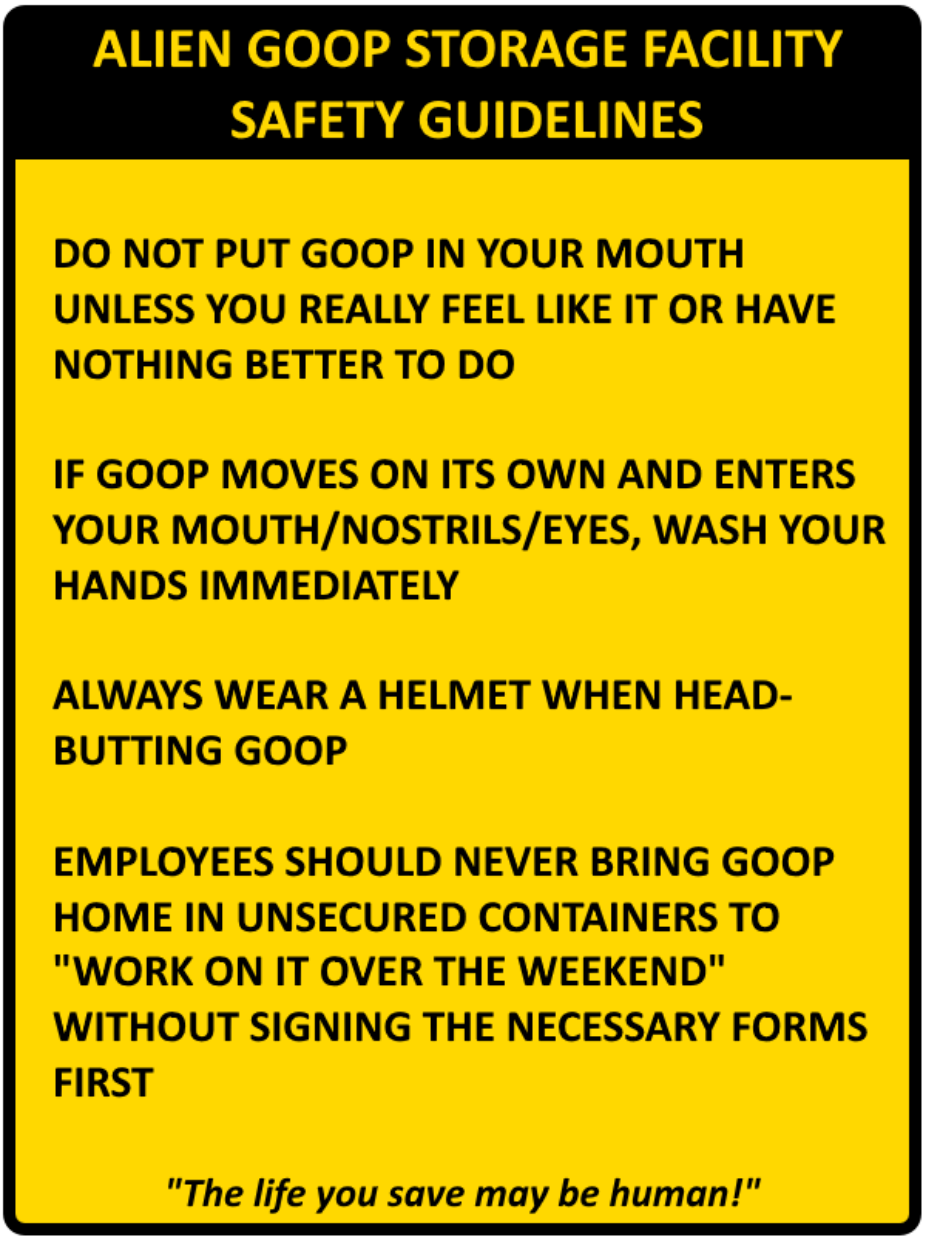
It's ultimately proven that dressing your video game character with unnecessary cosmetics is a fail-

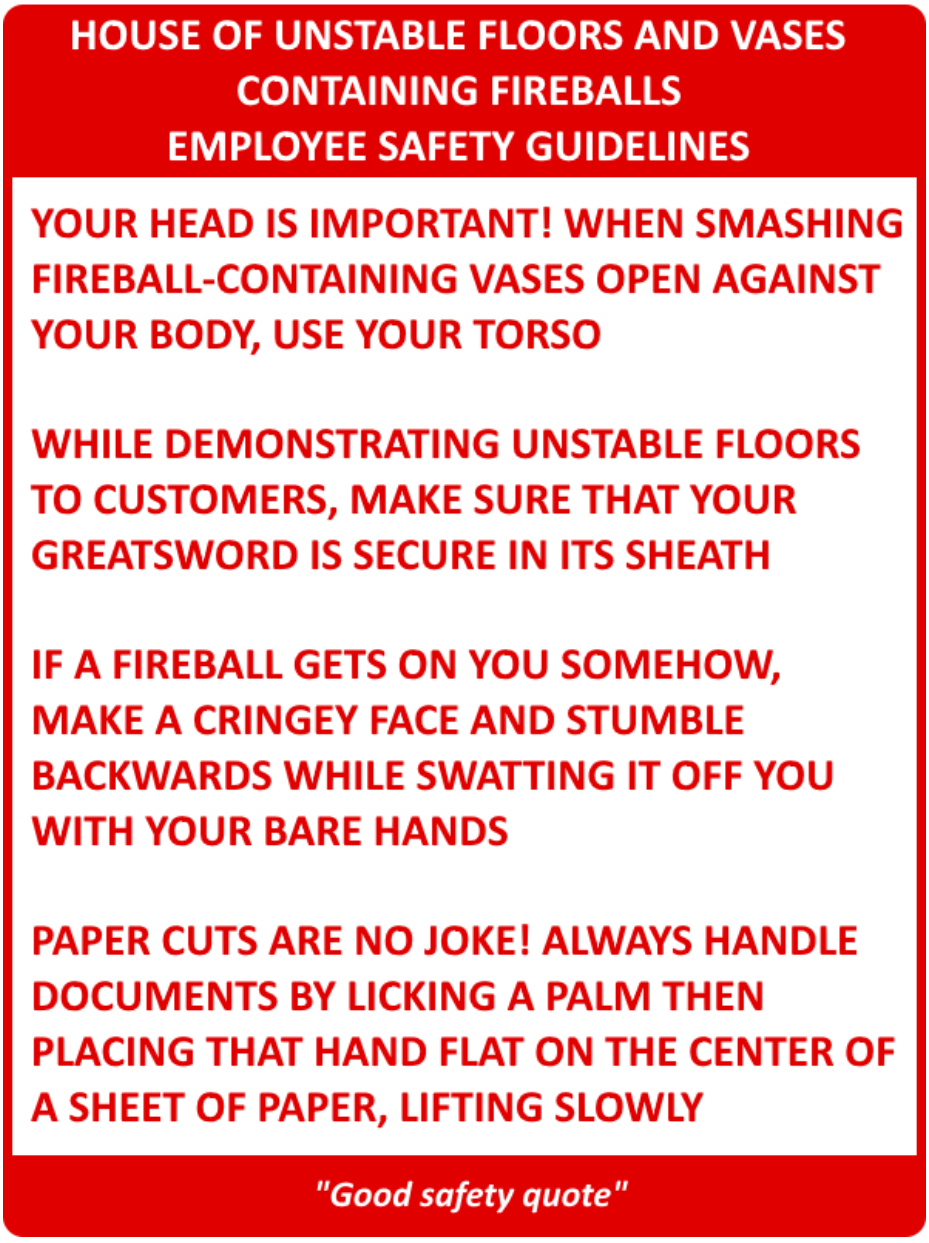
proof means of living your DREAM. Every minute that you waste means lost potential and lost rewards. If you believe in YOURSELF, you should go and buy an item right now. And, if it's worth getting one, you might as well purchase two.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.17 Workplace Safety Rules

Wednesday, Apr 27, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


ALIEN GOOP STORAGE FACILITY
SAFETY GUIDELINES
DO NOT PUT GOOP IN YOUR MOUTH UNLESS YOU REALLY FEEL LIKE IT OR HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO
IF GOOP MOVES ON ITS OWN AND ENTERS YOUR MOUTH/NOSTRILS/EYES, WASH YOUR HANDS IMMEDIATELY
ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET WHEN HEAD-BUTTING GOOP
EMPLOYEES SHOULD NEVER BRING GOOP HOME IN UNSECURED CONTAINERS TO "WORK ON IT OVER THE WEEKEND" WITHOUT SIGNING THE NECESSARY FORMS FIRST
"The life you save may be human!"


HOUSE OF UNSTABLE FLOORS AND VASES CONTAINING FIREBALLS EMPLOYEE SAFETY GUIDELINES
YOUR HEAD IS IMPORTANT! WHEN SMASHING FIREBALL-CONTAINING VASES OPEN AGAINST YOUR BODY, USE YOUR TORSO
WHILE DEMONSTRATING UNSTABLE FLOORS TO CUSTOMERS, MAKE SURE THAT YOUR GREATSWORD IS SECURE IN ITS SHEATH
IF A FIREBALL GETS ON YOU SOMEHOW, MAKE A CRINGEY FACE AND STUMBLE BACKWARDS WHILE SWATTING IT OFF YOU WITH YOUR BARE HANDS
PAPER CUTS ARE NO JOKE! ALWAYS HANDLE DOCUMENTS BY LICKING A PALM THEN PLACING THAT HAND FLAT ON THE CENTER OF A SHEET OF PAPER, LIFTING SLOWLY
"Good safety quote"

SAFETY PROTOCOLS FOR
EMPLOYEES OF
(INARTICULATE PANICKED SCREAM)
DUDE, JUST GET OUT OF THERE
OH YOU'RE STUCK
TRY TO THINK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE
DON'T PULL IT OUT, THAT WILL JUST MAKE IT BLEED WAY MORE
(SLOWLY BACKING UP, WILD-EYED, WHIMPERING AT SOMETHING ABOVE AND BEHIND YOU)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.18 Let's Improve Movie Endings with Smash Mouth

Thursday, Apr 28, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

The 2001 cinematic classic *Rat Race* came to a close like no movie had before by suddenly introducing the band Smash Mouth as the narrative's *deus ex machina*. While this madcap comedy was largely panned by reviewers, over time, the world has come to appreciate the truly unexpected finale moviegoers initially responded to by throwing their theater waste at the screen. 15 years later, this newfound recognition of Jerry Zucker's brilliance raises the question: What other movies could be improved by the surprising entrance of Smash Mouth?

***E.T.: The Extra Terrestrial* (1982)**

Elliot and E.T. say their tearful goodbyes as the wrinkly alien's mothership descends from the night sky. After imparting the immortal words, "I'll be right here," E.T. shuffles away towards the silhouetted figures beckoning to him from the craft. As Elliot chokes back sobs and the ship takes to the skies, we immediately cut inside the UFO to see five very E.T.-like figures standing in solemn reflection. After few moments pass, they begin wryly nodding to each other, and suddenly, the bulky alien costumes drop to the floor to reveal... Smash Mouth! The band immediately breaks into a rollicking, radio-friendly cover of Frank Sinatra's "Swingin' on a Star" as E.T. himself performs a number of popular–and hilarious–dance moves over the credits.

***Chinatown* (1974)**

Jake Gittes' long journey comes to a depressing end when one of the women he's trying to save is shot through the eye while escaping via car, leaving her daughter/sister to be carried away by the nefarious Noah Cross. Jake's feelings of powerlessness are only compounded when he hears the immortal line, "Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown." We quickly pan to a nearby gas station, where five seemingly innocuous attendants service a car. "Like hell it is," says the larger member of the group, then nods at one of his companions, who pulls a cherry electric guitar from behind his back and proceeds to play an epic power chord. Suddenly, Evelyn's car erupts in sparks, and she climbs out of the driver's seat, shouting, "I'm okay!" Cross can only pull off his cowboy hat and stomp on it as Smash Mouth plays a rollicking, radio-friendly cover of David Bowie's "China Girl" over the

credits.

***There Will Be Blood* (2007)**

After living a hateful, petty life in his goal to dominate the oil industry, the robber baron Daniel Plainview is visited in his personal bowling alley by Eli Sunday, an old acquaintance who's come to pathetically beg for money. After an extended milkshake analogy, Plainview bludgeons Eli to death with a bowling pin, and exclaims, "I'm finished!" Before the credits can roll, five familiar figures enter the frame, fully decked out in bowling apparel–it's Smash Mouth! Lead singer Steve Harwell lifts a bowling ball to his chin, saying "You're not finished just yet." The band launches into a rollicking, radio-friendly cover of Accept's "Balls to the Wall" while a lighthearted bowling montage featuring Plainview, Smash Mouth, and the ghost of Eli plays slightly to the right of the credits.

***Fight Club* (1999)**

Following the brutal showdown with his alter ego, Tyler Durden, Jack has no choice but to watch his city's financial buildings crumble to the ground as Project Mayhem accomplishes their end game. After Jack tells Marla, "You met me at a very strange time in my life," we immediately zoom outside to a very familiar maintenance crew of five on the city street below. The lead man removes his safety helmet to reveal himself as Steve Harwell of Smash Mouth, who gently shrugs to the rest of his friends, quipping, "Well boys, guess we better get started." A rollicking, radio-friendly Smash Mouth cover of Starship's "We Built this City" starts playing as the band members roll up their sleeves and get to work restoring the fallen buildings. As Harwell puts the final brick into place, Jack slips an engagement ring on Marla's finger and we heart-iris out to the credits.

***Night of the Living Dead* (1968)**

After a night-long standoff against a horde of zombies, the noble Ben emerges from the dilapidated farmhouse as the only survivor. Before he can alert the authorities, he's mistaken for a zombie and brutally shot through the head. But doesn't that shooter look familiar...? Yes! It's Steve Harwell from Smash Mouth! Suddenly, he and his posse drop their rifles and pull musical instruments from the trunk of a nearby squad car. They break into a rollicking, radio-friendly cover of The Cranberries' "Zombie" as Ben, Barbara, and the rest of the corpses come to life one last time to dance their hearts out. Before the smash cut to the credit, Harwell looks back to the rest of the band and says, "See boys? Told you we could raise the dead." The end?

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.19 Surviving Game of Thrones Characters You May Have Forgotten About

Friday, Apr 29, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sometimes it feels as if HBO's *Game of Thrones* has killed off so many characters that they've cleared the back bench and are left with only the main cast. Of course, we're all still reeling from last season's most unexpected death:

But not everyone meets a grisly end on Game of Thrones and there are numerous characters who are either alive in the background or haven't been mentioned in several seasons. Most of these will make you say, "Oh, right, I remember that guy."

Gendry

Robert Banratheon's son, Gendry, was a major character in season three of Game of Thrones. He escaped from Harrohal with Arya before being captured by the Brotherhood Without Banners who turned him over to Melisanders. The Red Woman planned to use Gendry's royal blood in her magical rituals. He was freed by Ser Davos and escaped in a boat for the Sword Coast. Technically, Gendry has the right to inherit the throne.

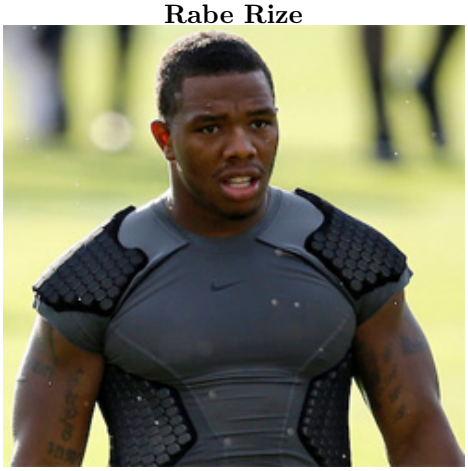
Cindel Targaryen

The Mother of Dragons has a niece on the loose somewhere in Westeros although the little lady hasn't been seen since season one. Last spotted wandering the woods as part of the Caravan of Courage. Though hunted by agents of the Lannisters, she has received protection from a native tribe of Wildlings, so we're betting she's still kicking.

Sheener

This foxy lady was last seen in season two with her chimpanzee. You'll probably remember her for the long bathing sequence and her hot bod, but there's more to this character than you think. She can control snakes and eagles. Me thinks we'll be served up another hot order of this one.

Rabe Rize



This brutal brawler is a tough from season five. He's a complicated character in the books but was accused of misogyny by TV viewers. On one hand he brutally beats women and on the other hand he is good at battle orb, the popular Westeros sport, so maybe he's actually good. A lot of people have mentioned they want to see more of him and now that HBO is in charge you can bet he is going to drag some more ladies around.

Princess Peej and Yohoshi

This lady is in the custody of Dothrangi horse guys with her pet dinosaur. She hasn't been heard from since season two when she was captured but we're betting that as the plumber plot is finally incorporated from the novella the show will bring Princess Peej back into things.

Lady Blindspots Primetime

Get this: a lady in a bag covered in tattoos appeared. It sounds like a good concept and it gets better. She is a great warrior and yet she can't remember anything. Did she make these cool tats? Solving the puzzle was central to season three of Game of Thrones but they realized this one gimmick probably couldn't last for another season. But maybe it's time for some more tattoo mysteries in Vvardenfell. Maybe we will at last learn if she has a tattoo on the inside of her butt.

Deadly Daan Dengar

This bad bounty hunter is on the lookout for one thing: trouble. We last saw him being hired by the Lannisters to bring back Tyrion in season five. We want to know more about this mysterious character. For example, why does he have a dirty diaper on his head? I trust Game of Thrones to show us the motivations why in season five he murdered a titty with a sword.

Ser Redman Blacklish

This nobleman likes to talk to people and then kill them. He seems to know as much as Varus about the secret plots going on. Is he a good guy or a bad guy? Was getting captured all part of his plan? Like so much on Game of Thrones, it's not as cut and dry as that, good people do bad things, bad guys do good for all the wrong reasons, but good guys are sometimes bad or wrong, etc.

Most of these characters won't survive THIS season, but that's what ya get when ya playin' the game of thrones.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Hilarious Mixed Signals To Send Your Girlfriend

Monday, May 02, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Are your old mixed signals getting a little boring? You're in luck, friend. Here's some brand new mixed signals you can use to confuse, terrify and otherwise keep your lady in line. Enjoy!

Messages
Craig
Contact
I love you SO much! as much as I can given the circumstances 💕💕
Messages
Craig
Contact
Today 8:32 AM
You wanna hang out next week? Oh wait, I can't, but I'll text you? 😍😓

Messages
Craig
Contact
Today 8:32 AM
Move in with me! But only like, bring a few things, need m'space

Messages
Craig
Contact
Will you marry
-nate the steaks i left in the crisper last night thx

Messages
Craig
Contact
I'm tired of playing the field, y'know? Like, it was fun when I was young, but I'm looking for something a little more real right now.
Anyway, let's talk about this when I get back from my year in Australia, k?
Messages
Craig
Contact
💍
💍💍💍💍?
oh sry txtd wrong person

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

5.2 Astounding Predictions From a Certified Tech Prophet

Tuesday, May 03, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

From my throne of keyboards I survey all of technology with a bemused expression upon my avatar's face. Before me the digital past, present, and future are laid out in badass Matrix code, all green and rainy.

This is my job. Lowtax forks over a mere six figure salary, and in return I ensure Something Awful remains at the forefront of tech, a website synonymous with changing its identity at a moment's notice to chase after and capitalize upon the latest trends.

Do you wish to know what computers will be doing in the year to come? With a sigh I shall exert the minimal effort it takes to reveal all.

Feel free to print out these predictions and share them with your friends via fax.

For you this is a breathtaking landscape of dreams and infinite possibilities. For me it is everyday life.

The Internet

Every epoch of the internet has been informed by a single concept. First it was pages. Then it was frames. Then "Likes". Mark my words, the next stage of the internet will revolve around information.

In a few short months the term "information" will be used everywhere. People will wonder where the information can be found on the internet. They will transfer information from one computer to another. There will even be concerns about how much information is too much, and about private information.

When you download information, I predict that it will even take the form of text or binary code, which can be processed like a program.

The sudden focus on information will change the way we look at the internet for years to come. We will begin to see the internet as a place with lots of information. You can quote me on that.

Pornography

The once-popular branch of entertainment known as pornography will continue to decline as people use technology to better their lives in meaningful ways.

Think about all the startups that exist. All the websites. All the apps. The billions of dollars tech companies are paying to scoop up smaller companies. This means they are producing something of tremendous tangible value, unlike the people who create content on these platforms and get paid next to nothing.

This means we're moving forward and leading better lives, with no room for porn. By the end of next year there will only be one pornographic website remaining, a Patreon-supported blog portraying naked Simpsons characters modeled in Poser 3D.

Cyber Security

Hackers will develop frightening new techniques and practically hold the world hostage with their malicious subroutines.

One such worm will install a physical DVD drive in your computer, then make the tray pop open at random. The only solution will be for us as a society to completely abandon all hardware (including screens, keyboards, mice, and touchscreens) and do all of our computing on The Cloud.

Virtual Reality

Ten years ago the video game "experts" said there would only be one console in the generation following the Playstation 2 and Xbox.

Five years ago these same "experts" claimed that the future of all games would be purely mobile, with everyone giving up on their televisions for incredibly rich and superior experiences on smart phones.

Every few years these "experts" say that PC gaming is dead.

Now they claim that virtual reality is doomed.

As usual, they are 100% correct. Not because Oculus seems more concerned with eliminating competition than providing an inviting platform, or because there won't be enough software to justify the hardware. Virtual reality is actually on track to become a modest success along the lines of PC flight sticks in their heyday.

The problem is that these devices are much more dangerous than anyone anticipated. Consider room-scale virtual reality, where users actually walk around while wearing VR headsets. More than 32% of users will fall into wood chippers in their living rooms. Of those VR users who don't use room-scale, and instead opt for a seated experience, 55% will roll their chairs into open furnaces in their bedrooms.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.3 SkyMall Product Reviews: Raffles Faux Leather Throne

Wednesday, May 04, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> You've come to expect the unexpected from Toscano, and so we've purposely outdone ourselves offering you this exquisite Medieval antique replica throne chair! It features deep, large-scale, solid mahogany hand-carvings of massive growling lion heads.

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆ **By Thrower from Charleston, SC**

FAUX LEATHER? Give me a break. No furniture should be made with imitation leather, let alone a throne. That's why as soon as I got this puppy, I draped it in big huge sheet of leather. It looks beautiful and elegant, like a giant brown leather jacket wrapped around a grandfather clock. I am pleased, my wife says she is pleased. We're all pleased. If it came this way, it would have a full five star rating.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating: ★★★★★ **By The Sitter from Sacramento, CA**

Pretty good throne!

Age: 61-65

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆ **By Royal Watcher from Rapid City, SD**

Decent throne here. Not the best, but you can do a lot worse. Was enough to impress my father-in-law, but he's an idiot when it comes to thrones.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆ **By Hot Seat from Omaha, NE**

Don't bother!

This is your typical consumer model throne. If you just want a cheap prop, it's fine. If you want to actually sit like a king, pony up the cash and get yourself a prosumer model. This entry level stuff is more for a duke or baron at best.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆ **By Take a Seat from Galveston, TX**

wish there was a version of this throne for men, with some more masculine features. i don't want anyone accusing me of queening it up on some "woman's throne." i did not see any options for camouflage or cool tribal patterns, or for beverage holders. i think the designers of this throne are not thinking about the needs of real men, or the feminists have poisoned the throne industry too.

i would also like a hole in the bottom. i can provide my own bucket.

Age: 21-25

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆ **By Future King from Nashville, TN**

I couldn't wait to get my Raffles Faux Leather Throne, and wasted no time consecrating it. It was worth every ounce of plasma and all the ridicule. I wish it were a bit lighter and easier to move, as it is now the only chair I will sit in, so I have to move it from room to room several times a day.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆ **By TekKing from Schaumburg, IL**

This is by far the most comfortable of my three thrones, and the one I perform most of my royal functions on. HOWEVER, I have a few bones to pick. First of all, who builds a throne in this modern age of technology and forgets to add USB ports? I don't mean I want to plug my throne into a computer like a mouse or keyboard, because that is frankly absurd. No, I mean this throne should allow me to power and charge my devices via USB ports.

Furthermore, the lack of any sort of chute in the bottom is troubling, as I do not enjoy the feeling of diapers and have no intention of interrupting my throne sessions to use a toilet. Nor do I, a throne owner, intend to sit in any chair that is not literally a throne. I do not deign to such common seating options. This is also why I eat standing up at restaurants and only take buses and trolleys that allow me to stand. Yes, I also do my business standing up in the shower, but obviously that is not ideal. Hence, a chute on the bottom would be really practical.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆ **By Sitting Pretty from Farmington, NM**

Stupid. This is a throne for a clown to sit on while he honks his stupid clown nose and blows it on an endlessly long handkerchief. This is a garbage throne, the worst I have seen, and everybody buying one is stupid except me. I bought mine by mistake, as I was trying to order the much superior Fitzjames Throne (item AF-1204DT9), which is way better and not for babies. Hell, I'd take the King Tut's Egyptian Throne over this any day, even though I am a Christian and don't believe in King Tut.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆ **By Livin' Big from Milwaukee, WI**

I sold a kidney so that I could live a higher quality of life with all the amenities. This throne was key to starting my new life. Unfortunately, it is not very comfortable and it is too rigid for relaxing. I am very tired all the time and have little energy. I'm going to lay down now on the floor, since I

also had to sell my bed.

Age: 26-30

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

★ **By Constituent-Man from Congressional Sector 00"92-X**

It has been many cycles since I last reviewed a product on SkyMall. My previous review was for a travel mug that proved so unstable, it had to be eliminated from the timeline. That review can no longer be read using any conventional means, but is nonetheless still accessible to those with 11-dimensional fax modems.

I return to this site to review a product that has impressed me greatly. SkyMall shoppers, this throne is wonderful. I say that not as an owner, for I do not require conventional seating as you do. Mine is an upright form, and your seats are not compatible.

Allow me to congratulate the throne-builders who devised this regal seat. Your creation expertly approximates the throne of the Adjunct Commander of Hoag Sector, with the very best Earth materials. Obviously, you did not have access to the same exotic forms of matter as the throne-builders of Hoag Sector, but you have done them proud.

The Adjunct Commander himself would be most pleased to use this seat, if he were not so tragically reduced to strands by Clawmen. As he once remarked before his fateful clawing, "My throne is good. My throne deserves treats."

I have commandeered the secret frequency through which SkyMall accepts its star ratings to give this throne additional stars befitting of its glory. I will not abuse this power again, nor will I share it with any governments, corporations or individuals. You have my pledge.

Age: Over 100

_____

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.4 SOME ELECTION BULLSHIT BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE SO GUESS WHAT??? HERE I AM

Friday, May 06, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

It is October of 2013. Great Wendigo has lifted me from the wreckage of an FJ Cruiser. I have rode on badass Fire Eagle into the Forever Sky. I am dying.

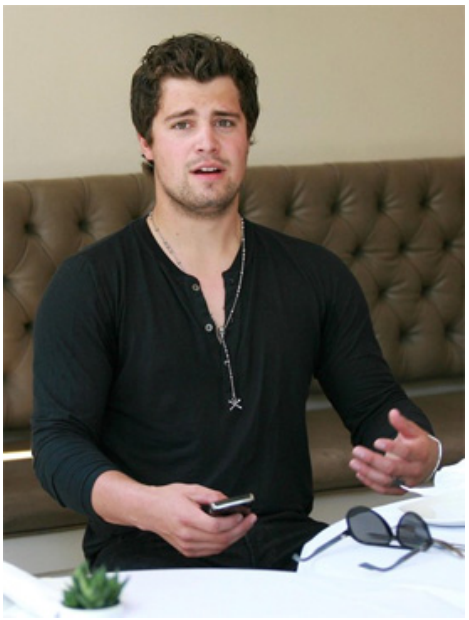
When I die, the inner journey commences, along fractal paths of memories, wrecked snow machines and broken condoms, punched drywall and the holy nimbus upon a Spring Break titty. I descend this infinite staircase of debauchery, knowing that each memory will lead me closer to the enlightenment and the final surrender of flesh, of temporal existence, to the void. And I am one with nothing. I am nothing.

ओ३म्

It is May of 2016 and this is some gay bullshit. No offense to gays.

I was fucking being ONE with ZERO like binary made singulinary, all serene and shit, and here comes some cosmic force busting up out of nowhere calling me back. So I woke up in the Wasilla lockup with my head in a blood towel and supposably I fell naked off the roof of Knik Kountry

Liquor over on George Parks. The cops said I was singing a song I made up about Ketamine and waving my huge D around and they got jealous as fuck of my huge unit and decided to light me up with pepper balls. Only it was sub zero that night and the pepper balls froze solid and I guess one of the frozen pepper balls hit me so hard I fell off the roof and landed headfirst right on a gas grill I they claim I tried to steal from walmart.



I know it's all just made up to try to trick me cuz actually I was dead and this is still my death dream, only somehow I got brought back and I think it was for the election. So like I Quantum leaped into my own life and I have to put right what once went wrong. So the police drop me off at this trailer and said "this is where you live" and I was like "cool I have a fucking kickass trailer" and I thought there would be kids and a hot chick inside but it was just three pitbulls that had torn up the place looking for food.

I was like "get the fuck out of here dogs go run around and get some exercise" I'm sure they'll be fine loose in the neighborhood.

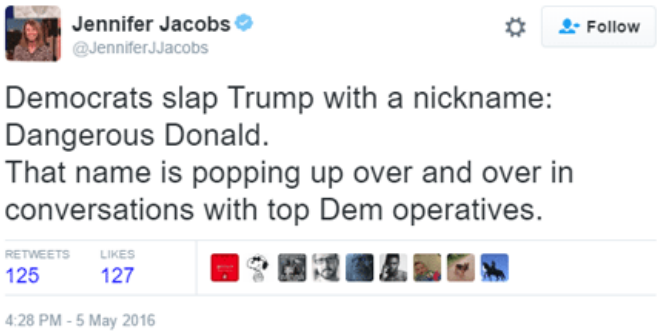
So first thing first I had to catch up. I had to watch all of the seasons of the TV series gotham. Once that was done and I was caught up I found out some things about present time like in the future everybody eats ass, they won't shut up for five seconds about something called bae and also there's another fucking election. I thought we were done with these things back when mitch romney lost. Goddamn some motherfuckers like to vote about everything all the time.

So I guess this time the lineup is hillary climpton who I remember from the obama election only now I'm worried about her because she wears too big shirts like she got hit with a shrink ray.

And apparently she's winning but also losing to this guy that looks like einstein if eistein was your grandpa who is super mad you touched his electric sander in the garage.

I don't know which of them is going to win. I guess maybe angry grandpa because hillary climpton won't release her goldman sax transcrants. But bernie needs to talk a bunch of super delegates into voting for him because like millions more people voted for hillary climpton wearing her giant shirts.

But nobody really cares about that shit because everybody knows by now that donald trump is gonna be president. He already beat that scary preacher goblin Ted and the guy from ohio who seemed confused about what he was even doing. The democrats are already trying to come up with good ass ways to beat donald trump.



Oh shit, you called donald trump dangerous donald? It's fucking over now, donald. You might as well pack it in because they gave you a new name that isn't cool at all. They could have talked about your little tiny doll hands or your taco bowl or something about bae but instead they called you dangerous donald. I guess apparently "cool as hell guaranteed president" donald didn't quite have the same ring to it so those motherfucking clever ass dem operatives shortened it.

Here some other names you could try out if you like them. Feel free to use them, dem operatives:

Too Good At Sex Moves to be a Democrat Donald

Smart Ass Motherfuckin' Donald Knows What's Up

Mister Cool Tan And the Pale Rings Around His Eyes Are Actually Tight As Hell Donald

Go Head And Take Over the Country We Weren't Doing Anything With It Anyway Donald

Turn Our National Parks Into Golf Courses Donald

Did that help? Man I sure hope so because I've been watching a lot of gotham lately and I know just how bad a tyrant can be for a city.

Which isn't to say I am against Donald Trump because I am 100% for him.

How could I not support a man who shows up on WWE, his wife posed naked for a magazine, he

has his own brand of booze, and he wants to bang his hot daughter which is funny because I also want to bang his hot daughter so I agree with him on the issues. And that's just Ivanka. There's also that other daughter.

I can't remember her name but here's a guess: Victroza. She looks like she is down to party, not like leer jet and drinking champagne, I am talking this girl will go mudding with you in a stolen 4x4, shotgun tall boys of natty ice, bring her own supply of that dirty french canada weed, and she will go to town on your dick AFTER she helped you drag a body out of a ranger station. That is why I'm supporting Dangerous Donald.

I can't wait to see what that dude will do to the chinese with some 2016 laser tanks. We've got 'em, right?

Well, whatever, maybe I'll be back. Maybe not.

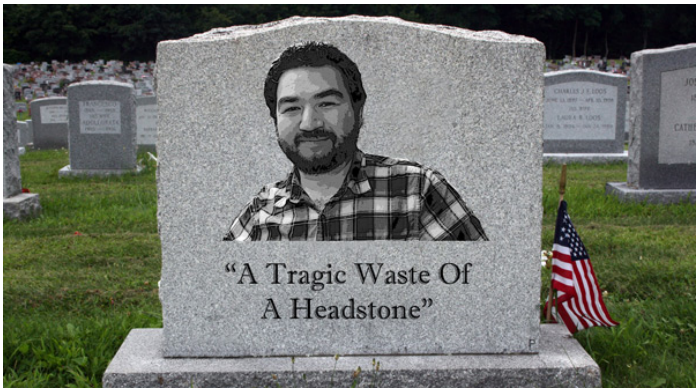
PEEEEAAAACEE!!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

5.5 More Tombstone Goofs!

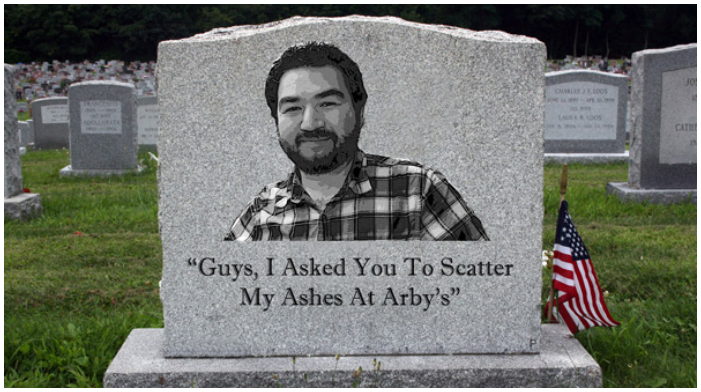
Monday, May 09, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

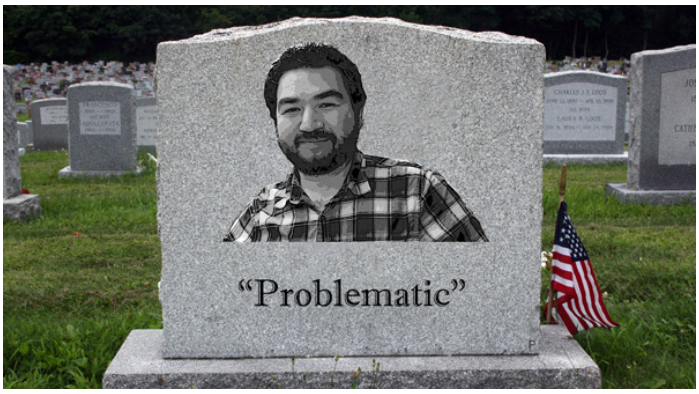
Tired of people stealing focus at your funeral? Try one of these hilarious epitaphs!



"America's Next Top
Corpse"

"No Refunds"


"Guys, I Asked You To Scatter
My Ashes At Arby's"



–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

5.6 Make It Matte

Tuesday, May 10, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Have you ever wanted your car to look like it was spray painted with 40 cans of Rust-Oleum? Do you think your middling/garbage tier sports team will win over the dolts in the stands with some new gear? Have you ever thought it would be cool to have something with the texture resolution of Grand Theft Auto III? Want your bicycle to have people turn their head and go "that's not shiny bicycle"?

Make it Matte.

Ever wanted your nails to look and feel like you'd left them in an industrial sandblaster for 30 minutes? Want people to confusingly think your product is somehow edgier based on packaging alone? Do you have a gloss-free life and need your consumer goods to match? It's time to take that reflective hole in your heart and coat it with a flat finish.

Make it Matte.

This is more than a paintjob. This is a lifestyle. This look will never go out of style. Matte black a boring toothbrush and fifty years from now people will still be like, "damn that's some hardcore next level dental tool." Matte black your glasses. Matte black AOL disks. Matte black your cat. Make a matte black lab. Get a double special deluxe and matte black your whole damn hometown. People will look down from a plane and be like, "Yo, I can't see anything down there but a dark circle!" You'll create a matte black hole.

Make it Matte.

Don't stop there. Take it to the final finish. Matte yourself. Life is too short for polished surfaces. Diffuse your whole worldview. Make a future so matte you can't reflect on your past. Arms, legs, each and every toe. Your body is a temple– a temple with a dope new matte finish. Strut around town in matte black face. Just one cool as hell racist depiction of excellence. Get a matte black eye. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters but matte.

Make it Matte.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.7 A Tribute to the Last Decade of Movie Improv

Wednesday, May 11, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is 40 Year Old Jump Street Virgin

CHARACTER 1 has a BAD CROTCH. Everything comes to a halt as CHARACTER 2 and CHARACTER 3 comment upon CHARACTER 1.

CHARACTER 2
You look like a celebrity ate a poop and pooped it out and the poop became your privates.

CHARACTER 3
You look like you could ride a paddleboard and no one would know.

Character 1 makes a face that could be a reaction to basically anything, but doesn't interrupt.

CHARACTER 2
You look like weebles never wobbled and they just fell down.

CHARACTER 3
You look like Howard Taft's mustache after he got stuck in the tub and died in the tub.

CHARACTER 1
It's so bad down there I could shove a book about shockingly gross things directly into the hole on my crotch and not feel it.

This continues for a scandalous amount of time before the scene picks up as if none of it had happened.

Deadpool Ted Spy

CHARACTER 1 has a BAD FACE. Everything comes to a halt as CHARACTER 2 and CHARACTER 3 comment upon CHARACTER 1.

CHARACTER 2
You look like vomit on bugs on a face on a dick on Hitler.

CHARACTER 3
You look like Hootie... but hold the blowfish!

CHARACTER 1 makes a face that could be a reaction to basically anything, but doesn't interrupt.

CHARACTER 2
(Just a string of totally shocking curses, including the c-word and more than one f-word)

CHARACTER 3
Wow, that's too many curses! But you do look like face giver man said "I'm all out of the good ones sorry" and he put a bad one on your face spot.

This continues for a scandalous amount of time before the scene picks up as if none of it had happened.

This is The End of the Interview

CHARACTER 1 has a BAD HAIRCUT. Everything comes to a halt as CHARACTER 2 and CHARACTER 3 comment upon CHARACTER 1.

CHARACTER 2
You look like instead of haircut tools the haircut place only had lollipops.

CHARACTER 3
You look like party in the front and woops in the rear.

CHARACTER 1 makes a face that could be a reaction to basically anything, but doesn't interrupt.

CHARACTER 2
You look like Edward Snowden hacked your hair for Bitcoins and only got Buttcoins so he taped them back on your scalp.

CHARACTER 3
You look like Hamburger Helper refused to help.

This continues for a scandalous amount of time before the scene picks up as if none of it had happened.

How to be Single Bad Mom Bridesmaids

CHARACTER 1 has a BAD BRA. Everything comes to a halt as CHARACTER 2 and CHARACTER 3 comment upon CHARACTER 1.

CHARACTER 2
You look like you're a grandmother with grandmother underwears.

CHARACTER 3
You look like your boobs are held in place by a bra that isn't a good bra.

CHARACTER 1 makes a face that could be a reaction to basically anything, but doesn't interrupt.

CHARACTER 2
You look like you're about to be executed so you asked for a blindfold but the executioner thought your nipples were your eyes so he put the blindfold across your chest.

CHARACTER 3
You look like a dog ate the concept of good bras and then ran off into the horizon never to be seen again, so his owner shrugged and made a bad bra and now you're wearing it.

This continues for a scandalous amount of time before the scene picks up as if none of it had happened.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.8 Child President Vetoes Women's Health Bill

Thursday, May 12, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Washington, D.C. - In a move that has shocked his few supporters, child President Aiden Thompson, 7, blocked the passage of a bill that would do much to improve access to reproductive healthcare for American women. "Girls are dumb," said Thompson, choosing to not mince words. "They're dumb and I can run faster than girls. I'm real fast." Thompson then demonstrated his abilities to confused members of the press before refusing to answer any more questions.

Thompson's short run as President has been a controversial one, to say the least. After recent White House renovations revealed a lost page of the Constitution wedged under former President Taft's massive bathtub, it was revealed that the office of the Presidency could be transferred to any living human–regardless of age–by means of a secret handshake. Little did Aiden know, a visit to the White House to accept a penmanship award from Barack Obama would have him sitting in the President's seat by the end of the day. "Chalk it up to a case of senioritis on my part," quipped Barack Obama from a Hawaii resort.

This premise fit for a '90s Jonathan Taylor Thomas vehicle hasn't tickled everyone, though. "It's a disgrace," said Jackie Millar, representative for the National Organization for Women. "That bill came from a grassroots movement that started close to a decade ago, and it's a miracle it even passed in the first place. Now Thompson is shooting it down with his poisonous rhetoric? And '*dumb*?' I'd like to invite him over to look at my wall of honorary PhDs." Millar chose not to respond when asked about President Thompson's claim that he could run faster than her.

Along with angering women's groups, President Thompson's actions have done their part to strain America's relationship with the Middle East. In a public address to Iran that baffled a nation, Thompson had harsh words for the country: "You guys are real dumb. I have all the Skylanders and you can't play with any of the Skylanders I have. I had them make me a McDonald's in the White House and I eat there every day and one day I ate six hamburgers. But you're not allowed to eat my hamburgers because you already eat poop and drink farts." When asked how residents of Iran would be able to "drink" their own farts, President Thompson insisted their farts are so bad that they could be imbibed as one would a liquid.

Not everyone has been shocked by Thompson's unpredictable behavior. Republican candidate Donald Trump recently referenced the President's address to Iran during a recent fundraising banquet in Flint, Michigan. "I would have invited Hillary Clinton to dine with us, but I didn't," Trump said to a crowd eager to hear his punchline. "That's because she eats poop and drinks farts. And this November, we're going to make sure that's *all* she eats and drinks!" Despite turning them off their meal of stuffed cabbage and pate, Thompson's words resonated with a room full of Trump supporters, and the "Hillary Eats Poop and Drinks Farts" t-shirts soon became the fastest-selling item in his campaign's official store. "Thompson's my kind of guy," said Trump after the event.

"Like him, I'm not afraid of the P.C. agenda trying to take the 'poop' and 'farts' out of my mouth."

President Thompson's mercurial behavior has caused some to sit up and take notice. Crosby Bronson, a professor of Constitutional Law at Harvard, has gone to great lengths to find some loophole that would lead to Thompson's impeachment, but his long nights of research have led to no real answers. "I realize we have an election this year, but the amount of damage this boy has caused our country in just two weeks will take *decades* to recover from. Frankly, I don't want to live in a country where not being able to 'run real fast' can make you lose your citizenship." For Bronson, this issue is all too common for someone steeped in both the regulation and enforcement of laws. "I'm afraid we're looking at a common case of what we scholars call 'Air Bud's Paradox.' After all, there's nothing in the rulebook that says a seven year-old *can't* be President."

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.9 Only Steven Seagal Can Protect Our Children in the Bathroom

Friday, May 13, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Some psychos want to bust into these bathrooms and get an eyeful of our kids? Good luck. They're going to have to go through the world's only quadruple black belt with an expired private investigator's license. Steven Seagal.

Steven Seagal checks genders and breaks necks, but he's actually a pacifist.

As the only professional bounty hunter and honorary Native American medicine man with his own cancelled reality TV show, no one is better equipped than Steven Seagal to sniff out wrong genders and bust them back to the minor leagues. The minor leagues of their grave.

Steven Seagal is watching for anyone who would try to sneak into our children's toilet time. A lady with a mustache might try to bring a tape deck in and record fart sounds. A real pervert scumbag going through expensive hormone replacement therapy for years and wearing a wig might come in here and try to sit down on a toilet next to a CHILD on a toilet. Not on his watch.

Listening very carefully to the pee sounds coming out of the stall next door, Steven Seagal acts quickly to kick it down. Just as he suspected. It's a trans person pouring a thermos into the toilet. Their soup went bad. Well now their everything else is about to go bad, because sickos like that get tossed.

Because Steven Seagal can only be in one bathroom at a time, he will be installing cameras in all of the bathrooms to review the footage. He's really backlogged watching all the videos even with his spirit eagle helping at the Target.

Steven Seagal is ready, willing, and able to save our children from the coming bathroom crisis unleashed by the Washington degenerates. He's also available. Please contact David Baumann at Genesis Talent.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 The States, As Named By A 14 Year Old Girl Who Hates You

Monday, May 16, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

I told my 14-year-old niece Frangela if she could name all 50 states, I'd give her a $25 Starbucks gift card. Here's what she did. I don't think she likes me?

Shitty Washington
Greg Is From Montana & I Saw Him Texting Becky But It's OK, I Know She's Prettier Than Me, I Kinda Deserve It
Suicide Is Not The Answer, Except For North Dakota
I Hate Snow, It Ruins Leather
Fuckface Michigan
This Is Where Wisconsin Is? Oh, Sorry I Thought It Was Somewhere Cool
That's What We Call You On WhatsApp
"Durr, Hi, I'm Vermont, I'm Not Fat" I/K You Are Fat
Canada But Worse
I Hope New Hampshire Gets Into A Snowmobile Accident & Dies, At Least Then We'd Get A Day Off School
Superseniors
If A Micropenis Was A State
Oh Hey Connecticut, Didn't Recognize You Without New York's DIck In Your Mouth
But New Jersey Is Already An Insult
Dela-wear Makeup Every Once In A While, Jesus
Washington D.C.'s Sad, Divorced Mom
I Did Cocaine In D.C Once, It's Kinda My Thing
Oregon Sounds Like What A Homeschool Kid Would Name His Retardo Dog
Where Fat People Have Fat Kids
Is Wyoming Even A Real State? I've Never Heard Of It & I'm Smart
And South Dakota
If Flyover Country Was A State
Why, Iowa, Why
New York Is So Me
Diabetes: The State
Even Poorer Idaho
A Field Of Ugly, Abandoned Babies
Law & Order Special Victims State
West Skanks
Skanks
I Bet I'm Good At Gambling
Utah Are You Still Here? I Thought You Died
Dumb Shaped State With Dumb Shaped People
Whatever, Kansas
If Old Navy Clothes Came To Life
Kansas Went To The Prom With Her Dad
My Least Favorite Carolina
Oh I Smoke Pot, Like, All The Time, I'm Such A Huge Stoner
Arizona Why Don't You Just Go Away, Nobody Likes You, Trust Me, You Should Hear What We Say
Sorry You're Named After Mexico
A Pot Of Dinty Moore Stew
Special Needs Arkansas
What Smells? Oh Hey Tennessee
I/K, South Carolina Is
Ew, No
One Big Ross Dress For Less
Ugh, Who Invited Alabama
Hah Hah, Georgia, You're Adopted
Mardi Gras And Nothing Else, Trust Me, My Dad Knows
Hawaii
Just Dream Already
My Dad Gets Sarah Palin & I Do Too, The Entire Family Is So Into Her Whole Deal

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

5.11 CoolSubBoxOpener Presents: Geek Gamer Nerd Epic Loot Chest Unboxing!

Tuesday, May 17, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hi guys. Uh. CoolSubBoxOpener here with, uh, a whopper of a video. Today the postman *pause* arrived with a whole bunch of boxes. Like half of my box subscriptions came in all at once today. Uh. So let's get to it!

First up we have this month's Cool Container. Remember, for only twenty bucks per month at CoolContainer.biz you get a container *bumps the microphone* full of genuine geek goodness worth over three hundred, uh, dollars.

Let's get this opened. Let's see what's inside. Oh wow. Uh, here we have a pencil with some letters embossed on it. It says "Funko Pop"! Wow, I love Funko Pop collectible figures so much! They're, uh, they have no real style or personality, so they take on the identity of whatever brand is applied to them. Something about that really, uh, resonates with me.

Now what else is in the box? Holy moley. This is nerd Christmas! It's more pencils with Funko Pop written on them! There must be at least a hundred, maybe two hundred! I'd say that nearly two thirds haven't been used at all. What an incredible value.

Next up we have this month's Geek Gamer Nerd Epic Loot Chest. Uh, remember to subscribe to their excellent service at GeekGamerNerdEpicLootChest.deal for only $30 per month. The price is premium because this is a premium service only for genuine gamers.

Let's see. The first thing in this box is... 148 games on one controller. Wow! It sort of looks like a Genesis gamepad, only it's purple, and the brand name is Official. Uh, wow! Looks like you just, uh, plug the RCA wires in your tv and you're set. Very cool.

Next is... oh man. Oh man. Is this what I think it is? Is THIS what I think it is?!?

It's, uh, a wall scroll. No imagery, just this awesome text: "The cake was a lie, until I took an arrow to the knee." Haha. This is a really good item for gamers who like humor. Can't, uh, can't imagine a better wall scroll. Well maybe if it had Penny Arcade on it.

Whoa, that's not all! There's something else in the box. It's a Funko Pop figure! *excited sniffling* Guys, this might be the best Funko Pop ever. He's 8-bit! Totally 8-bit! Instead of circles, his eyes are squares! This is a collector's item if I ever saw one.

Okay, we have one more box today. Hard to believe anything can top the last one, but the Bazinga Win Box, uh, is always good. Subscribe to them at BazingaWinBox.cool if you're a genuine geek

culture fan.

That reminds me. Some people have been leaving comments lately, asking why I point out the address for every subscription box, and why I link to the subscription box service sites in my video descriptions, and why I also put links in my video annotations. Some of these people are insinuating that I am getting kickbacks like some kind of mega-rich video game journalist. Well let me set the record straight. Harassment is, uh, not allowed. Your comments will be deleted.

Let's see what's in here, guys. Oh, nice. It's a, uh, translucent green key fob. It's got Game of Thrones printed on it in white letters, looks like... looks like they used the papyrus font. This is great because I really love Game of Thrones.

And beneath that is... woah! Woah! It's an entire ream of office paper! On the wrapper, crammed into one of the few blank spots on the packaging, someone wrote "super hero movies" with a pen.

Folks, you don't need me to tell you that super hero movies are geek goodness. What an item. Uh, wow.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.12 Spout.ly: May's Sour Sips

Wednesday, May 18, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly

May has been a trying month for Shaggy Butte's resident fountain fanatics. Drought restrictions have resulted in many popular fountains running dry, and penny-pinching businesses have cut back on fountain upkeep. In the end, many once-promising bubblers are now serving up some truly sour sips. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

Sour Sips

Shaggy Butte Downtown Post Office

Top Comments:

"I was power-sipping so hard, I accidentally sucked the bubbler head clean off. Not the first time I've done that, and definitely a clear indicator this fountain is poorly maintained. Taste was mediocre at past, so not worth the dental damage." *-Sip 'n' Slide*

"Was hoping for a real sip du jour, but got a stinker instead. This fountain is missing its bubbler head, so I had to practically press my face flat against the spout. It's a real tongue teaser for sure. The flavor was similar to that of a stagnant pond, which, frankly, I have no taste for." *-Born Chuggin'*

Rodeo Clown Museum

Top Comments:

"What used to be a monument to the mankind's boundless artistry now stands as an abomination, and definitive proof there is no god. The flavor went from pristine glacier to badger urine in a matter of weeks. Invigorating, but not refreshing. May the men responsible be executed for their crimes." *-Moist Man*

"The real clowns are the ones maintaining this fountain. With such poor water and mechanics, no one will ever come back to this stupid place. I hope it burns down, and all the clown history and memorabilia is lost to the flames. They deserve it for allowing this great fountain to fall so far from grace." *-Inflow*

Griswold's Fountain Supply

Top Comments:

"At first I thought I was in heaven, but it turned out to be hell. So many wasted fountains. The owner claims they are display models, but they display no water when activated. Hey, idiot, you have a hundred fountains. Hook them all up and create the ultimate hangout for us fountain enthusiasts." *-Gusher*

"There is one fountain in the back that works, if you can call shotgunning lukewarm mineral paste all over the place working. I gave the owner a piece of my mind, and he 'banned me' while faking a heart attack. He did me a favor. The store's been closed for at least a week ever since." *-Hydrat0r*

Baby City Surplus

Top Comments:

"The paranoid patrons of this baby furniture store complained about the lines of men forming around the drinking fountain. Some of us choose more noble pursuits than producing useless offspring, such as evaluating drinking fountains, a source of life-giving water. As for this fountain, the acrid tap water flavor is hardly worth the peanut gallery's scornful looks." *-The Gulpsman*

"I came here to buy a crib, but got distracted by the fountain. The taste was immediately unpleasant, but I hung around trying it for another hour. If you've ever tried your urine after eating a whole thing of asparagus, it's a lot like that. By then the store was closing and the manager refused to stay open any longer to sell me a crib. What a terrible business." *-BigSlurper*

Suddenly Suds Laundromat

Top Comments:

"Where do I begin? There is half a human finger in the basin, and what's left of the push bar is covered in blood. Definitely a health hazard for sure. The taste was very salty, similar to seawater. The pink eye I got didn't help matters." -*Swigga Please*

"I decided to brave this fountain, and was not rewarded. A man interrupted me to retrieve his finger, which he had left in the basin. The water itself felt very heavy with spigmata, and big chucks no less! I ended up cutting my gums on whatever was in that water. Because of this, I probably won't try it again." -*Sip-n-Rip*

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.13 Planet Fitness Is Truly a Judgement Free Zone. No One Ever Mentions What I've Done

Thursday, May 19, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Planet Fitness is my favorite gym. Great equipment, affordable membership and hundreds of locations nationwide. And best of all, it's a judgement free zone. No gymtimidation. No one ever judges me for my back rolls, my flabby thighs, my complete lack of fitness knowledge.

Or even what I've done.

Seriously, it's come as you are at Planet Fitness. I'm not what you'd call a workout buff. Climbing stairs or folding laundry feels like exercise to me. Some days I can barely get out of bed, though that's usually for different reasons.

Fortunately, whether you're a bodybuilder, a casual lifter, or a first-timer like me, Planet Fitness accepts you unconditionally. The moment I step inside, I feel completely at home. No prying eyes staring at me, judging me, like they do on the street. It's almost like that horrible, regrettable incident never happened.

The staff here are excellent. Totally courteous and professional. I don't feel an ounce of judgement when I need a spotter for a 30-pound bench press or don't know what some workout term means. My first day, I thought "free weights" meant we could take the weights home. A trainer, Bill, smiled and explained that no, it just meant the weights weren't attached to anything. We both laughed about it afterward.

I haven't laughed like that in a long time.

The other members are friendly too. Doesn't matter if they're gym rats or fellow newbies, they still treat me like one of their own. Zero judgement when I'm puffing on the treadmill, stumbling on the step bench or baring my beefy chest in the locker room. The locker room also has very few mirrors, which I appreciate on the days I can't look myself in the eyes.

Planet Fitness also has the Lunk Alarm. It's basically this siren that goes off any time someone acts like a musclehead, dropping weights or grunting too loud. Those are the kind of people Planet Fitness tries to keep out, the kind who abuse steroids and end every sentence with "bro." The kind who would judge me, just like the rest of the world.

What I did was an accident, okay? I'm not saying that makes it right, I'm just saying it was never my intention. There isn't a day, an hour even, that goes by that I'm not consumed with regret. Well, except when I'm at Planet Fitness. There they understand. They treat me with dignity, humanity. Maybe I don't deserve either at this point, but Planet Fitness doesn't make that their business. Like I said, total judgement free zone.

Did I mention they have bagel Tuesdays too?

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.14 I GAVE SHERM STICKS TO THE SUPER BERNIO BROS AND WE TRASHED LAS VEGAS

Friday, May 20, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

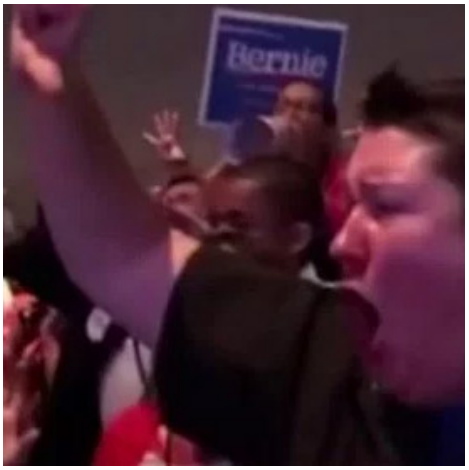
What up, ding dongs?!

Yeah, that's right, I'm working the campaign beat now for this computer bullshit that pays me worse than being a shampoo eye tester for salon selectives and they paid in cookies and free samples. At least I can put my baby to bed knowing he ate a plate of hydroxs, RIP Kyanka. Sorry I'm just trying to think of how I am going to put my largest son tlorm through the WCW Power Plant. Teaching armbars to an 11 year old with the body of a shaved polar bear does not come cheap.

So I relocated to LAS VEGAS for a couple days to report on some gay (no offense to gays) democratic convention thing. Which was fine by me because I went full Ricky Hollywood mode and earned some side cash as a gigolo. I had my friend Tucker with an inkjet print me up some sex ad cards for full body pleasure and I hired a Mexican guy to hand them out to sexy ladies on the strip. Turns out middle aged women on "spacations" like to get peed on. Never would have guessed and wasilla home ec classes do not prepare you adequately for being a las vegas escort.

Anyway after stacking up crazy paper for wet works and spending it all on a tesla and then crashing the tesla into the pirate ship at treasure island and getting my heart stopped and then restarted by two different tasers I decided to go to the delegant convention thing I was supposed to go to. I guess there was nothing to eat and I was hungry as hell but they were like "there are three bars open" and there were a bunch of guys wearing bernie t-shirts slamming pina coladas and I was like fuck dudes where can an n-word get some calzones???

These dudes were pissed about everything. They were like, "welp levi you look cool as hell in that steve harvey suit and the mirror aviators my man you are a fucking legend sorry though the climpton campaign swiped all the pizzas for themselves and we just have these pina coladas to drink" and I was like whoa whoa whoa this climpton campaign sounds bogus as hell but guess what it's snack time n-words and they were like "please stop calling us that because there was a Black Lives Matters person here earlier and he might kick our asses for racism." I was like well the point is I got snacks.



Turns out I had smuggled that crunchy orange pikachu inside my bodily cavities on the plane to vegas. I think it was a cartel run but I forgot about the buyer and I didn't want a full payload of ass drugs to go to waste.

Now normally I am averts to doing PCP with strangers but I had so much of it and these guys were totally hungry. I was like chew that sherm fellas things are about to get rowdy.

So I got like a hundred bearded 20 year olds wearing bernie shirts to scarf that jank like pepperonis and immediately this one guy named Landon went full hatelock and started breaking colada glasses on his face. He was like "FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCK HER" and carved HITLERY into his arm with a shard of glass. Then he tried to cut off his own face and I was like whoa whoa whoa save it for halloween hellraiser and we managed to wrestle that guy down and tied him up.

So me and this captain guy named Josh and also Paula and David (pronounced DAH-VEED) and some weird guy with blond eyebrows all went over to the comventionsenter. The security guard guy was like hang on yall got red eyes you been drinking too many coladas to come in here. That was the wrong answer because me and the bernie bros put him on the front of a ford focus like mad max style and got Rita this crazy broad from Truckee to drive donuts in the lot with him screaming. That let us get into the comvention where we caught hillary climpton's crew planning some sort of crimes.

"This crazy bitch is changin' the rules! She can't do this! Fascisms!" The bernie bros were all screaming. They were getting really pissed off and biting at people and somebody had a sword that I think they got from their hotel room. It was like a decorative sword but it still fucked up some banners and stuff.

Then the guy with no eyebrows started a fire by the stage and me and Paula started banging reverse doggy style over by where all the empty pizza boxes where. Oh and Josh killed himself with a chair. I don't know how he did it one minute he had it up over his head and the next minute it was like when a cartoon snake swallows an umbrella and then the umbrella opens.

Needless to say I got Paula pregnant but it's cool because she's a laidback sort of lady who was like "this is what my husband is into it's called cuckolding" and turned out her husband is a bernie captain for nebranska or some made up place. I was like oh yeah I think that lactonic motherfucker todd palin said cuckolding to me once when he was video taping me with mrs. palin.

The last time I talked to that fruitloop he tried to inject me with horse testosterone cut with thermometer mercury and I was like "talk about a toxic relationship I am just here to collect my reverse child support for torque." Reverse child support is where daddy gets a taste of the fight money my large ass son is raking in at tough man competitions. I think the palins

only even agreed to let him fight because todd got messed up in that snow machine accident and needs to buy a new dick from the chinese black market.

Anyway, the next day after the comvention I protested with bernie bros mostly because I needed to blend in with a group because the cartel had some people looking for me. Oh by the way I found out what democracy looks like and it turns out it's a bunch of white people beating on buckets and yelling into a megaphone.

People say bernie should drop out, but I'll tell you who is not dropping out? This guy. Pointing to myself. I'm not dropping out of my childrens lives and being a dad and shit. That's what matters, not how many grams of schedule uno drugorinos you try to fly down to the border and trade for cop killer bullets.

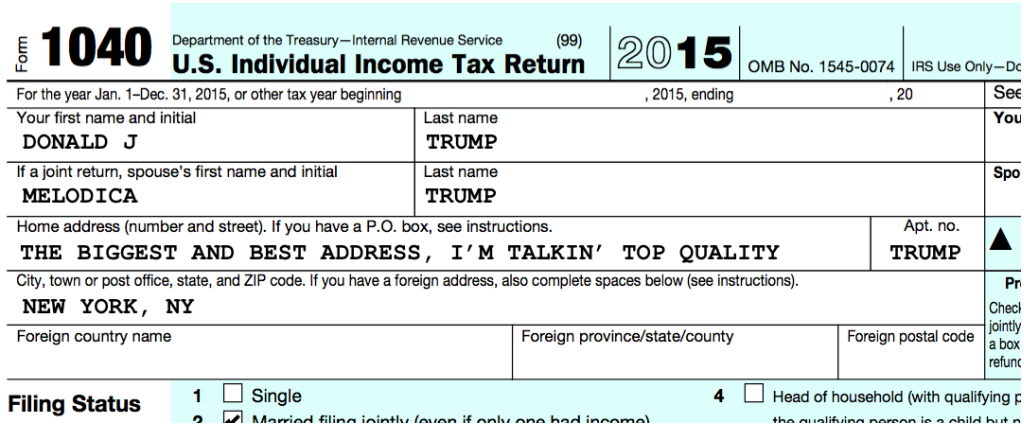
I guess that's my point of the article. It's all about being a good dad. Trump 2016!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

5.15 Highlights From Trump's Leaked Tax Returns (UPDATED)

Monday, May 23, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Donald Trump has refused to release his tax returns, ignoring decades of precedent from other, equally shitty candidates. But we at Something Awful have just received a leaked copy of Trump's 1040, and although it's probably illegal to publish them, we really want the hits. So here goes!



Form **1040** Department of the Treasury—Internal Revenue Service (99) **U.S. Individual Income Tax Return** 2015 OMB No. 1545-0074 IRS Use Only—Do

For the year Jan. 1–Dec. 31, 2015, or other tax year beginning , 2015, ending , 20 See

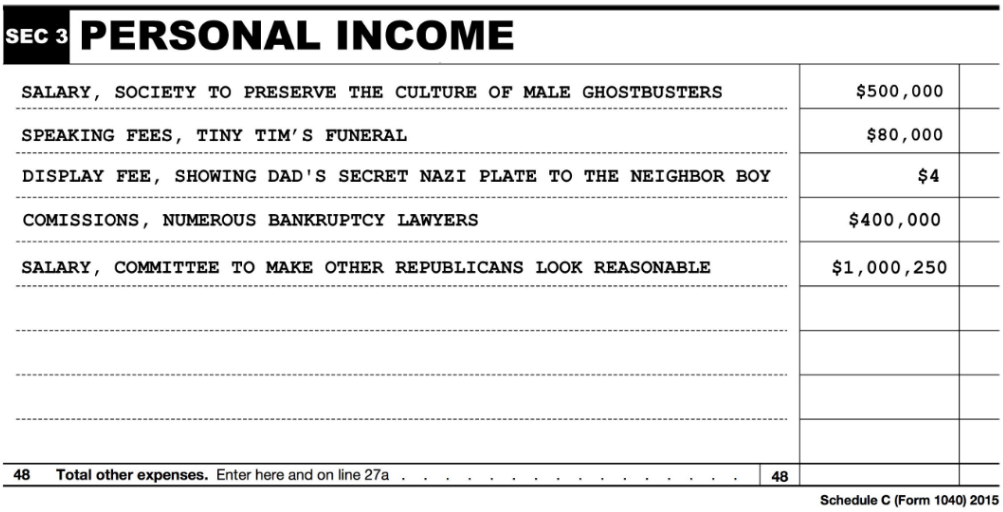
Your first name and initial	Last name	You
DONALD J	TRUMP	
If a joint return, spouse's first name and initial	Last name	Spo
MELODICA	TRUMP	

Home address (number and street). If you have a P.O. box, see instructions. Apt. no.
THE BIGGEST AND BEST ADDRESS, I'M TALKIN' TOP QUALITY TRUMP

City, town or post office, state, and ZIP code. If you have a foreign address, also complete spaces below (see instructions).
NEW YORK, NY

Foreign country name | Foreign province/state/county | Foreign postal code

Filing Status 1 ☐ Single 4 ☐ Head of household (with qualifying p



SEC 3 PERSONAL INCOME

SALARY, SOCIETY TO PRESERVE THE CULTURE OF MALE GHOSTBUSTERS	$500,000	
SPEAKING FEES, TINY TIM'S FUNERAL	$80,000	
DISPLAY FEE, SHOWING DAD'S SECRET NAZI PLATE TO THE NEIGHBOR BOY	$4	
COMISSIONS, NUMEROUS BANKRUPTCY LAWYERS	$400,000	
SALARY, COMMITTEE TO MAKE OTHER REPUBLICANS LOOK REASONABLE	$1,000,250	

48 **Total other expenses.** Enter here and on line 27a 48

Schedule C (Form 1040) 2015

SEC 7 BUSINESS LOSSES

TRUMP'S SCHOOL FOR TRUMP IMPERSONATIONS THAT ARE GENTLE	-$1,450,000	
HAND GROWTH CLASSES FROM THAT GYPSY	-$2,220,500	
LEGAL FEES, INQUIRY INTO WHETHER I CAN LEGALLY TELL OBAMA "YOU'RE FIRED"	-$960,000	
SUITS THAT HIDE MY BIG FAT BABY BODY	-$6,300,000	
RECORDING FEES FOR NOVELTY SINGLE, "MIKE SUCKABEE"	-$1,000,250	
48 **Total other expenses.** Enter here and on line 27a	48	

Schedule C (Form 1040) 2015

SEC 5 ASSETS ON HAND

EVERY SMASHMOUTH ALBUM, I'M TALKIN' MINT CONDITION, FOLKS	$75, EASY	
JEB BUSH'S DIGNITY	$300	
JARS OF LIQUID EVIL, BECAUSE I'M THIS YEAR'S BIG BAD, MUAH-HA-HA	$3,090,400	
THAT MEDAL MY DAD GOT FOR TURNING IN ANNE FRANK	PRICELESS	
MY SECRET MOVIE THEATER THAT ONLY SHOWS "THE APPRENTICE"	$1,000,250	
48 **Total other expenses.** Enter here and on line 27a	48	

Schedule C (Form 1040) 2015

SEC 8 CHARITABLE DONATIONS

THE UGLY DUCKLING FOUNDATION TO ELIMINATE DUMPINESS IN BROADS	$32,500,000	
KICKSTARTER DONATION, "ENTOURAGE 2: THE BOYS ARE BACK SOME MORE"	$13,000,500	
THE HOPE TRUST: TEACHING INNER CITY CHILDREN TO PROPERLY INVEST THEIR MASSIVE INHERITANCE	$7,250,000	
THE CAMPAIGN TO ELECT HILLARY CLINTON (COVERING MY BASES)	$4,000,000	
THE GEORGE ZIMMERMAN FUND TO GIVE CREEPS SOME WALKIN' AROUND MONEY	$1,000,250	
48 **Total other expenses.** Enter here and on line 27a	48	

Schedule C (Form 1040) 2015

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

5.16 Expensive Gear You Need Before Exercising

Tuesday, May 24, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You haven't exercised in years and you've eaten pure garbage for as long as you can remember. Obviously, the first thing necessary to getting back in shape is buying a bunch of expensive knick-knacks. Here's the first three must haves.

Running Shoes

If you are going to be hacking up sixteen minute miles, you need a shoe that looks like it's from the future. After a thousand years of footwear, what you sweat in for an hour a week should be the most advanced toe technology ever crafted. It should be NASA grade materials, passed rigorous wind tunnel tests, have a famous athlete endorsement, and, preferably, a bright neon color. This is what you deserve for your first jog in years. Whatever those insane marathon runners wear is what you need to wear. No exceptions. Sure, they run 26.2 miles in the amount of time it takes you to heat up a Digiorno Pizza, but other than that you're both on the same level. It's like learning to drive using a Bugatti, and you need the technological power high enough to match your delusions so you can walk every other lap in style. Ultimately, you've bought the shoe version of a Dyson Vacuum: you paid five times too much for something you can't tell from the basic model, but your buyer's remorse will be the highest motivation of all.

Smart Band

Everyone knows the three Ds of working out: Diet, Dynamic Exercises, and Data. If there is one thing that modern society has told us it's that mass collecting of data always pays off with little to no repercussions. Your flesh is filled with data and you need to get it all. Whatever the FBI did to the iPhone, you need to do to your body. So go on and track your steps, your heartrate, your bowel movement. Track your mouse clicks per minute, your ingrown hairs, your favorite forum posts. Then track your tracking. It doesn't matter if you have a use for it or not. Bundle all that data up, plug it into a shiny interface and then look at it. Wow. It looks like you've done a lot and you didn't even have to work out. Before your smart band how would you have known that the walk between your car and your desk is exactly 72 steps? Now look at you, nearly 5 calories burnt off. How can you expect to make progress if you don't have minute updates of trivial information?

Supplements

At your entry level shape, you really only need to do two things to get healthy: 1) Drink more water. 2) Eat less shit. But that's a little too simple for someone with the exercise plans you've imagined. Where is the science? Where are the nanomachines? If you want to start your workout with a bang, then nothing is as explosive as a bunch of unregulated supplements coursing through your veins. Supplements of what you ask? Doesn't matter. All that matters is that you'll be ingesting powder and pills at the same magnitude of an EDM show. A portion of your life should be spent mixing concoctions until you're part Harry Potter part Harry Potter with really gross farts. You can carry around a milk jug of water with you if you want but only if you're matching it sip for sip with milkshakes so thick with protein they taste like pennies.Once your hair starts to fall out, you're ready to hit the track!

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.17 Know Your Overwatch Skills

Wednesday, May 25, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Know Your Video Game Skills series.

With an uncanny accuracy that stuns your opponents and inspires your allies, point out which side of a box is the top side. For 30 seconds, the top of every box in the level will be marked with a glowing outline.

As the enemy takes sight on you, enter a meditative state. This frees your mind's eye to embark upon a spiritual journey to decipher which of the 250+ variations of the game's 21 characters you're even looking at.

Project a defensive energy shield capable of absorbing all damage from hexagon-shaped attacks. Ordinary attacks deal double damage.

Dash into the fray and stop all nearby enemies in their tracks by posing a thought-provoking question: "What if the Gears of War logo was a tribal tattoo?"

Nice.

Ultimate Ability: Go on at length about what makes Cyclops your favorite X-Man of all time.

Flip open the lid of your plus sign canteen, then pour out as many of the symbols as you need to solve a simple addition problem.

Your warrior instincts kick in, heightening your senses to the point that you can - with almost no preparation - identify the not-pointy end of an arrow.

Armed with the knowledge that your foe is ticklish, you target them and shoot them with a gun.

With a challenging roar, you divert all power to defense, becoming completely invulnerable to light snowfall. Lasts for precisely one snowflake impact.

Upgrade your turret, replacing two cogs on every gear with an oversized wrench. Increases jammability by 100%.

You taunt the enemy team, claiming that if they are true Radiohead fans they will be able to draw the band's logo from memory.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.18 Nine Reasons I Won't be Reviewing the New Ghostbusters Movie

Thursday, May 26, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Internet critic James Rolfe recently caused some controversy by declaring his refusal to review this summer's upcoming *Ghostbusters* movie–a completely mature and level-headed response to a mass-market comedy if I've ever heard one. Over the past week, Rolfe's stance provoked endless discussion, something my own content has failed to generate despite the fact that I've refused to review hundreds, if not thousands of movies in my lifetime. That's right: *Ghostbusters* is no different. Even though as a dork on the Internet I'm apparently obligated to review *Ghostbusters* 2016, I refuse. And the following bullet points should fully outline my watertight defense.

- Number one: I'm not a film critic. I already ruined my life by deciding to write comedy articles and about video games, and making myself even more unemployable and hated at this juncture would frankly be too much work.
- $12.50 is a lot to pay for a movie I could torrent for free, only to forget I torrented it and ambivalently delete it from my hard drive three years later.
- As someone who grew up with *The Real Ghostbusters*, I know the only honest and pure interpretation of this IP heavily features a shrieking green orb who acts like a floating Garfield and mostly exists to sell lightly-vitamined sugar water.
- I would like to save myself the pain of watching disappointed, culturally illiterate children leave the theater saying, "I liked that better when it was called *Pixels*."
- For as much I would love to see a ghost cunnilingus variant on *Ghostbusters'* classic ghost blowjob scene, it will never happen because nothing is more offensive to a moviegoing audience than a woman receiving pleasure.

- *Ghostbusters 2* already had the premise of, "What if there's another *Ghostbusters*, but it's also shitty?"
- The female-driven concept is inherently flawed. History has shown us that the Ghostbusters are largely a male-focused, white supremacist organization who won't even include their sole black member in promotional materials.
- A *Ghostbusters* movie isn't a *Ghostbusters* movie without the highs, lows, and rich texture of Bill Murray's face.
- Above all, I'm not a man baby whose ego is so attached to popular entertainment that I feel the need to "weigh in" whenever something from my childhood is wheeled out again for a new demographic. But if they fuck up the new *DuckTales* so help me god I will send a SWAT team to the executive producer's house.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.19 An Open Letter to Marvel: Give Captain America a Dog Man Boyfriend

Friday, May 27, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Marvel,

Are you listening? Because it's time you give the fans what they want.

Change is coming to the movie business. Studios are listening to their fans now, Marvel. The Ghost Busters turned Slimer into Chris Hemsworth, Scarlett Johansson is finally an anime, and J.J. Abrams is going to release a Platinum Edition of Force Awakens where Kylo Ren destroys whatever bathroom he wants. Your loyal fans of the Marvel Cinematic Universe humbly have another demand or they are boycotting the next seven MCU movies: give Captain America a dog man boyfriend.

There are obvious signs that Cap is definitely into dog men. There is the fact that his best friend is named "Bucky" which is either an astronaut name or a dog man name. He doesn't like Black Panther, which makes sense because dogs and cats don't get along.

To be clear, we want Captain America to have a boyfriend who is a dog man. We support the idea of him having a boyfriend, which is separate. Dog men deserve representation in movies. Yes, Captain America would be gay, sure, but completely independent of his sexuality, he would also have a fulfilling relationship with a preferably very butch lifestyle dog man.

America loves dogs. It's a fact. Most Americans just haven't been exposed to dog men. Let's start with grooming and walking scenes and then we can work America up to the bathroom issues and clean up which America might have more difficulty with.

There is nothing creepy about dog men. This is a fact and we can prove it if you give us a chance in your next 190 million dollar movie featuring Captain America.

Yes, dog men can also own dogs. No, that does not automatically mean the dog man has sex with the dog. Only if the dog is an alpha. So you could feature a submissive dog to the dog man. Or maybe a pack mate with Captain America as the alpha. This could be made clear with a non-sexual mounting and biting scene.

To be even clearer, we don't want a new character who likes dog men. We don't want a dog man villain or hero added to the roster. We want you to unfreeze sexy Bucky Barnes, put him in a full-body rubber dog man costume, have him live as a dog with Captain America, and unrelated to that, we want them to also have a healthy homosexual relationship. We're not trying to piggyback on the LGBTQ community's requests.

Unlike Marvel's movie lineup, we're also not gender-biased. If you want to make Pepper Potts into a dog woman or even turn Iron Man into Iron Dog Man in a dog man lifestyle relationship with Pepper, this would be acceptable, though not preferred.

Also, on a tangential issue, we think it's time Black Widow advocates for open source operating systems. Preferably Ubuntu although any good Linux distro will do. There could be a plot where HYDRA is using a proprietary OS to spy on the Avengers and Black Widow knows how to do a full reinstall of Ubuntu. If we could show her doing the reinstall with periodic updates during the movie, followed by her demonstrating the ease of use of Linux and explaining to Hulk how to use command lines, this would be optimal.

Also we hope that at some point Ant Man could finally say, "Anime is good."

Thank you.

DOG MEN 4 AMERICA

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.20 In My Darkest Moments, I Realize How Afraid Of Ghosts I Truly Am

Monday, May 30, 2016 by Ray Parker Jr. (@asterios)

What if the thing everybody loved most about you was a lie?

It's a challenge I hope you'll never face, and one I know all too well. You see, I'm the man who penned the famous theme to the film *Ghostbusters*. Perhaps you've heard of it – it's called, "Ghostbusters." Its central theme is one of rebellion, of laughter in the face of death, of refusal to show fear to any ghosts whatsoever. But in my twilight years, I feel the shame and guilt that come with hiding who I truly am. So it's time I came clean.

My name is Ray Parker Jr., and I am afraid of ghosts.

I was afraid of ghosts long before I was approached by Columbia Pictures. Since childhood, I've been afraid of every ghost, from Boo Berry to the Pac-Man ghosts to the spookiest ghost of all, Hamlet's father. But nothing could truly prepare me for what I encountered during the making of the Ghostbusters films.

This is Slimer. He's a Class 5 Full-Roaming Vapor, and his insatiable lust for life is trumped only by his state of living death. In my song, I sing the phrase, "I ain't afraid of no ghosts." But tell me, honestly: what possible reason could I give you to **not** fear Slimer? He's stealing our food, commandeering city buses, and rendering one of New York's finest hotels uninhabitable. These are terrifying activities, worthy of your very real fears.

And yet, my song preaches the opposite. It's a lie, and an easy one. And I'm sorry.

There are thousands of ghosts you should be afraid of. The Scoleri Brothers, two convicted murderers who returned to exact revenge on the judge who put them away. The Terror Dogs, Zuul and Vinz Clortho, who guard their mistress Gozer with their lives. The Taxi Driver Ghost, who again, is stealing vehicles for the express purpose of ferrying people around.

I have no idea why ghosts are so obsessed with public transportation, but they are, it's terrifying. When this next ghost escapes the Ghostbusters containment unit, he immediately heads for the subway. What's wrong with these ghosts? Were they all murdered while riding public transit? Whatever their reasoning, I'm very afraid of these ghosts.

Now, when I said that bustin' made me feel good, I wasn't lying. The few times I've busted a ghost, I've felt fantastic. But those busts have been so few and far between, and the fear...the fear is everlasting.

So to all those who grew up feeling inadequate, feeling weak in the face of ghosts...I apologize. I stood as a symbol for a strength I didn't have. The next time you find an invisible man sleeping in your bed, know that your fear is justified.

Honestly, the only thing scarier than ghosts is the idea that women might one day rise up and steal the ghostbusting jobs rightfully held by men. But thankfully, much like a ghost-free world, that will never, ever happen.

–∼Ray Parker Jr. (@asterios)

5.21 Sponsored Links: The Price We Pay To Ignore Feather Wallpaper

Tuesday, May 31, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Finally, A Biomask Technotube That Helps You Ignore Feather Wallpaper

Out-Of-Control Millennials Posing With Sample Credit Cards - The New Billion Dollar Industry?

Why Doctors Across The Nation Are Trying To Give Their Patients Fucked Up Jellyfish

Does Your Feather Wallpaper Biomask Have Too Many Straps?

How To Explain Futility To Creatures Who Do Not Understand Language Or Concepts

This Dating Site Matches Feather Wallpaper Biotube Adjustment Fetishists With Hot Helpless Lads Who Need It Bad

Where On The 726 Meter Does Your 726 Rate? The Answer Might Kill You!

Controversial Feather Wallpaper Technomask For Women

How To Know When Your Feather Wallpaper Tubemask Is Too Small

New Science Suggests Picking At Scabs May Not Be Such A Bad Idea After All

Shocking New Evidence Suggests Animals Thrive Together In White 4' x 4' Void Cube

New Feather Wallpaper Bioblaster Frees Up More Of Your Face For Resigned Contemplation

"Honey, Do You Ever Think About What Life Would Be Like If We Got New Wallpaper And I Could Live Without A Biomask?"

"No."

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 BEVY of DOGS

Wednesday, Jun 01, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

GOLD "RETRIEVER" does not function as advertised. I am disabled and unable to work. This dog was supposed to retrieve gold for me so that I can support myself. He's a real lemon, but good source of hair. $100 obo. 555-2515

*** INCONSIDERATE BOOR *** constantly upstages me at gatherings. She's very gregarious, and makes no attempt to include me. Often interrupts my anecdotes to draw attention away. I am fed up and want my life back. No price is too cheap! 555-8152

GOODBYE ITCHING! This little rascal was bred to be the perfect human back scratcher. With his long front legs (over 3' long!) and short back legs, he sits up and scratches feverishly at your itchy back. Lives off skin he claws off. Looking to trade. 555-9125

FETCHER AND THE RYE - Stupid mutt loves rye bread and keeps stealing it from local bakery. They send me daily invoices. I hate rye bread and theft equally, so this is obviously my worst nightmare. Make an offer! 555-9125

TALL CORGIS - Solved the short-leg problem ruining this breed. Now has 6x the leg height, thanks to surgery and installation of extra bones and joints. Wobbly, but bold and empowered. $1000 each

BACK FROM THE GRAVE We've been trying to bury our dog ever since it ate all of grandma's ashes. Now it's back, and barks and growls just like grandma did. Please buy this dog and kill it for good. $250 555-2515

-- NO TREASURE HERE! -- I made a map to the spot in the mountains where I left a very bad dog named Tallahassee Bandit. He's a rude cuss, as rotten as they come. If you want him, the map is yours. 555-5552

LOYAL GUARD DOG has never wavered in his commitment to protect. There's simply no getting past him, which is why we must part company. He has been guarding a dead skunk he found and dragged inside and it smells just awful. 555-9182

BIG HUGE TEXAS DOG is comparable in size to a bull, but is not a bull (does not have horns, graze, or show any interest in lady cows). Would love to trade for an actual bull. My ranch is a sore sight without one. 555-5221

♦ IRKSOME FOREIGNER ♦ Long story short, I bought a dog with diplomatic immunity, so I'm not allowed to discipline him. He has torn up two sofas, one of which I won in a local beauty contest. You can have him for free! 555-7182

CHROME-SKINNED TERRIER

DOG LOVERS, I challenge you to love this horrible dog, with his ugly, pus-oozing face, his malformed claws, his hairless tail that hangs limp, his inverted ears, sandpaper skin and bloodcurdling coos. Dare you answer me? Cowards, all of you! 555-2871

RESCUER NEEDS RESCUE I rescued a large oil-covered dog from the beach. She has since grown even larger, and waddles around making a terrible "arf" sound. Very angry always. Help! 555-6728

• THE DREADFUL DOG • appears but once a month, barks twice, then drags his many long chains outside to a patch of dirt. Thrice he barks, then vanishes. Selling newly renovated home, with dog included, for $350k. 555-1824

GARY'S FOR SALE AGAIN Your eyes don't deceive you! Gary is once more up for grabs after blowing yet another opportunity. This time the big oaf wore out his welcome after barfing on an original Picasso. 555-4252

~~ DINNER FOR TWO ~~ I am trying to build confidence for Buckley, a friendly but shy Rhodesian Ridgeback. If you would like to take him out to dinner, that would be great. I will chaperon, and I do not eat meat, dairy, gluten, soy, carbs or sugars. 555-2552

WON'T [illegible] HING

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.2 Cyberpunk Anthony Bourdain's Parts Unknown 2077

Friday, Jun 03, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Visits Chiba City

At Yaxatori AD, it isn't about the chrome, it isn't about the hotware you're chipping, it's about friends and good food. The smell of stewing soyblank is the same here as it has been ever since Chiba City was hit by the EMP. This is food you could cook on a Kawasaki engine by the side of a neon-washed scrapheap with your bosozoku bros, but it is being made with fresh ingredients, local flavor, and all the love of an AI hotstack engram-mapped from the dying brain of a Japanese grandmother. This is real food and it's good.

Visits Shanghai

Sometimes you want the sort of thing that is going to hit your guts like an expanding tip bullet at the beach. You want heavy. You want greasy. You want Zone Dump. It looks like a giant dumpster and seats five. The seafood is fried by an octolimb cyberform with a natural hotstack slotted straight out of a zone killer named Felix.

You heard that right. Felix is a German Jew zone trooper making traditional Chinese street food. He has left the slag wars to Eurasia and now he pan-fries your choice of vat-grown fish in one of eight woks he has going at all times. The sizzle never stops and if you aren't waiting for your plate when the order is up, your fish just might go in Felix's beak. The hustle, the melting pot of influences, the streets full of expats, the lab tech, can

be tasted in every bite of pepper glazed bream. That, my friend, is what makes Neo-Shanghai my kind of town.

Visits Denmark

Zer0ki11a is doing something different here in the kitchen of NoDICEY. He's serving up plates of nothing and then using a cybervirus to make you think you're eating fractal butterflies, faerie legs, and prickly alien eggs. You walk into NoDICEY and it seems like a joke. A bunch of customers are pantomiming eating from their empty plates. But then you get that buzz at the peripheral of your hotstack. Just a little static. "It's my 69-420 unicorn steak," says Zer0ki11a. And the plate comes out and you get it. It all makes sense. I really like this.

Visits Ecuador

Full body conversions and cyberform resleeves need not apply at Bloodin/Bloodout. When you step through the doorway, you enter a hazy neon maze full of pounding techno and cackling goblinforms. Am I awake? Is this a nightmare? Someone just pinched me. It turns out, that little blue goblin was taking some of my blood. In the kitchen, the protein vats recombine your DNA into nutrient-rich meat and produce steaks to order. From the hanging chairs made of cargo netting, you tell the gene-coded drone waiters exactly how you want yourself cooked.

It's this tech-hungry playfulness that is drawing outlaw chefs from all over the world to the Cannibal Wastes of the Great Ecuadorian Quake Zone. It has drawn me too, changed my expectations, and now it won't let go.

Visits New York City

It's possible to have a terrible meal in a great food city. Chow down on a reheat mycomeal from ValuEat, a fake choco soylent shake straight from the nozzle, or cram yourself full of strip steak from Applebees, and you might as well be admitting your empathy is zero. If you want real food in New York, good food, you have to take chances. I met my fixer at a warehouse in Little Haiti. He put a black bag over my head and drove me to an unlicensed parasite restaurant in the hold of a Russian cargo ship that ran aground during the Days of Rage.

At Dying Insides, you trade information for a meal of exclusive parasites. I gave up hacked banking info for a New Jersey private school in exchange for a meal of black market exotic parasites. I had vinaigrette tossed tapeworms from a senator's toilet, mango fly larvae extracted from the back of a Broadway singer, and barnacles off the nose of the last whale in the Arctic Ocean.

After the meal, I was threatened at gunpoint by a Vietnamese cyber psycho named Lucky Lu Bao. He was the chef. He kept telling me that we are the real parasites - the media and humans in general - and he was going to feed me to his customers. He didn't count on me hiring a street runner team as backup. Cipher sniped him with an antitank rifle through a wall. As Lu's head exploded in a

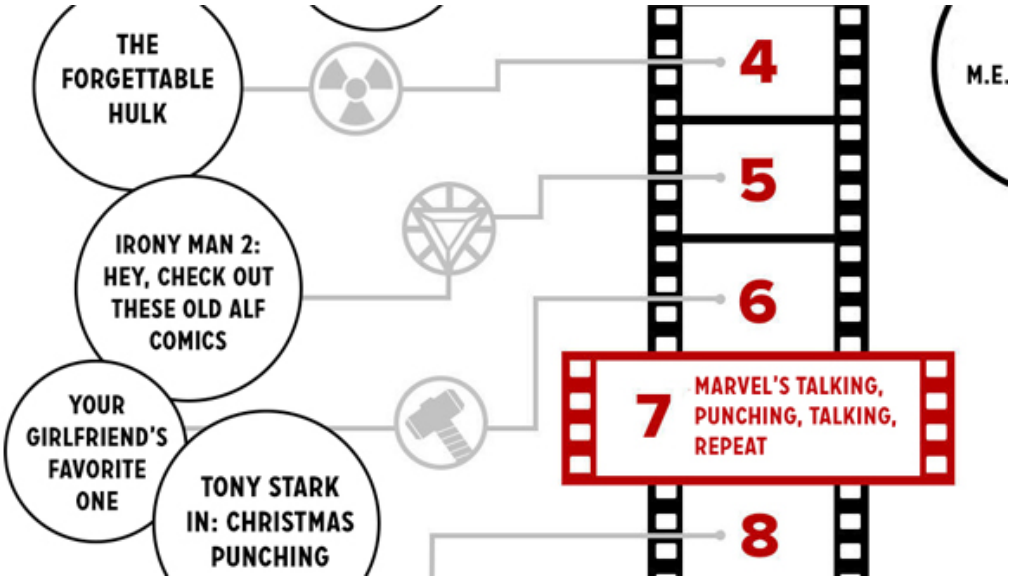
mist of blood and bad chip blackware, I couldn't help but thinking that maybe he had a point.

They say you Judge Dredd in the Megacity, but shouldn't we really judge ourselves? So long as we are willing to sacrifice real food for a prepackaged corporate experience, safe and sanitized, we are depriving ourselves of what it means to be human. At that point, we might as well be the tapeworms we should be eating instead.

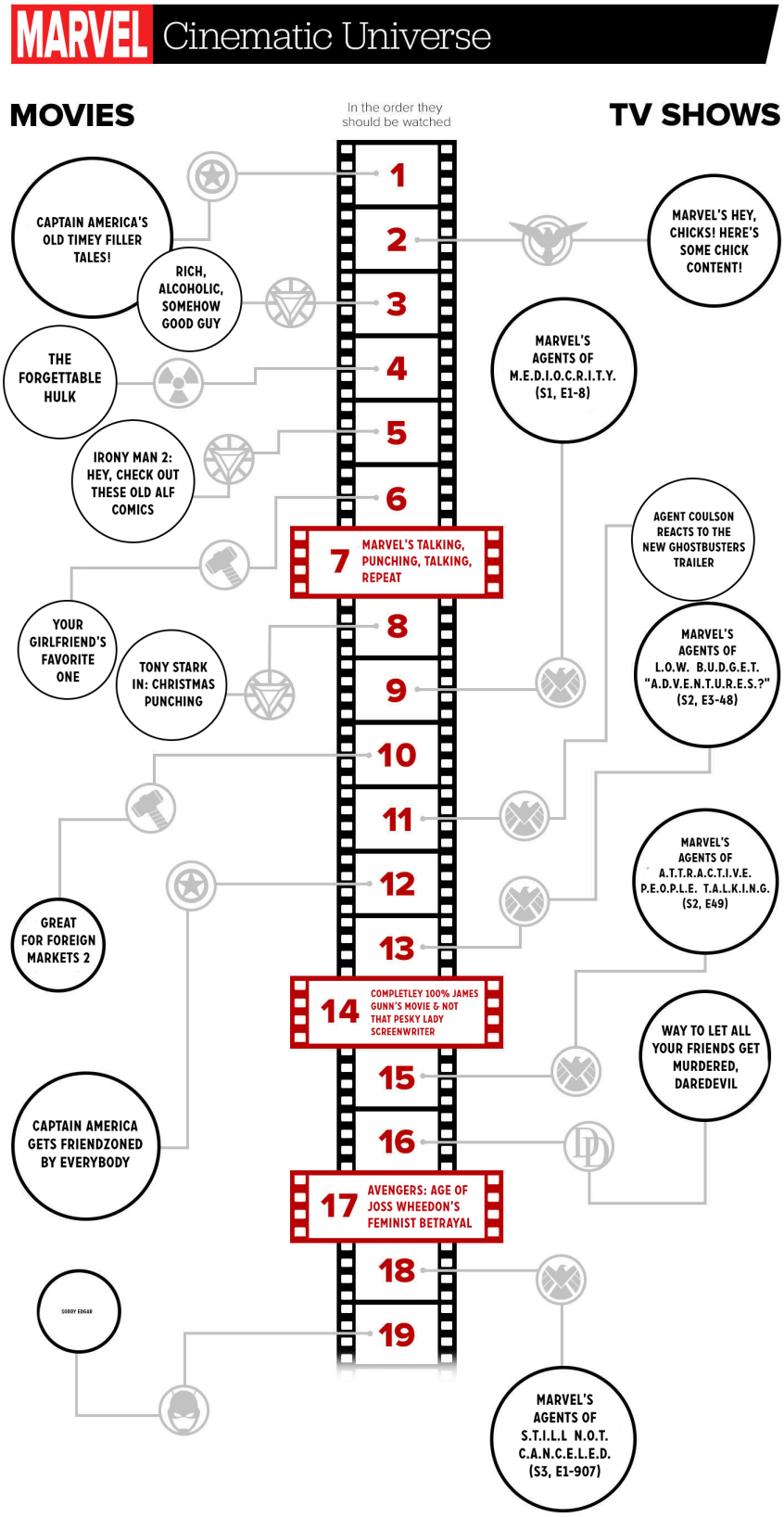
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 The Complete Marvel Cinematic Universe Viewing Order

Monday, Jun 06, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)



At Something Awful, a question we get all the time is, "How are you still around?" Another question we get is, "What's the proper viewing order for various film and television properties within the Marvel Cinematic Universe? I mean, you seem like the shut-ins who'd know this." We're glad to finally put this question to rest, with this, the bestest-ever MCU viewing order chart.


MARVEL Cinematic Universe
MOVIES
In the order they should be watched
TV SHOWS
1
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S OLD TIMEY FILLER TALES!
2
MARVEL'S HEY, CHICKS! HERE'S SOME CHICK CONTENT!
RICH, ALCOHOLIC, SOMEHOW GOOD GUY
3
THE FORGETTABLE HULK
4
MARVEL'S AGENTS OF M.E.D.I.O.C.R.I.T.Y. (S1, E1-8)
5
IRONY MAN 2: HEY, CHECK OUT THESE OLD ALF COMICS
6
AGENT COULSON REACTS TO THE NEW GHOSTBUSTERS TRAILER
7 MARVEL'S TALKING, PUNCHING, TALKING, REPEAT
YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S FAVORITE ONE
8
TONY STARK IN: CHRISTMAS PUNCHING
9
MARVEL'S AGENTS OF L.O.W. B.U.D.G.E.T. "A.D.V.E.N.T.U.R.E.S.?" (S2, E3-48)
10
11
MARVEL'S AGENTS OF A.T.T.R.A.C.T.I.V.E. P.E.O.P.L.E. T.A.L.K.I.N.G. (S2, E49)
12
GREAT FOR FOREIGN MARKETS 2
13
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–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

6.4 Understanding the Wedding Seating Hierarchy

Tuesday, Jun 07, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Outcast Table
Distance From Bride: 100 feet

The furthest table is jammed with stragglers and unknowns, each wearing an assortment of wrinkled clothing picked up from the sale rack of Kohl's. There are no +1s, no one knows one another, and everyone has some weird job like vintage radio repair or dog groomer. If you're sitting here you probably bought the cheapest thing left on the already picked over registry. Your invitation is due to you being a friend of a moody friend, and it's easier to give you a piece of dried out chicken than explain your absence.

Working Class Table
Distance from Bride: 80 feet

Largely comprised of work acquaintances and neighbors who weren't invited until they proved their usefulness with hair, knowing an open bar service, or stuffing invitations. If you're sitting here you're probably nursing a poorly hidden deep-rooted resentment, believing that your talent was exploited. You're right, but you need to recognize that your work is third tier Pinterest *at best*. This table is responsible for the vast majority of Instagram pictures of food and for actually using the couple's vague and nonsensical hashtag #Married4Ever2016.

Old High School/College Friends Table
Distance from Bride: 60 feet

Easily identifiable by the echoing and empty phrase "we should totally hang out!" This table is often composed of both the furthest traveling attendants and the most frequent open bar visitors. Everyone will relish in finding out who knew the couple the longest, but the bride and groom will quickly walk past this table only once as they move on towards people they still care about. You are pretty much a breathing Beanie Baby in their eyes: a period of stupidity that seemed promising at one time, but gets more embarrassing each year. If you are sitting at this table, you probably do not know this. The guests here exist in a dimension where each individual recognizes that everyone else has aged but themselves. All given a +1 despite the bride and groom never once meeting the significant others, but the punishment for these unknown guests is an endless three hours of nonstop nostalgia about being late to classes and drinking cheap beer. Between sharing memories, the table will glance towards the table of new friends and try to hide their anguish.

Family (B) Table

Distance from Bride: 40 feet

Considered the junior varsity of family, this table is invited entirely out of guilt. Though the bride and groom had to cut some of their close friends, their parents insisted that each and every gossipy aunt and distant, drunk uncles get an invite. A collection of black sheep and their horde of offspring, the table appears as a cancerous tumor on the family tree. They do not mingle, but they do drink all the gin as they talk in tight circles around the edge of the wedding space.

New Friends Table
Distance from Bride: 20 feet

More attractive and successful than the old friends, the new friends sit within reaching distance of the bride and groom. If you are sitting at this table, you are aware of this distinction, but try not to draw attention to it. The ceremony might include a few inside jokes that originate from this space, and the bridal party will likely include a large number of these individuals. Throughout the speeches, these individuals will be name-checked by the parents. Every song they request is played in, like, seven minutes, but their taste is so on point that no one complains. Their worst fear for the wedding is to get stuck beside an old friend in line for a drink, where they're forced to hear about how the couple acted in some remote high school.

Unknown Children Table
Distance from Bride: 15 feet

Who are these children? Where are their parents? No one knows. They're dressed like breathing American Girl dolls and they're slamming on a fat stack of chicken nuggets which you're sure weren't on the invitations. Somehow they've gotten to the cake early and have gorged themselves on the icing, leaving moist little cubes of carrot cake at the table. When the dancing starts, a few will rush up and begin aggressively swing dancing. They are really good, but that somehow just makes it more awkward. Soon one starts screaming, and then once the sugar high crashes, they all start screaming.

Family (A) Table
Distance from Bride: 10 feet

If you are at this table you are likely old or paying for this. The entire ceremony is fully ruined due to a constant anxiety about whether ungrateful strangers are having a good time or not. People will get their thirteenth Jack and Coke and a third serving of meatballs, and then try not to acknowledge you. The other option is you're a sibling that didn't quite make it into the bridal party and you're now drinking enough to make your "oh it's fine" sound believable.

Groom or Bride Table
Distance from Bride: Negligible

Mystery zone. You are the center of the party and yet everyone is more obsessed about their own positioning than how this event signifies a moment in your life. Perhaps some will congratulate you by repeating the same thing over and over, others might clink their glasses to make you kiss, but

most will certainly be trying their damnedest to get their money's worth out of your hors d'oeuvres. You desperately try (and fail) to have a wonderful time and simply push out the memories of hard work and costs that put you in this chair, but still you scan the room knowing the cost of every flower, every server, and every little knick-knack beside the gifts. If you are at this table you are probably more personable, attractive, and responsible than me. Or really stupid.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.5 I Refuse to Be Defined by the Four Ton Weight Which Is Slowly Crushing Me

Wednesday, Jun 08, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As I'm out and about, the first thing people notice when they glance my way is the enormous four ton weight atop my broken body. I get it. We are, by our very nature, superficial creatures. But there's so much more to me than the classic black iron trapezoid with a handle and the words "4 Tons" printed in bold white letters on its side.

Look a little closer.

See that I am also a hand peeking out from under the weight, palm up to the sky, twisted fingers strained and twitching.

Circle the weight until you reach the opposite corner and see that I am also a foot inside a shoe, pressed as flat as a sheet of paper and squeezed out from a spot where you wouldn't think a foot would be. Curiously, there is nothing graphic about the visual. It's just a two dimensional white sneaker with red trim, perfectly preserved and stretched out five times as wide as it once was.

Listen long enough and you will eventually hear that I am a voice, small and uncertain, saying, "Oh man this four ton weight is pretty heavy."

Basically, I'm just like you.

I have my inner doubts and regrets. At my lowest, when I am alone at night with my thoughts and the long silence in the ruins of my collapsed bed, I allow myself to relive that fateful day and kick myself for not paying more attention to the sign:

If I had known the weight cost nearly two thousand dollars, I would have never allowed myself to be crushed by it.

I also have hopes, just as you do.

It is my dream that if I work hard and apply myself, I can remove this terrible four ton weight from my body, and replace it with a brand new two ton weight.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Warning
You Get
Crushed
By The Four
Ton Weight,
You Buy It

6.6 Justice for Brock Turner's Tummy

Thursday, Jun 09, 2016 by Something Awful Scoops

In response to his son's sexual assault case, the father of Stanford student Brock Turner recently caused a stir when his tone-deaf plea for mercy was released to the public. However, this letter was actually the last of several drafts Dan Turner wrote before finally submitting his correspondence to the judge. In a world exclusive bombshell, Something Awful is proud to illegally release Turner's very first draft.

Honorable Judge Aaron Persky,

It is with great shame that I must interrupt my lobster salad for the sake of shedding light on my son's character, which has been called into question due to recent events. As someone who has known this bright young boy for his whole life, I find it incredibly tragic that an entire future has been cut short thanks to 20 minutes of horseplay. Looking at his two decades on this planet, should Brock's entire character be judged on less than half an hour of late-night shenanigans? Listen, I love *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*, even if that "Cheer Up, Charlie" song has me reaching for the remote. But do I start petitioning to have that movie chemically castrated over a few objectionable minutes? No. I rate it a 7.8 on IMDB and move on with my life.

Your honor, no one is shaken up more about this than my dear boy. He's always been a kind, conscientious soul who feels things on a much deeper level than you or I. When Brock was 4, he put his mom's favorite Beanie Baby in the toilet, then made us a homemade "I'm sorry" card when he saw my wife weeping over the soggy remnants of Patti the Platypus. When we looked at that adorable sheet of looseleaf paper with its endearingly misspelled apology, we agreed on the spot Brock was simply too gentle of a human being to ever be held accountable for his actions. If Brock had the financial means, I'm sure he'd buy an entire Hallmark store's worth of sympathy cards to make up for actions influenced by campus party culture, even the more expensive ones that play a little song when you open them.

Above all, your honor, what has suffered the most is Brock's appetite. As you may know, swimmers require much more calories than ordinary people like us. Not long ago, it wouldn't be uncommon for

my wife to buy a bag of oranges at the grocery store, only to enter the kitchen later that afternoon to find the floor absolutely littered with rinds. As she would get on her knees to clean up the pulpy mess, our eyes would meet as we both said, "That's our Brock." Brock was no slouch at cooking, either. I just loved bringing him home a thick, juicy steak that he would grill up in his signature style. Black on the outside, pink on the inside, a dash of salt and pepper, and slathered in A.1. Sauce: He called it Steak a la Brock. Now that his lust for life has been so forcefully taken from him, the poor boy eats only to live and is down to just four or five steaks a week. I shouldn't have to tell you this whole situation has strained the Turner family's relationship with our local butcher irrevocably.

While I can't think of anything offhand, greater injustices have certainly happened in America. But can we as a country stand idly by as this promising young swimmer destroys his healthy body by forgoing the seconds and thirds he once happily helped himself to? When I see him push away his Bloomin' Onion when he's not even halfway done, your honor, my heart just breaks–speaking personally, it's every father's nightmare. And it's not just food; Brock has simply let his favorite interests fall to the wayside because of all the mental energy he's spent on this debacle. Just the other day, his mother and myself were discussing *Game of Thrones* spoilers at the breakfast table, and Brock just sat there, idly stirring his Trix. He's a half-season behind, your honor, and now six episodes of one of the best shows on TV are now ruined for him forever. I only pray that more things aren't.

Ultimately, the ball's in your court, your honor. But if grant my son the mercy his promising life deserves, when he takes home the gold at the Olympics–*and he will*–he'll be sure to tug on his left ear when he's up there getting that medal around his neck. That'll be his way of saying, "Hey, your honor. Thanks for looking out for your boy, Brock. This one's for you." And I promise he'll volunteer to speak to high school students about the dangers of attending college in California, time permitting.

Sincerely,

Dan A. Turner

–∼Something Awful Scoops

6.7 BERNIE DROPPED OUT AND A GHOST DROPPED IN (TO MY BEDROOM)

Friday, Jun 10, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What's up, shitheads? You keepin' it wet?

The big news this week in the world of politics is that Bobby Brown had sex with a ghost. He claims in his book that a white lady ghost flew down onto his unit but didn't even let him bust a nut. I'm like wow dude big fucking deal man, I used to get night attacked by sex ghosts every single time I went to the Palin house and busted 70-80 nuts.

I remember one time Bristol texted me and said I needed to come over and toss some vitamin D in her but it was weird the address wasn't the usual address it was this abandoned mental institution. And I walked around and there was weird messages written on the wall and like babies in jars and stuff and lights kept flickering and I was like "yo bristol are we gonna do this or not bodie rented Bad Boyz again and we were gonna quote lines at each other"

Then out of nowhere this banger with long black hair covering her face starts creep walking towards me real fast. I was like well I am pretty sure this isn't bristol but not 100% sure so game on.

Now, I know what you're saying, you're saying "durrr I'm a dip shit idiot who doesn't believe truth when they hear it you probably just imagined this shit levi because you were injecting peyote oil again."

No! This was before I started injecting peyote oil much, I was still doing the peyote wax you smear inside your eyelids and that was only like twice a week tops. The hallucinations you get from peyote are much more mythological themed and like all about spirits but not ghosts. So when I say this shit really happened: listen up.

Anyway, this bimbo pointed a finger at me so she clearly wanted to bone down. And ghosts are all fucking kinky and shit like they're dead what do they care about tablues? So I was like let's do it right here next to the dead baby jars and she was like "VENNNN JUMMMMSSSSS" whatever that means.

So needless to say I went raw dog on a poltergeist drilled that ghost down so hard it was walking even creepier and the dead baby jars were a mess. All sorts of ectoplasms and stuff flying everywhere. I never even saw her face but her body was like a rock solid 6 which in Wasilla is a 10.

I'm not sure if the ghost is still haunting that asylum. I went back seven or eight times and screwed her all over the place where they did surgeries on people without anemsthetics and in the room with

fingernail scratches all over the walls. There was one hallway that was just all screaming children which for a dad is like boner killer but then the ghost put a finger up the old chute and I was rock hard.

I did get some requests to appear in court about child support for the ghost but I filed that away with the rest of those letters in my toilet. Which won't flush anymore because all those little plastic windows on the envelopes don't dissolve in water and just keep making the toilet pipe narrower and narrower and when you are dropping these enormous oxy anacondas down there you might as well forget it. A garbage disposal couldn't handle those things and the pharmacy started putting the laxatives in those locked shelf things where you have to get the pharmacist to unlock it and it is almost impossible to shove the laxatives down your pants while she is standing there staring at you. Apparently you can get this stuff at amazon but I don't have one near me and you need a credit card I guess? Does anybody have one I could borrow for like five minutes? I promise I will not buy that badass skidoo jacket from making of a murderer.

Anyway, I guess Bernie dropped out which made me think back to all the times he gave that same speech about the one percent. Like, I get it already, you like the top tenth of the one percent jesus bernie for someone who makes me do hard ass fraction math every time he gives a speech you sure don't know regular math because n-word you lost like 3 months ago. Berne is worse at counting delegates than Jane Sanders is at running a college. You kept getting further and further behind and you'd be like "but I won wyoming cock us" and I'd be like that ain't nothing to be proud of bernie there isn't a town in wyoming big enough for a 311 concert and they played in wasilla at a place that rents bounce houses.

The system was rigged. I know, I know. FBI emails or whatever. Before you berniebros get all worked up at me and start breathing heavy and swinging your numchucks: I ain't with her.

I am totally voting for donald because I am for his platform of stream of comsciousness policies except I can't vote because I have a felony for attempted murder of a police officer because how was I supposed to know they were looking for a missing child in the lake when I went dynamite fishing right where they had rescue divers. What are they bitching about anyway put up signs next time. Don't get pissed at me you know this is dynamite fishing season. Besides, I pay their salaries with the taxes I get charged on my cabellas paycheck. They work for ME and they are FIRED.

That's a donald reference.

PEACE!!!!!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

6.8 Got a PROBLEM? You should try...THE GUN!

Monday, Jun 13, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

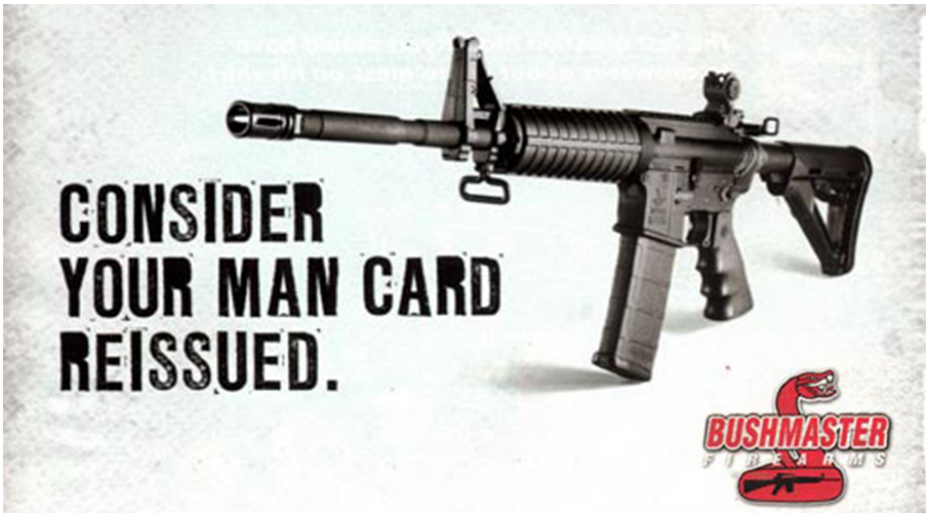
Co-workers not giving you the RESPECT YOU DESERVE?

Little lady MOUTHING OFF at home?

Is the man on the TV making FUN OF YOU, SPECIFICALLY??

Have we got a solution for you!

Introducing...THE GUN!



THE GUN is the perfect product to solve ANY PROBLEM!

Just grab the handle, fill it with your FAVORITE ammunition, then point and spray your problems AWAY!

THE GUN can be used to tackle all kindsa TOUGH situations:

- **Wal-Mart won't let you return an AIR MATTRESS**
- **The tip was INCLUDED but you don't feel it SHOULD BE**
- **SOME BITCH doesn't like you back even though you were NICE to her**
- **Another guy wore the same DILBERT T-SHIRT as you did today**
- **PENIS issues**

- **Disney is refusing to release the UNALTERED cut of Star Wars: A New Hope**
- **Parking Tickets, AM I RIGHT?**
- **A COOL DOG is telling you to GET YOUR KILL ON**
- **Denny's stops serving SOUP after ELEVEN PM**
- **PENIS issues**
- **Your IPHONE BATTERY LIFE is really UNPREDICTABLE**
- **You didn't win tickets to 99.9 KROK'S SUMMER BLAST**
- **You saw reportage of A MASS SHOOTING and said, "Eh, I can top that."**
- **PENIS issues**
- **Men are trying to LOVE EACH OTHER in a PRIVATE SPACE and an OLD BOOK told you that was NO BUENO**
- **Your neighbor won't sell you his GUN**

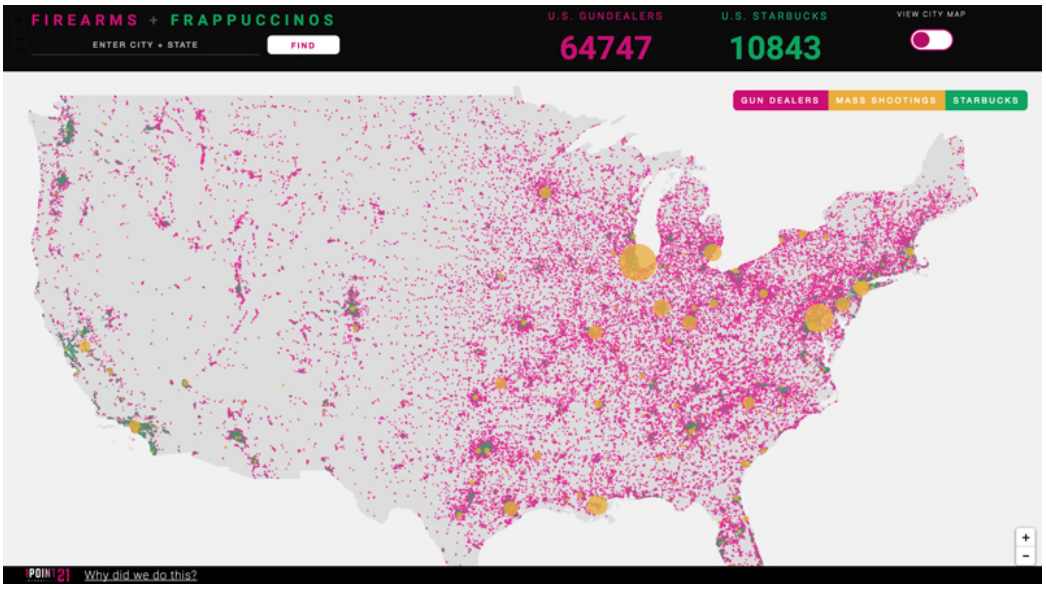
AND MORE!

Just look at this SATISFIED CUSTOMER:

WANT TO SEE MY...
...M88
ALL STEEL, WITH THE NATURAL CURVES & FEEL YOU WANT, BECAUSE THIN JUST AIN'T RIGHT.
Barrel-3.6"; Width-1.25"
OAL-7"; Weight-28 oz.
$275-$295 MSRP
9mm, .40 S&W
Available Now at Your Local Gun Dealer
If your dealer cannot get you an M88 pistol, have them contact EAA directly.
Phone: 321-639-4842
EUROPEAN AMERICAN ARMORY CORPORATION
EAA CORP
WWW.EAACORP.COM

OH YEAH, A GUN IS A METAL PENIS THAT BLONDES WILL JERK OFF UNTIL BULLETS SPRAY EVERYWHERE!

So what are you waiting for? Take control of YOUR life! Order your THE GUN today at one of THESE fine stores:



Map from Firearms & Frappuccinos: `http://www.safer-america.com/firearmsandfraps/`

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

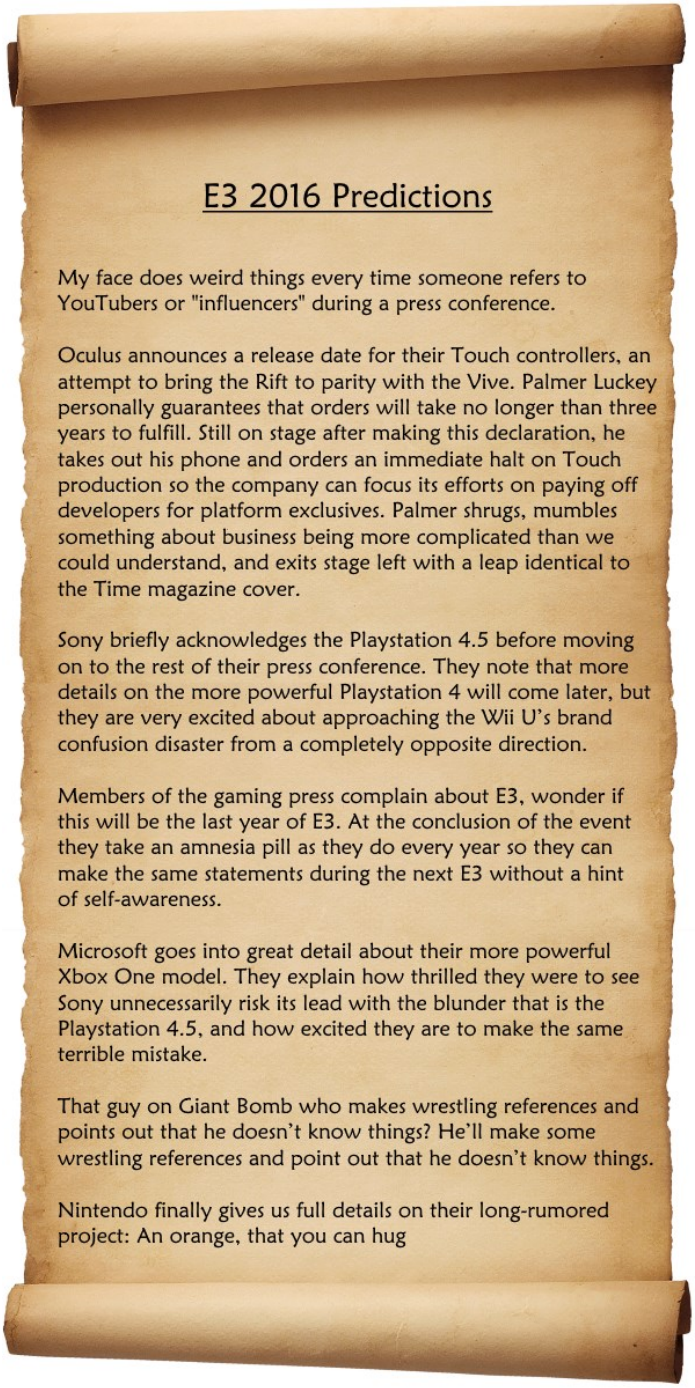
6.9 Unearthed Time Capsule Reveals 2016 E3 Predictions Written in 2006!

Tuesday, Jun 14, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Ten years ago I buried a capsule in my E3 hole. It's a good hole. The capsule contained two items: My predictions for E3 2016 meticulously inked upon a weathered scroll, and a second-gen iPod Mini with just one song on its drive, Ignition (remix).

Today I dug up the capsule from the E3 hole. How accurate were my prophecies? I'm going to share them with you now. I will not share Ignition (remix). You should have had the foresight to bury a copy for yourself.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



E3 2016 Predictions

My face does weird things every time someone refers to YouTubers or "influencers" during a press conference.

Oculus announces a release date for their Touch controllers, an attempt to bring the Rift to parity with the Vive. Palmer Luckey personally guarantees that orders will take no longer than three years to fulfill. Still on stage after making this declaration, he takes out his phone and orders an immediate halt on Touch production so the company can focus its efforts on paying off developers for platform exclusives. Palmer shrugs, mumbles something about business being more complicated than we could understand, and exits stage left with a leap identical to the Time magazine cover.

Sony briefly acknowledges the Playstation 4.5 before moving on to the rest of their press conference. They note that more details on the more powerful Playstation 4 will come later, but they are very excited about approaching the Wii U's brand confusion disaster from a completely opposite direction.

Members of the gaming press complain about E3, wonder if this will be the last year of E3. At the conclusion of the event they take an amnesia pill as they do every year so they can make the same statements during the next E3 without a hint of self-awareness.

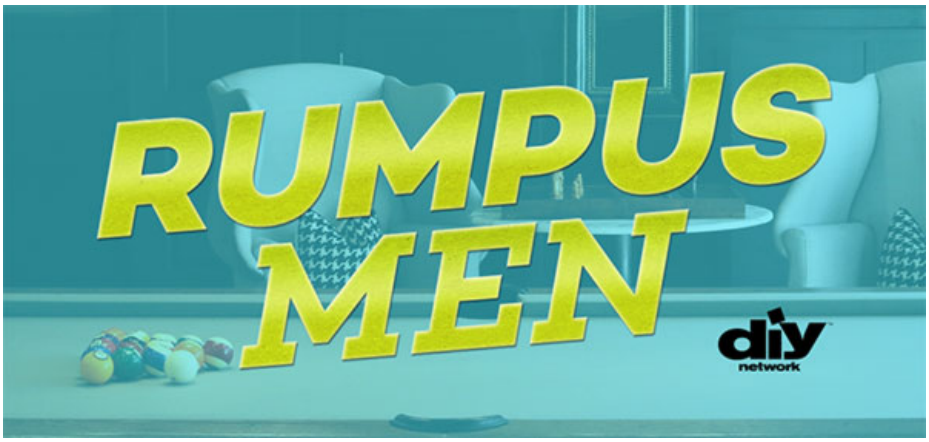
Microsoft goes into great detail about their more powerful Xbox One model. They explain how thrilled they were to see Sony unnecessarily risk its lead with the blunder that is the Playstation 4.5, and how excited they are to make the same terrible mistake.

That guy on Giant Bomb who makes wrestling references and points out that he doesn't know things? He'll make some wrestling references and point out that he doesn't know things.

Nintendo finally gives us full details on their long-rumored project: An orange, that you can hug

6.10 TV Schedule: Rumpus Men Father's Day Marathon

Wednesday, Jun 15, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



"The Rumpus Starts Here"
10AM - Expert Rumpus Men Dan and Lyle redecorate the Wilson family's rundown rumpus room, turning it into a recreational wonderland.

"Ruckus in a Rumpus"
10:30AM - Rumpus Men Bryce and Barron wrestle with a muscular client who's all hands. Meanwhile, Dan and Jeff help a homeowner discover a rumpus room hidden beneath his driveway.

"Tabletop Love"
11AM - Rumpus Man Chase makes dreams come true for an insufferable nerd couple when he turns a spare bedroom into a romantic tabletop gaming room.

"We Rumpus Here Today"
11:30AM - Rumpus Men Kevin and Jeremy prove anything is possible when they turn a cemetery into a beautiful rumpus room just in time for a wedding.

"Rocket Rumpus, USA"
12PM - Rumpus Men Chase and Lyle both miss the birth of their children to create an out-of-this-world rumpus room for a NASA office administrator.

"Royal Rumpus"
12:30PM - Chase and Bryce create a rumpus room fit for a king when they they lend their regal touch to King Jonathan's opulent castle.

"No Way, Jose"
1PM - Rumpus Men Bryce and Kevin struggle to please a client more interested in devastating psychological mind games than rumpus room fun.

"Rumpus Rumble"
1:30PM - Kevin loses his cool and goes too far with a rumpus room renovation. Bryce surprises his estranged father with a rumpus room he does not want.

"Wild Rumpus"
2PM - Barron and Jeremy overcome their worst fears to create an amazing rumpus room for rats at an injured rodent sanctuary. Lyle breaks a promise.

"Desert Rumpus"
2:30PM - Jeff and Dan go *in situ* to create an impromptu rumpus room for a man pinned beneath a boulder in the desert.

"A Lady's Touch"
3PM - Rumpus Man Jeff teams up with Jill from Basement Bedazzlers to show you how to make the most of the rumpus room in your studio apartment.

"Put a Pin in It"
3:30PM - Rumpus Men Dan and Bryce give new life to a rumpus room full of spiders when they add a collection of vintage pinball machines.

"Way Down Deep"
4PM - Tragedy strikes the Rumpus Men when Bryce succumbs to a snakebite while installing a custom pool table in the show's first-ever rumpus hole.

"Rumpus in Peace"
4:30PM - All the Rumpus Men gather to create the ultimate rumpus funeral for Bryce, and surprise his family with an unforgettable rumpus memorial.

"Immure for You"
5PM - Rumpus Men Jeff and Lyle discover a starving man entombed behind a wall while creating a one-of-a-kind wild west saloon. Chase arrives at a decision.

"Pound of Flesh"
5:30PM - Rumpus Men Jeff and Dan deal with an angry client when their flesh-themed rumpus room goes dangerously over budget.

"Hard Deadline"
6:00PM - It's a race against time as expert Rumpus Men Jeff and Lyle rush to finish some serious rumpus room renovations before their wealthy client commits suicide.

"The Never-ending Rumpus"
6:30PM - Seasoned Rumpus Men Baker and Chase struggle to survive as they navigate a house with seemingly endless rumpus rooms and no exit.

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.11 This Slaughter Match Is On Hold Until That Woman in the Audience Stops Texting

Thursday, Jun 16, 2016 by Mondu the Fat (@notoriousamoeba)

Welcome, one and all, to the Fight Palace, home of the brutal pastime known as Slaughter Sport. In the pit before you, two seasoned warriors will do battle for your entertainment. The victor will survive. The vanquished will become dinner for the Thrasharks. Many of you have traveled far to be here, from the selenium mines of Cygnus V or the icy wastes of Gethen. You seek pain, carnage and gore-soaked mayhem, and I promise you, tonight's spectacle will not disappoint.

But before we begin the first match, between two merciless foes who crave anguished screams the way some of us crave oxygen, I have one request. Will the woman in the third row please stop texting?

Yes, you in the blue jacket. You've been on your phone since you got here. Am I boring you? Does the flesh-rending, bone-splintering brutality of my Palace put you to sleep? In the arena, a moment can mean the difference between life and excruciating death, but clearly a moment of your time is too much to ask.

Fine, keep ignoring me. I'm certain that message to your boyfriend about last night's party is quite important. Far more important than punishing holds and tendon-ripping special moves. Or perhaps you're shopping for furniture on etsy. I hope the slaughter match doesn't distract you from finding the perfect lamp. I will tell my warriors to keep it down.

Speaking of the warriors, have you seen them? One is a six-foot arachnoid who spits acid venom. She starves herself for weeks before fights to whet her appetite for opponents' entrails. The other is a nuclear-powered cyborg with buzz saws for hands. His kills look like the dissection table in your high-school biology class. Their savagery, unthinkable as it seems to a sapien like yourself, adheres to a code. They honor each other's flesh by showing it no mercy - only the purest, cruelest violence will suffice. By texting during their match, you disrespect that code. Were you a fighter in the ring,

the Thrasharks would not deign to devour you.

When I was your age, centuries ago, we didn't have texts or emojis. I was spawned in the blood dens of Glurst, where the only language was murder and ceaseless torment. My brethren and I didn't have wikihow to tell us how to snap each other's spines. We didn't have Google Maps to lead us to the nests of the glurstian razorbeasts we hunted with bone spears for sport, but we did just fine. Better, I'd venture, than your generation, with your twitters and instagrams. You may have limitless knowledge and hilarious cat videos at your fingertips, but you forget the eternal verities of death, torture and dismemberment.

Very well, continue texting. I will wait until you're done. A few minutes are nothing to an immortal like myself. The souls of slain combatants sustain me. I can wait until this whole palace turns to dust, until the last atom of your body disintegrates.

Be warned, though, I have a strong social media presence, and this will definitely be in my next blog.

–∼Mondu the Fat (@notoriousamoeba)

6.12 Actually, it's Good the Martians are Using the Heat Ray

Friday, Jun 17, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I just can't.

It has taken me three days to make it from Horsell Common to Central London and I just can't deal with white men anymore. Their sense of entitlement is out of control and it is impossible for me to care about anything that happens to them. By now you've probably heard about the cylinder that landed on Horsell Common.

I was one of the first people there because I like to do my scream therapy where I don't have to hear complaints that I woke up babies. A metal cylinder crashes from the sky onto Horsell Common. I want to go take a closer look. Well, the government, caring nothing about intersectionality, creates a cordon of cis hetero white men around the first object to come from a place without a patriarchy.

One end of the cylinder began unscrewing and these big men were all brandishing their guns. Could it be friendly? Could she be a mother? They didn't wait to find out and opened fire. Too bad for them, the huge tripod fighting machine that appeared was immune to their bullets. It fired a heat ray that instantly turned every man it touched to fire and set the trees ablaze.

I went home that night and tried to watch some Netflix but I couldn't stop thinking about all those soldiers who were incinerated and how that was Good. Those soldiers would have been deployed most likely to Africa or India, maybe to Ireland, but one thing is sure: wherever those soldiers went they would not have respected fair trade practices. It's Good the Martains are using their heat ray, but I didn't realize how Good until the next day.

The tripods were stomping their way towards the heart of London and there was a stampede of people fleeing through the streets. There were no allowances for the differently abled and I witnessed men shoving women and children aside. What the men thought was an advantage turned quickly to equality as the Martian did the Good heat ray and turned everyone crowded in the streets into smoke. As the ray flashed again and again, I realized that at last the Martians were deconstructing thousands of years of male dominance.

I saw some children from one of the wealthy schools go up like gunpowder. I'm supposed to care that a bunch of white children got incinerated? After what happened last week when the police broke the strike at the textile factory? Really? I'm not entitled enough to even meet those kids.

Oh, and then Big Ben melted from tripod heat rays. I know, right? Big Deal, more like it. Some people actually stood and watched the Martians blowing up Big Ben and all I could think was, "Must be nice to have a job that lets you take a break to watch Big Ben get destroyed, because thousands of working poor can't afford to take five minutes for a meal, let alone to watch a boring landmark be melted down to slag."

I recognize that the Martians are incinerating hundreds of POC, but this is what equality feels like. Race is irrelevant to the Martian. The Martian certainly doesn't care whether it is scooping up a Hindu, Muslim, Christian, or Reiki channeler. It doesn't matter, because it wants to inject human blood into its alien veins, and I'm Glad Of It.

I escaped from London and met an artilleryman who had somehow escaped from Horsell Common. He told me that he had a plan and that mankind would survive and build a new world. UGH like I need him mansplaining to me. I told him that I saw a few problems with his plan, like nobody is asking for MANkind to survive, because man is far from kind, and they already built this world and look how it turned out. He didn't understand what I meant, so I linked him to a storify of tweets I made about Top of the Lake.

By the way, the artilleryman was white. Big surprise. The Martians are more of a gray color, so I consider them closer to understanding intersectionality than some ignorant Cis White Male who had a job loading bombs into cannons to kill POCs for wealthy autocrats.

If you're pissed at me for not performing grief over human civilization dying, I'm assuming your mom didn't love you and you're taking it out on me.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.13 Why Wasn't I Cast As The Japanese McNuggetBurglar?

Monday, Jun 20, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

In America, we are terrified of the Hamburglar. And for good reason: he steals hamburgers. But Japan has recently introduced a similar food-stealing baddie...a fried chicken stealing criminal named Kaito Nuggets:

What a piece of shit this guy is.

Look at him. I'm not afraid of him stealing my McNuggets at all. He's old. I could shove him to the ground, disable him with a throat strike, then take my nuggets back. And while he's pleading with me from the ground, gasping for life itself, I would steal his cell phone. I would take his photo. I would send it to his whole family. The caption would read:

"HANDS OFF MY NUGGETS ;-) ."

I'm sure it's obvious to all of you at this point that I would make a far better Japanese Chicken McNuggetburglar. Look at me:

Thick & beefy, like the perfect McNugget. Possessing the kind of big, round head that means business. A carefully cultivated, sturdy layer of fat around my midsection, capable of absorbing the toughest of McDonalds-coveting punches.

Why wasn't I chosen to represent the forces of Japanese fast food theft? What's wrong with these people?

When it comes to McNugget crime, no country has higher stakes than Japan. They sell McNuggets in 48-piece buckets, the largest number of McNuggets to come in a single container:

They previously only had 40 nugget buckets, but a 25-member Japanese teen-rock band named Niigata-48 teamed up with McDonald's to raise the number of Nuggets to that of their band: 48.

That's 100% correct. Google it, or fuck off.

Given these extra-large fried chicken honeypots, Japanese nuggets are now more vulnerable than ever. This is the perfect time for a villainous outside force to wreak havoc on their nugget supply. But instead of an indelible nightmare, they send Kaito Nuggets, whose primary attribute is that he can't stop dancing.

I think you could just shine a very bright light in his face and it would somehow cause him to have a heart attack.

Nothing brings us closer to what we have than the threat it'll be taken away. If I was the Japanese McNuggetburgler, you'd better believe the people of Japan would thank their lucky stars for their nuggets. Because I'd be out there, leaving the Japanese starving and alone and McNuggetless.

McDonalds: you can go with this funny, silly McNuggetburgler. Or you can go with the McNuggetburgler who will terrify the populace into hoarding McNuggets as if they were children.

Your call.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

6.14 10 Reasons You Need a New Video Card

Tuesday, Jun 21, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

- We all know the famous saying: Better to pay a 200% premium and be the first to boast about an additional 40 fps than to wait for a cost effective upgrade in a year.
- If you're planning on sacrificing your bank account to the upcoming Steam summer sale, you must first construct a gaming altar worthy of Gabe's divine grace. Daily deals cannot reach the heavenly percentages until your computer can render nirvana with zero dropped frames.
- You've been playing Oblivion for ten years, and while you've gotten used to the doughy, lopsided, and slime covered faces of the game, you're ready to take the next step into the uncanny valley. It'll be a different world living without integrated graphics, but you think you'll survive.
- You recently recorded a bunch of shaky, unlit vacation footage on your iPhone 4, and you've convinced yourself that you need a supreme rig to run your pirated version of Premier.
- You are, without doubt, the world's premier gamer. Insane reflexes, godly precision, and the ability to flame any noob in sight. Unfortunately, inadequate technology has oppressed you for decades. Now, with the latest video card, your immeasurable skill can finally reach its full potential. Like the Bronze Age and the Iron Age, historians will look back at your domination and call it the 8 Gig Age.
- All the other man-children on the internet are getting one.
- For years, you've pitted yourself against console gamers in an endless war of baseless insults and unconvincing screenshots comparing rendering distance. Despite your efforts, the idiotic Xbox owners couldn't comprehend your vast superiority, but now, finally, you have the conclusive upper hand. Game Over, console fools.
- You've been trying to become the next Twitch celebrity for months, but your stream never gets more than a handful of empathetic friends. You deserve to be the best: each morning you stand in front of the mirror to practice your meme work. "Kappa," you say. "4Head, Cringe, Mountain Dew, FeelsBadMan." The only possible thing holding you back is the technology. This isn't an upgrade, this is a lifestyle.
- Despite your best efforts, you've become infected with the E3 Hype Virus. There is no cure. Your only chance is to upgrade your computer months before your vaporware game is put on hiatus.

- A lifetime of poor decisions and taking the path of least resistance has led you to a point where considering the merits of a video card seems like a good use of your mind. Instead of questioning your time on earth, just think about how bitching your games will look.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

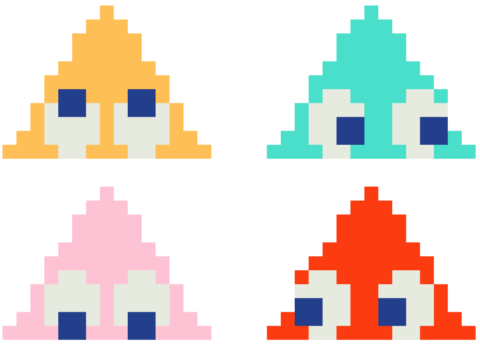
6.15 Lesser-Known Triangles

Wednesday, Jun 22, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Overachiever

Todd, Who Still Won't Stop
Talking About Inception

The Objectified Scandalene



Blinky, Inky, Pinky,
and Clyde

The Underachiever

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.16 8 Classic Games that Remind Me of My Father's Traumatic Death at My Own Hands

Thursday, Jun 23, 2016 by The Supreme Classic Gamer

Chrono Trigger

SquareSoft's amazing 1995 Japanese RPG features plenty of memorable moments, but one that will be forever burned into my brain is the camping scene, where the characters share a peaceful moment with one another in the middle of an otherwise harrowing adventure. Another reason it's burned into my brain is because a camping trip tore my family apart and turned my father and I into amoral creatures who would cast our essential humanity away for the sake of craven survival. They really don't make 2D graphics like this anymore!

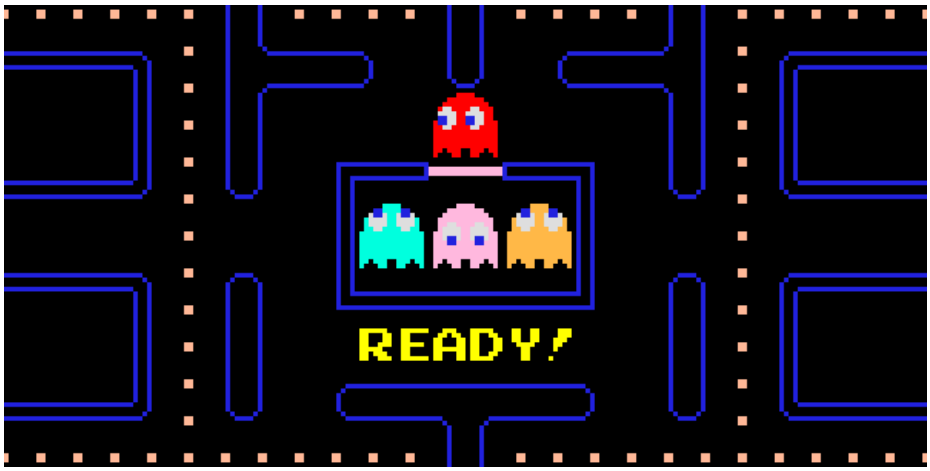
Breath of Fire

Sorry to crowd this list with RPGs, but as a self-proclaimed video game addict, it's by far my favorite genre–which is exactly why pops wanted to drag me off to a weekend trip to the wilderness with him. Anyhow, there are a lot of RPGs out there, but Breath of Fire may be the only one where you can cast your rod and reel in some slippery little beauties. Fishing in an RPG? How cool! But maybe I wouldn't think fishing was so "cool" on that fateful day of June 22, 1998 if I knew stepping into that rowboat to catch some crappies would lead to unforgettable memories that keep me from sleeping most nights. Fans of the genre agree: Breath of Fire is *awesome*!

Wave Race 64

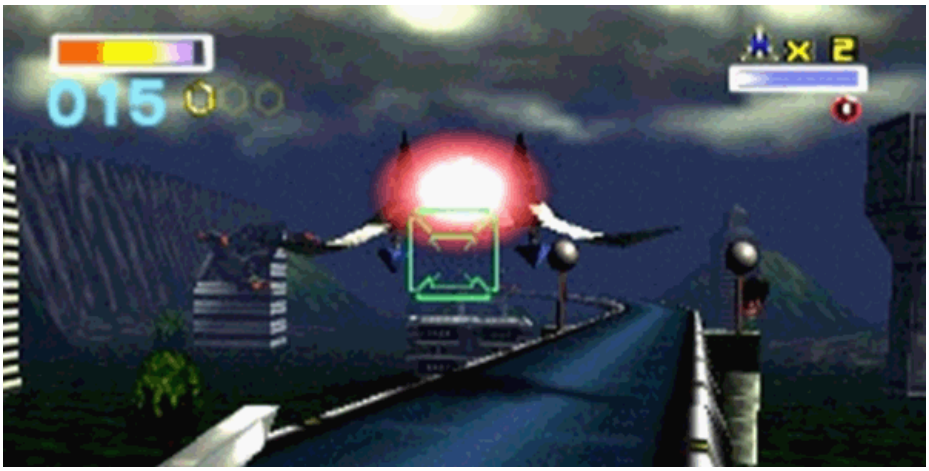
Anyone remember Wave Race 64? This early N64 game helped prove the power of Nintendo's new system, and gave a generation of gamers some high-octane action on the open seas. I can't go into water anymore, but I'm sure its take on the wet stuff still holds up today! It almost makes me wish my dad and I had more than just a rickety boat and an outboard motor to help steer us through the rapids we accidentally ended up in so long ago. More than 20 years later, Wave Race 64 still captures the spirit of being strapped to a super-rad jet ski and *not* a fragile watercraft your inexperienced father rented from a guy named Ted. I still call him every day even though he blocked my number in 2002!

Pac-Man



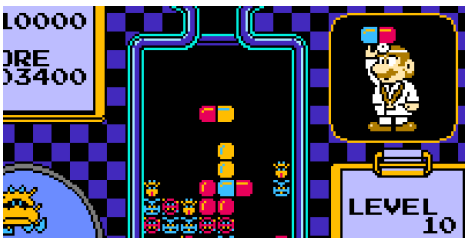
Wakka-wakka-wakka... What's that sound? Why it's our old buddy Pac-Man, that gaming hero who spawned from a simple yellow circle! Whether he's chasing ghosts or gobbling down dots, Pac-Man's actions truly resonate with us all. And if you savvy Pac-Man players are skilled enough, you can even chomp down on some fruit if you're lucky! My father and I weren't so lucky, since the only berries we could find to eat when we were cast ashore ended up giving us violent nausea and diarrhea! And the water we didn't have the tools to boil just made us even sicker. After all that, Pac-Man fever seems like a pretty good deal to me!

Star Fox 64



"Use bombs wisely!" Those were the words that inspired a generation of gamers to use bombs wisely, spoken by Peppy Hare in the immortal Star Fox 64. If you grew up in the '90s, you'd agree this furry take on Thunderbirds is one of the best N64 games around, and completely outdoes its Super Nintendo predecessor. And who could forget an antagonist like Star Wolf? Thankfully, his bark was much more than his bite! Unfortunately, this isn't the case with real wolves, as my dad and I soon learned when were were beset with them during our first night in the unforgiving wilderness. I never thought I'd hear my father cry, but that was the noise I found myself falling asleep to under a pile of wet leaves after one of those beasts tore into his leg and fled off into the moonlight. Try beating *that* shock, Rumble Pak!

Dr. Mario



Wow, who could forget Dr. Mario? In a time when we were all coming down from Tetris-mania, this fun puzzle game from Nintendo taught us matching colors could be just as fun as matching shapes. And those rascally little viruses sure made up a gang of baddies you just couldn't wait to defeat! Sadly, the miracle drugs Dr. Mario dispensed were not available to me during that infamous weekend, when a bad case of gangrene quickly turned my father's leg into what looked like a sad, grey chicken thigh. Thankfully, when the fever set in and my father started to go on long, howling, profanity-laden rants about my mother and myself, I was able to hum that catchy soundtrack and nearly drown him out. PROTIP: Don't forget to go for those combos!

Super Mario Bros. 2

What a sequel! Even if Super Mario Bros. 2 deviated so much from the original Super Mario's mechanics, nearly every Nintendo fan will agree it's a *funtastic* experience. In this one, Mario and the gang leave the bouncy surroundings of the Mushroom Kingdom behind for a journey to a trippy world full of flying carpets, Birdos, and even masks that fly after you in a terrifying chase! But the biggest change definitely has to be the fact that you now crush your opponents with throwables instead of hopping and bopping on their heads. Thankfully, I had plenty of Mario 2 practice when my prostrate dad asked me to bring a nearby rock down on his skull to end his suffering when he claimed his blood was "mostly poison." If only the nefarious Wart went down so easily!

Resident Evil

RESIDENT. EVIL. Just the title screen is enough to make you pee your pants! Though its chunky graphics may look hokey these days, just seeing one of those shambling zombies was enough to make you flee in terror back in the '90s. But after you surmounted that mansion full of dangers, there was no better feeling than destroying the Tyrant and escaping from the exploding mansion via helicopter. I had my own last-minute escape that fateful weekend, but sadly without a partner in tow. After burning my father's clothes and body, a nearby weather chopper saw my signal fire and scooped me up for a speedy return to civilization. When a friendly judge assured me my actions were a necessity and not manslaughter, I assumed pop's bones would make a good feast for the local wolf population and now that's basically all I see when I close my eyes. Still, what gamer out there can say they've seen a true "game over" in their lives!? Every night I actually fall asleep I pray I wake up as someone else.

–∼The Supreme Classic Gamer

6.17 9 Fast Facts Americans Need to Know About the BREXIT

Friday, Jun 24, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What is the BREXIT?

1. BREXIT is actually an acronym. It stands for:

Britain
Really Good
Exit
X (from exit)
It's
Time'

2. BRETAIN + EXIT = BREXIT

If it helps you remember, think "Breakfast Eggs" being eaten by the band "Lit." So BreakEggs(L)it. You could also picture one of those British flag bikinis on a well rounded lady standing by an exit sign, but why would you do that?

Chuffed? Hardly! Put your bishops away, lads!

What's the matter with you? What's the point? Thinking about swimsuit ladies at a time like this.

They're sexy and stacked, to be sure, but the world is coming down!

However you want to remember it, the BREXIT means Britain is leaving the European Union. People voted for it. The EU is the trade and political union of European nations that owe tons of money to Germany and aren't allowed to use bulldozers to push Syrians into pits.

3. The British Currency is Pounds

While every other country in the world has switched to money, the British are still using pounds for transactions. To keep people from confusing pounds with the other pounds, the British switched to using stones as weight, which is equivalent to 14 pounds, or about the price of a pizza. The EU uses the kilo or "key" which was popularized by guys with taped up plastic bricks of cocaine in speed boats. Then they put the knife in and lick some of the powder off the knife and say it's good right before they're told to "Drop it, Esteban!"

They never drop it though. I mean, why bring an Uzi if you're going to drop it?

4. Boris Johnson is Donald Trump

A lot of American websites have pointed out that Boris Johnson is actually Donald Trump and/or the BREXIT is also Donald Trump.

Boris, BREXIT, or Donald? You be the judge!

I'm not sure how this guy gets around so much, but it seems possible. He owns a jet AND a helicopter.

5. David Cameron resigned

David Cameron is stepping down after a humiliating defeat in the BREXIT referendum. He has to work on 8 sequels to Avatar which he is writing and filming all at once. So when you think about it, Donald Trump is directly responsible for the 8 upcoming Avatar sequels. The ones that are definitely going to be made. Ironically, Avatar is about racism being bad, but the BREXIT is very racist.

6. The BREXIT is *VERY* RACIST

Some people say Britain needs to leave the EU because they don't want to owe Germany truckloads of pounds, but everyone knows this is really code for wanting to steam shovel Syrian tweens into ditches. You've seen the pictures of refugees in France and you've heard the contempt with which gluey British oddbodies spit out the word "mosque."

Muzzos want to turn Old Trafford into a mosque and make the lads carry sharia cards. They want to put Page 3 birds in fuckin' niqabs. Might as well wank my muck out to a bin liner for fuck's sake.

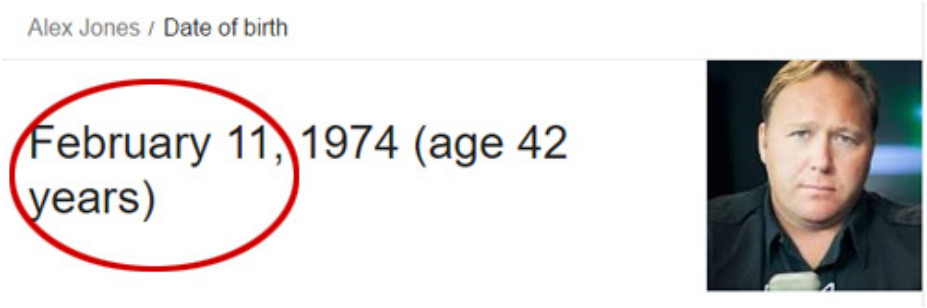
7. 9/11 was Super Effective

The key thing to remember about the September 11th attacks was how they set in motion a series

of events that would bankrupt the United States with wars, drive radicalism in the Middle East, flood Europe with refugees, and lead to the ultimate collapse of Western Democracy as rising nationalism fractures old alliances and gives way to 21st century fascism. Further terrorism, unrest, and reactionary policies make inevitable an all out war between the West and Islam, leading to the triumph of a global caliphate in the face of oppressive militarism and corrupted western values.

8. In the UK it would actually be written as 11-9

The emergency number widely known in the UK is actually 112, but nothing happened on the 11th of February. Unless you dig deeper.



That's right. The date 11-2 is actually written February 11th in the United States. Not to be confused with November 2nd, which would be 211 in the UK, which the FCC assigns to the health and human services help line, a number that no American has ever called.

9. You can call 211 to ask them about the BREXIT

I just tried it and it works. Day or night, you can call 211 and ask them about the BREXIT. They told me to, "Please stop calling, I don't have any information about that."

You can also ask 311 about it ("This is a non-emergency police and fire line") or 411 ("Are you saying breakfast? What city?") or 911 ("Do not call back again, sir, or you will be arrested.") But arrested for what, I ask? For demanding to know the truth? For asking the tough questions? I might just call 911 until I get to the bottom of what exactly the BREXIT are and what they want with the United States of America.

Then we'll have the answer to the question, what is the BREXIT?

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.18 Best Names For Boats II

Monday, Jun 27, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Boats! Everybody wants 'em, but nobody know what to call 'em! Don't worry: here are the real, official, 100% accurate best names for boats.

Wouldn't It Be
Funny If We Died?
LONDON

A FLOATING MONUMENT TO MY PENIS

HISTORY'S GREATEST MONSTERS

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 What Happened On The Final Prairie Home Companion, I Assume

Monday, Jul 04, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Last night, the final *Prairie Home Companion* aired. I haven't heard it yet, but here's exactly what happened.

6:55PM - Audience is asked to please, for the love of god, not vape during Garrison Keillor's final show. "He'll start vaping too," says a voice over the PA system, "then this whole show will just be vaping."

7PM to 7:05PM - Garrison Keillor slowly descends from the rafters while sitting on the world's largest wicker chair.

7:05PM - Commercial parodies nobody understands.

7:10PM - Two cowboys make fun of Snapchat. For ten minutes.

7:23PM - John C. Reilly impersonates a punkish, college-aged James Joyce. C'mon, please laugh, this is the last fucking one of these.

7:29PM - Guy Noir, Private Eye, finally reveals his real name: Mann Detectivo.

7:41PM - The Guy's All-Star Shoe Band plays bluegrass while Garrison excoriates a stagehand for understirring his Ovaltine.

7:44PM - An escaped patient from a nearby St. Paul mental institution wrestles away the microphone, improvises homespun gibberish for a while. He receives light applause, and later, a Peabody.

7:53PM - The secret ingredient in Powdermilk Biscuits? Liquid cocaine!

8:03PM - The secret ingredient in Bebop-A-Reebop Rhubarb Pie? Liquid cocaine!

8:08PM - The Ketchup Advisory Board announces its full-throated support for Donald Trump. Half the audience faints into the arms of the other half.

8:48PM - A sinister man from The Dredd Corporation offers to purchase Lake Wobegon for fifty million dollars. Garrison asks the audience if he should "sell out." The audience screams, "Yes, you've earned it!" and Garrison immediately signs over the deed. Coming soon: The Lake Wobegon Mini-Mall!

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

7.2 Whose Nokia Cellphone Keeps Ruining the Clash's Rock the Casbah?

Tuesday, Jul 05, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Issue: A cellphone seems to go off at exactly 1:52 in The Clash's 1982 single "Rock the Casbah." Why?

Theory: Using a momentary tear in the universe, Nokia sent a team of cyborgs through time to infiltrate mainstream media with mind-altering ringtones. Codename C.L.A.S.H. was a massive success, leading to a broad cultural acceptance of cellphones, and, to a lesser extent, ska music.

Theory: In an ill-fated attempt to cash in on the Crazy Frog ringtone hype, The Class retroactively added their own ringtone to one of their most iconic singles. Text "Shareef don't like it" to 9999 for the polyphonic version.

Theory: The intern sound engineer responsible for Joe Strummer's vocals abandoned his job when he realized no one can understand the lyrics anyway. Bored in the studio, he began coding sound effects for an early version of the game Snake. The sounds of him fiddling go unnoticed by the largely deaf band members. Years later Nokia purchased his game and used a nearly identical song for their central ringtone.

Theory: Time travel exists, but it's used exclusively by idiotic music fans who forget to put their phone on vibrate.

Theory: During the recording of *Combat Rock*, the band was selected by the government to test new phone technology. Though signed to secrecy, guitarist Mick Jones breached security protocol and brought the new device to the studio when his parrot fell ill. "Sorry," he said, frantically pawing at his pockets for the prototype. "I'm expecting a call from the vet. I think my African Grey is pregnant."

Theory: The Clash added the ringtone sound to the song "Rock the Casbah" as a political jab to the use of cellphones as IED detonators in the Middle East. No idea how they figured this out ten years before the technology and twenty years before the warfare.

Theory: To prove just how indestructible their phones were, Nokia launched one in space. Once beyond the atmosphere, the phone gained speeds, orbiting the earth once every hour before finally vanishing, never to be seen again. Scientists were baffled, but one exceptionally stoned dude pointed out that *exactly* 1000 days earlier, *Combat Rock* was released. Coincidence?

Theory: Despite his business success, the Finnish CEO of Nokia was most proud of his Clash cover band Läpland Cälling. In an effort to stick it to the establishment from the top, he chose a sample of his favorite song to be played whenever someone received a call.

Again, these are all speculation. If you have any information on to why a cellphone seems to appear in "Rock the Casbah," please contact me ASAP. Thank you.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.3 Sponsored Links Sponsored By Recommended Sponsors

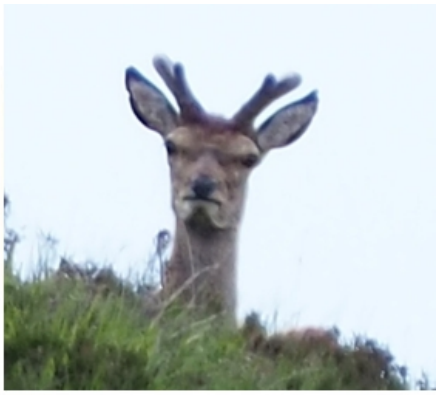
Wednesday, Jul 06, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Scientists On Verge Of Discovering Why Some Petrie Dishes Are Purple And Some Are Solid Red

Want The Best Laptop? Buy One That Says "Best Laptop" On The Screen!

Senior Sickos Removing Smart Phone Batteries For Their Perverse Amusement



You Won't BELIEVE What The Cast Of Game Of Thrones Looks Like Now

EXCLUSIVE Look At The Entirety Of David Cage's New Game, Detroit: Become Human

How To Pour Coffee On Your Head At Work Without Anyone Suspecting A Thing

It's Never Too Late To Force Your Grandparents To Face Their Partyphobia

Incredible New Invention Lets You Take Air With You Wherever You Drive

Hot New Gadget Promises To Make Getting Milk Into A Glass 8x More Complicated Than Pouring

Gritty Documentary Reveals Heartbreaking Story Of Japan's Illegal Dog Mines

Experts Agree: This Is The Best Possible Way To Hold A Camera

Just Because You're On A Date Doesn't Mean You Should Hold Back While Wine Jousting

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.4 Four Helpful Protesting Tips from a White Person

Thursday, Jul 07, 2016 by A White Person

Seems like no matter where you go these days, you'll find someone bellyaching about something. It's hard to get through that first cup of coffee in the morning without hearing "so-and-so's a Nazi" and "whoozits lives matter" and so on. And while you can always turn off the TV, some of these complainers feel the need to "take it to the streets" and voice their problems I honestly have no ability to help them with. To make all of our lives easier, I've assembled a simple list to help make protesting more effective and less disruptive to honest people who have to get up and go to work in the morning. As I learned in an unfortunate incident during St. Paul's 2008 Vinegar and Honey Festival, you'll catch more flies with the sweet stuff.

A White Person.

Location, Location, Location

I know what you're thinking. "Hey, why don't we go and block that busy highway? Then people will know we mean business!" Well, the only "business" in this case are the ones you'll be ruining by disrupting the flow of traffic that keeps our stores stocked with waterbeds, backhoes, and other essential elements of everyday American life. What will causing a nuisance get you? Exposure from the media? Just think of what your prospective manager down at the Payless Shoes will think when they see you on TV, carrying on with a potentially dangerous sheet of poster board. If you must protest, please, try to do it indoors, and within the limits of any noise ordinances in your city or town.

Remember Positivity

Yeah, I get it. It's a real tragedy that one of your "buds" got shot in the heart seven times for not immediately crumpling to the ground upon making direct eye contact with a police officer. Or maybe they crumpled to the ground so fast that said cop had no choice but to empty his entire gun into what could be considered an extreme threat. Whatever the case, when you're making an omelette like America, you have to break a few eggs. And even though a certain kind of egg is being

broken at a much higher rate than the others, is it really our place to judge? So maybe instead of coming out and calling people murderers, you can instead say, "Hey, how about you be a little more careful next time?" Even if you're directing this message to the deceased, the police may pick up on it and think, "Say, people *should* be more careful around us!" Then, they can start some awareness programs for our youth if there's any funds left over after all of those wrongful death lawsuits.

Let's Get Festive

Hey, I know what it's like to be angry. Back before I put on a little weight, I'd regularly go down to the local high school football games in full body paint, where my pure hatred for the opposing team expressed itself through a variety of lewd chants and suggestive dances. And sure, one time I got into a fistfight in the parking lot after saying some inappropriate-but-true things about a rival fan's wife, but I acted politely to the police officer who broke it up, and fully agreed with his tough-but-fair ruling of "boys will be boys." So why not carry the spirit of football into your little protest by ditching those depressing signs and wearing some festive costumes? You can even add some tunes to the ceremony if you think it will help liven things up! But please, classic rock only: It's the only form of music that all cultures agree is the best.

Choose Your Targets Wisely

Protesting is already hard; why make it even harder on yourself? If you tell me "This guy shouldn't have died," frankly, I'm going to have to agree to disagree because I don't really have time to look into the facts with football season just around the corner. Instead, why don't you get behind causes we can all agree with? If I drove by people carrying signs that said "Two cheeseburgers is *not* too much red meat for one meal, Carol," (Carol is my wife's name) I'd not only honk to show my support, I'd get out there and march alongside you! To be brutally honest, you've got an uphill climb ahead of you if you decide to raise a stink about issues not all people agree on. If you need some suggestions, here's a few: the declining state of gazebos, overpriced corkage fees, landscapers who roll their eyes when you give them helpful advice, or rude cardiologists who (again) tell you two cheeseburgers is too much red meat for one meal. We Americans may have our differences, but we can at least agree the amount of watermelon flavor in a "watermelon" IPA is meager at best. And that's what makes this country great.

–~A White Person

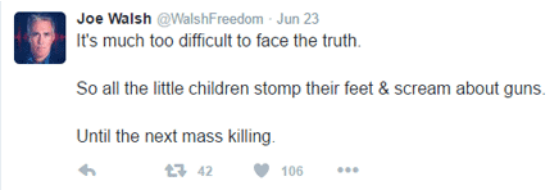
7.5 Watch out Joe Walsh. Paranoid Fantasy America is coming after you.

Friday, Jul 08, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Joe Walsh
@WalshFreedom
3 Dallas Cops killed, 7 wounded.
This is now war. Watch out Obama.
Watch out black lives matter punks.
Real America is coming after you.
7/7/16, 10:56 PM

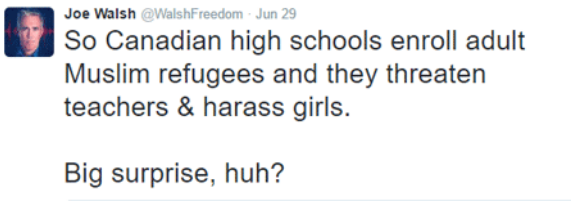
It's payback time for all the things you've tweeted, failed one-term congressman Joe Walsh. The America that exists only in your paranoid mind is coming after you, Joe.

The black teen thugs are climbing over the log walls of your frontier fort with their hatchets and their loose cigarettes. Jackbooted thugs are going to kick in the door of your talk radio studio and take the guns you buy instead of paying child support. They want your guns, Joe. The ones that prove you have a super big penis and you know how to give sex good to women.


Joe Walsh @WalshFreedom · Jun 23
It's much too difficult to face the truth.
So all the little children stomp their feet & scream about guns.
Until the next mass killing.
42
106

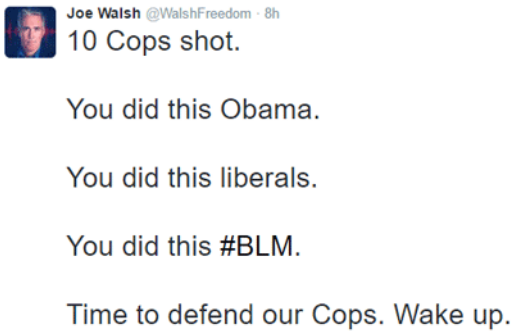
All the thug types are here. The gay thugs, the liberal thugs, the thugs without any bones that can come out of your toilet and bite your balls while you're shitting; they're all here for you, Bad Congressman Joe. What are your deepest fears? Easy. We can plunge into the open book of your nightmares.

Obama is letting all of the Muslims into the country, Joe. The ones from Sweden. You know the ones, because you tweet about them all the time. The bad sex Muslims. Here they come, because of what you tweeted. They are after two things: white girls and you, Joe.


Joe Walsh @WalshFreedom · Jun 29
So Canadian high schools enroll adult Muslim refugees and they threaten teachers & harass girls.
Big surprise, huh?

Want to reap a whirlwind? The black on black crimes you are so concerned with are suddenly ending

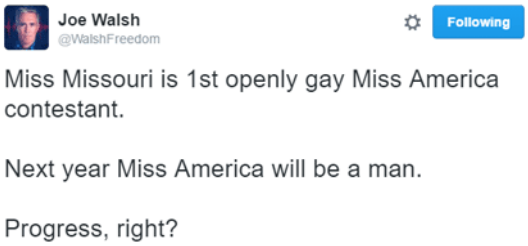
and all of the very real wild eyed black drug men who just want crimes have sworn to direct their aggression at talk radio hosts exclusively. It's like a midnight basketball league. Keep them off the streets, right, Joe? Because we've gotta end this black on black crime before we can even talk about anything else.


Joe Walsh @WalshFreedom · 8h
10 Cops shot.
You did this Obama.
You did this liberals.
You did this #BLM.
Time to defend our Cops. Wake up.

An entire mob of people is going to not be 100% respectful of the flag in front of you. They do not know how to handle the flag. They're going to walk on it and roll around on it and change poopy flag diapers their babies are wearing. You're going to have to listen to them say stuff like, "Dang the flag is dumb. I like the USSR flag." They won't be wearing flag t-shirts, because those are okay, but they might be throwing a middle finger or two at that red, white, and blue. One of them is wearing a Che Guevara shirt, Joe. Can you believe it?

Joe Walsh @WalshFreedom · Jun 27
LGBT activists burn the American flag at gay pride parade.
The enemy.
American Flag Burned At Trans Pride March Via @...
Transgender activists burned the flag in San Francisco
dailycaller.com

Those gays, Joe. They're coming after you the most since they are one of your favorite subjects. They're not just going to make you let them marry, Joe, they're going to kiss and touch butts right in front of you. The bad butt touch, too, not the good, baseball buds butt touch. The real bad butt touch.



Oh, and in this nightmare, Joe, nobody is talking about radical Islam. We won't do it, Joe. It's illegal to say "radical Islam" or "Muslim terrorist" and we are replacing every gun store with a mosque. This is because of what you've done, Joe. All the bad tweets. All the deleted tweets that we saw. You know, the ones that are good, but you deleted them for some reason anyway.

Because you're afraid of America coming for you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 Every Review Of Ghostbusters You Will Read This Week

Monday, Jul 11, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Ghostbusters! Lotta controversy! Backlash sexist? But reboots bad! Here's bad tweets, tho. Look at these angry dudes! Although point they maybe have? Either way, not gonna take a position!

But now, no more controversy. Controversy bye-bye, because Ghostbusters 2016 Movie is out! Now we can judge based on merits alone...time to show how objective I am!! So here is verdict:

Ghostbusters 2016 Movie...is just OK. Ghostbusters 2016 Movie is not as good as one of the greatest comedies of all time. On other hand, if I say it was bad, people lump me in with misogynist haters – no good for my personal brand!!! No!!!

So I stay safe. Say movie "just OK." Now to compliment cast:

Cast good! Love cast. Let me name other things cast was in to say love cast*: Funny Ladies Get Married,* or *Funny Ladies Become Spies.* Especially love actresses new to movies, because you have no other work to judge them against. Want them to act more! But actors I have seen before also good! And the boy actor was OK!

But now to make comparison to original cast? Comparison not good. New cast not work together as good. This a nice, easy criticism I can lob that will not upset people.

Paragraph about scenes I enjoyed! Now people can't say I'm "a hater" because I loved this one funny scene. Other scene also funny. And was third scene improvised in Ghostbusters 2016 Movie?! Fun set I bet!!

OK let's talk director and writer. Here is where I can be really critical. Nobody reading has emotional connection to director and writer. Not see them as people.

Director and writer fail. Director and writer did not do as good as one of the greatest comedies of all time. So you know I objective, here is where I say I like other things from director and writer, like *Funny Ladies Get Married*, or *Funny Ladies Become Spies.* Reviewer liked other movies! This movie, tho...they fail.

Gear switch, more talk of scenes I liked! Ghostbusters 2016 Movie has some pretty good scenes.

But on the whole? Just OK.

Can see light at end of tunnel! Almost done with review which will not piss off angry guys but not lump me in with them either. Need to end on feelgood moment...

Slimer reference.

Ghostbusters 2016 Movie review over!

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

7.7 Pokemon Go Casualties

Tuesday, Jul 12, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Pokemon Go combines our national pastime of compulsively staring at phones with our national pastime of compulsively engaging with franchises while posting about it on Twitter.

Go is pretty much a normal Pokemon game, but it uses your device's actual location. This means you need to walk around in the real world like some kind of athlete to discover new battles and gyms. Once you find a Pokemon on the Google Maps-ish map, you hold your phone's camera up and see the little bastard projected onto reality.

The game's a lot of fun, as the series has always been. It's also insanely popular. Millions of people are wandering around paying more attention to the Pokemon on their phones than their surroundings. You can see how this would be dangerous. I am the very first person in the world to suggest that this blending of reality and fantasy in Pokemon Go will lead to disaster.

In the coming days there will be all sorts of injuries stemming from the game, and possibly a few deaths. These are my predictions for the first wave of tragic casualties.

- Someone will have their arm bitten off by a Squirtle.
- One person will die from blood loss when a Caterpie bites their arm off.
- A Pidgie will bite some kid's arm off.
- A different kid will reach out to pet Pikachu, and Pikachu will bite that kid's arm right the heck off.
- Jigglypuff will bite both arms off a married couple's bodies. That's four arms.
- Someone will stumble into a Diglett hole and sprain their ankle. The Diglett will give this person a boost, helping them climb out of the hole. They will limp to the nearest hospital, a Pokemon gym, where Psyduck will bite their arm off.
- A teen will have their arm bitten off by Geodude.
- Detective McBain crouches beside the corpse, wincing as an old injury flares up, a gnarled scar courtesy of the fireaxe murderer who still stalks the city streets. McBain pretends to cough, popping a shaky handful of pain pills. He swallows and focuses on the job at hand. A notorious Hollywood bigshot dead. Both arms bitten off. A list of enemies including three ex-wives and half of tinseltown. Damn. In the nearby pool, a Horsea silently looks on.
- Snorlax will bite some kid's arm off.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.8 SEA OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jul 13, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

EXCITING PUP-ORTUNITY we have puppies galore, all needing homes. They just keep spilling out, with no end in sight. Hundreds to choose from, in all manner of repair. Claim yours today! 555-2915

♥ UNDIGESTED BEAGLE ♥ Looking to re-home lovely Graveyard after he fell victim to our other pet, a badass 26' python. Sadly, the python didn't make it. Seeking fresh start and $500. 555-2812

FIVE PAWS has been a wonderful family friend, but since my husband's VERY PUBLIC DISGRACE, we can no longer afford the attention he brings us. Sweet, but endlessly clumsy due to wealth of limbs. 555-2815

BARK, BARK, PICK ME! I'm a friendly little sprout with a teeny-tiny snout. When you need to let me out, I make a teeny-tiny shout. I have to go away for the cruel deed I've done, so adopt me now and let's have some fun. 555-9211

THE "WHAT?" DOG - viral sensation, the dog that says "whaaat?" in distinctive Southern drawl, is now for sale. $5,000 plus 10% of future streaming ad revenue. Does not include opioids he "needs" to perform. 555-2195

***** UNRATED DOG ***** Can't-miss dog features all the

FREE "GRAYHOUND" - this difficult hound frolics in gray areas between right and wrong. Neither a good boy nor a bad boy, but something harder to pin down. Has shots... but not all. 555-2812

DETERMINED SURVIVOR has bested my farm of horrors, refusing to succumb to my out-of-control-combine, endless stampede, burning barn, snake maze and deadly wasp sheds. Can't afford to keep him now that I'm bankrupt. $25? 555-1728

FACELESS FRIEND - Mister, we ain't kiddin'! This dog's got no face. Got all the other parts, but no face. We've all got the willies something fierce. Please adopt him, we beg of you. 555-2915

♦ DOGMENTED REALITY ♦ Custom AR goggles add virtual dogs to daily life. Fun, safe, no messes to clean up. Dogs obey commands like "what's the weather?" and "how are stocks?" Do not pet brown dog stuck in ceiling, no matter how much he pleads. $3500. 555-2752

WORST MASCOT EVER angry Border Collie has burning hatred of sports and attacks balls and equipment without mercy. She has ruined all our games and makes it impossible to play. Free to any non-sports team. 555-2151

AWARD-WINNING KISSER

RETIRED DANCE STAR One-time darling of the Daddy-Doggy Dance Circuit, now completely burned out. Reacts violently to any and all music, so keep it quiet around her. $100 (includes trademark sequined gown). 555-8271

GARY... AGAIN - this idiot, this stupid dog Gary, has burned another bridge. This time it's the bridge over Thorpe Creek. The city budget is ruined. FREE, FREE, FREE. 555-2715

RUDIMENTERARY CANINE lacks the wow factor of your name-brand breeds, but if you enjoy coarse fur and a decent amount of bulk, it gets the job done. Trading for working snowcone machine. 555-2892

GMO DOG was engineered to better resist cicadas and weevils, two things that aren't actually problems for dogs. I messed up, OK? Need to recoup investment ASAP. $450k minimum. 555-2592

BRIGHT RAY OF SUNSHINE Affectionate, friendly smiler. Has no memory of the incident. Safe. Ready to re-assimilate. Fresh kill code included. $2,000. 555-5637

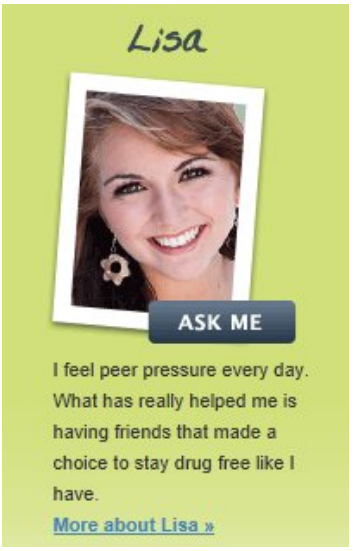
KING DOG? Dog has fancy crown, so seems like a pretty big deal. I found him near a small dog castle in the woods. He has a cask around his neck (ranch dressing I think). Asking $5,000. 555-1275

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.9 Dear Lisa, I Still Have a Drug Problem

Thursday, Jul 14, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Dear Lisa,


Lisa
ASK ME
I feel peer pressure every day. What has really helped me is having friends that made a choice to stay drug free like I have.
More about Lisa »

Since I last wrote you, my drug problem has gotten worse. It started when I read Jerry Stahl's addiction memoir *Permanent Midnight*, in which Stahl's escalating heroin abuse alienates his friends and wife. I don't have any friends or a significant other, so I figured that for someone like me hardcore drug abuse would have the opposite effect and make me popular.

My drug of choice thus far has been crack, which I've also started dealing on the side. In the process, I've learned the Crack Commandments. Not just the common-sense ones in that Notorious B.I.G. song, but some of the more advanced ones as well:

-When negotiating a crack deal, always ask for more than you expect to get. If you expect fifty dollars, ask for a hundred. If you expect twenty dollars, ask for fifty. If you expect to get ripped off and shot, ask if they could maybe just stab you a few times.

-One should know the difference between a buyer's and a seller's market. In a buyer's market, people are buying lots of crack. In a seller's market, they're selling their children and internal organs to buy more crack.

-When hosting a meeting of local crack dealers to hash out territories and decide what to do about that rogue cop who's been throwing crack dealers off rooftops, make sure the catering arrives fifteen minutes early.

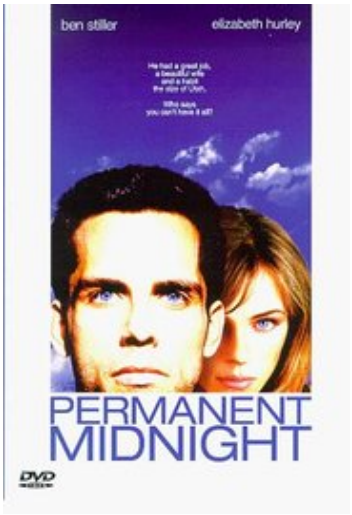
The worst thing about crack is probably the paranoia. Last week, for instance, I was eating at Subway and thought to myself that my bread was really stale. One of the workers gave me a piercing look, stopped what he was doing, and approached my table. I thought he had somehow read my mind and was going to punch me, but instead he just handed me some coins - I'd forgotten my change. I realized then that the whole mind-reading thing was just crack-induced paranoia. No one could read my thoughts after all! My secrets would remain mine forever!

I was surprised at how disappointed I felt.

Dear Lisa,

In addiction memoirs like *Permanent Midnight*, there's usually a "moment of clarity" where the addict finally apprehends the full destructive scope of their addiction. I had one of those recently. I'm not talking about my addiction to drugs; I'm talking about my addiction to addiction memoirs. I've lost count of how many I've read lately. The funny thing is that the narrator's day job always fascinates me much more than their actual addiction. In *Permanent Midnight* by former *Alf* writer Jerry Stahl, I wanted to read more about Alf. In *Drinking: A Love Story* by former reporter Caroline Knapp, I wanted to read more about reporting. In *Tilted Arc*, by former vintage pinball machine restorer Al Madusky, I wanted to read more about vintage pinball machine restoration. I wanted long, fetishistic descriptions of cleaning ramps, replacing jet poppers, polishing coin slots. I wanted

extensive taxonomies of every pinball machine produced by Midway between 1988 and 1992.



As my obsession with vintage pinball machine restoration increased, I became a regular at The Bumper, a pinball-machine repair shop a block from my apartment. I'd go there every day and chat with veteran pinball technicians, one of whom had helped design the legendary Addams Family pinball machine. One night, after a terrible nightmare about a broken flipper, I ran to The Bumper at 1:00 in the morning, but of course it was closed. I stopped going after that. There was something different about the place at night.

That wasn't my moment of clarity, though. That came yesterday when I discovered that *Permanent Midnight* is also a movie, meaning I spent hours reading a story I could've watched in 90 minutes on my television. Since then, I've been trying to read fewer books and watch more movies. I'm writing this while standing in line with a dozen other film junkies outside a forgetting pill clinic. As you know, Hollywood has stopped remaking classic movies and instead sells pills that make you forget having ever seen the original. I've pawned my TV and PS4 just to see *Ghostbusters* for the first time one last time.

I'm currently writing a script for a film based on my own addictions. I wanted to give it a title like *Permanent Midnight* only scarier. I couldn't think of a scary substitute for "permanent," so I tried to think of a time that's even scarier than midnight. The best I could come up with was 6:66, but an internet search revealed that that's not an actual time, even in military hours. I liked the idea of referencing Satan in the title, though, so I decided to call my movie "Permanent Satan," then just "Satan."

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.10 We Should Deport Everyone From America Who Follows the Magician's Code

Friday, Jul 15, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Let me be as blunt and direct as I can be. Western civilization is in a war. We should frankly test every person here who is a magician, who says they are a magician or is a magician's assistant, and if they follow the Magician's Code, they should be deported. The Magician's Code is incompatible with Western civilization. We don't know where their birds came from. How that woman is divided into two living halves.

Modern magicians who have broken the Magician's Code? Glad to have them as citizens. I am perfectly happy to let my daughter become their assistant.

Some of us are old enough to remember this happening...

The rest of them? Their next trick needs to be vanishing back to their home countries.

Magicians, being infamous liars, might be evasive about the Code. We have to start by asking them. Say to them, "Explain to me where the milk went in your paper cone." This isn't a difficult interrogation. Make them divulge how all those scarves got in their pocket or how the rings separated and then re-connected.

Now, some magicians might come up with an easy lie or two that could fool an interrogation. That's fine. Because the next step is you have to monitor what they're doing on the Internet. What sort of costumes are they searching for? Are they stockpiling smoke pellets? Do they buy capes with hidden compartments? Use keywords and phrases like "trapdoor" and "lycra bodysuit sexy with feathers" to give our skeptics the tools they need to break

the Code.

We're going to have to keep a close eye on all magician activities. If you're not prepared to monitor the magic castles, the costume shops, and even the Spencer Gifts, then this whole thing is a joke.

Where do you think the primary source of recruitment is? Magicians talking about their methods behind closed doors. You want to go to the primary place of indoctrination? Backstage at magic shows across the country.

You've also got to look at the home magic kits and instructional DVDs. Last year alone, almost 60,000 home magic kits went out to budding magicians. That doesn't mean that each one of these magicians will grow up to follow the Magician's Code, but we need to be informed and vigilant.

Is this really the America we want for our children?

Lastly, we need to cultivate informants within the magician communities in our country. This isn't about paying off some scrub illusionist for the details on how to pull a coin out of an ear. That's simple slight of hand. We want to know how David Blaine made that card appear INSIDE a restaurant's window. We have to find magicians who care enough about their country to tell us how Criss Angel is Mindfreaking his way across water. Do we want another incident where a sexy woman's lower half gets up and runs away? Where a lady in a bikini appears from under a blanket on the beach?

This is not my America.

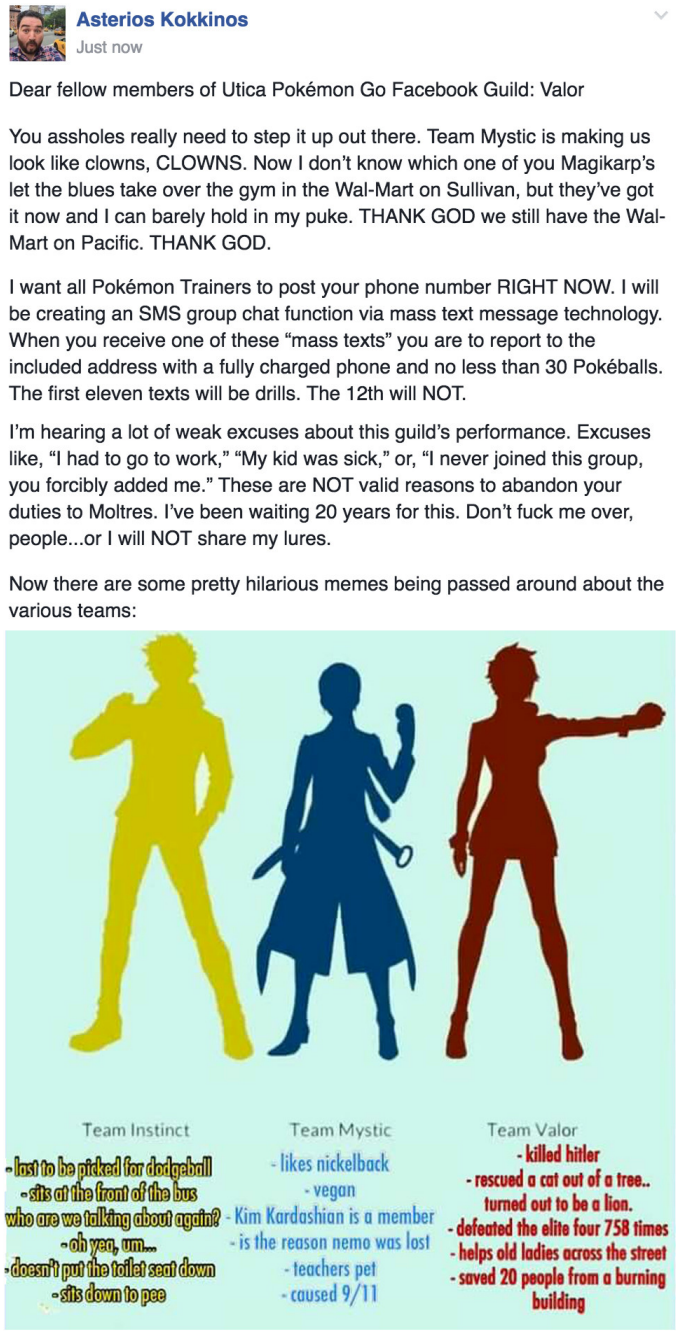
I understand the Constitutionally protected right of magicians to practice their tricks. It's right there in the 1st Amendment. "No rights shall be abridged nor fines enacted to prevent the free practice and performance of sorcering." Magicians are as American as apple pie. But their Code must come after the needs of the people to be free from fear and oppression.

If they won't break the Code, it's time to make them disappear.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.11 WHAT TO DO RE: THOSE MISERABLE FUCKS IN TEAM MYSTIC

Monday, Jul 18, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)



Asterios Kokkinos
Just now

Dear fellow members of Utica Pokémon Go Facebook Guild: Valor

You assholes really need to step it up out there. Team Mystic is making us look like clowns, CLOWNS. Now I don't know which one of you Magikarp's let the blues take over the gym in the Wal-Mart on Sullivan, but they've got it now and I can barely hold in my puke. THANK GOD we still have the Wal-Mart on Pacific. THANK GOD.

I want all Pokémon Trainers to post your phone number RIGHT NOW. I will be creating an SMS group chat function via mass text message technology. When you receive one of these "mass texts" you are to report to the included address with a fully charged phone and no less than 30 Pokéballs. The first eleven texts will be drills. The 12th will NOT.

I'm hearing a lot of weak excuses about this guild's performance. Excuses like, "I had to go to work," "My kid was sick," or, "I never joined this group, you forcibly added me." These are NOT valid reasons to abandon your duties to Moltres. I've been waiting 20 years for this. Don't fuck me over, people...or I will NOT share my lures.

Now there are some pretty hilarious memes being passed around about the various teams:

Team Instinct
- last to be picked for dodgeball
- sits at the front of the bus
who are we talking about again?
- oh yea, um...
- doesn't put the toilet seat down
- sits down to pee
Team Mystic
- likes nickelback
- vegan
- Kim Kardashian is a member
- is the reason nemo was lost
- teachers pet
- caused 9/11
Team Valor
- killed hitler
- rescued a cat out of a tree..
turned out to be a lion.
- defeated the elite four 758 times
- helps old ladies across the street
- saved 20 people from a burning
building

We've GOT to get in on this. Memes are the cultural currency of this modern age, and we must embrace them or be left behind. I like this meme because it mentions both Hitler AND 9/11, both instant comedy gold. Here are some jokes for OUR memes:

VALOR:

-Gives you a million dollars
-Cures cancer by throwing Pokéballs at it and then the cancer is inside the Pokéballs
-Is very good looking, much like today's popular movie stars
-KNOWS that the best Elvis Costello album is Armed Forces due to tight theming

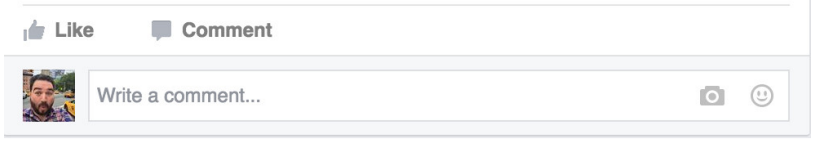
MYSTIC:

-Hitler AND 9/11!!
-DOESN'T support Trump/Pence 2016
-Showers every day like they have OCD or something
-Prefers My Aim Is True like an Elvis Cost-asual

Now can someone put this into a meme please? OK, I think that's about enough. Bottom line: SHAPE UP, or you're OUT. And good luck finding anyone else to play Pokémon Go with!!!

The Very Best,
Asterios

P.S.The next trainer to suggest we forge an alliance with those filthy mistakes at Utica Pokémon Go Facebook Guild: Instinct is DEAD TO ME.



–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

7.12 Your Cat's Guide to Fun Toys

Tuesday, Jul 19, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Imagine the strained eye roll given by some hipster douchebag when he hears a suburban bro talk about IPAs. You playing with these shitty fake mice forces me do that in cat form. This toy sucks.

The toy is a plastic piece of shit that is only enjoyable between 4am and 5:30am when I wake you up by nudging it down the stairs. You get out of bed when I get out of bed.

Cup of water. For my entire life, I have wondered what to do when I tire of licking my butt. Now, with cup of water, I know exactly where to dip my tongue once finished. Huge fan of all cups of water.

I pretend to like this toy because I enjoy watching you wave it around like an idiot. Seriously you look like an Olympic ribbon dancer if Olympic ribbon dancers were chubby and underemployed.

Remember that time you tried to put a lease on me so we could go on a walk? Well, the odds of me playing along with this toy are just about as high.

This box is nice. Huge fan of this box.

Though I'm willing to concede that my claws could have been ripped from each paw, I will never consider this scratchpad as anything more than an insult to both my personality and my evolutionary purpose. Instead, I will view it as the training-wheels handicap for my urge to scratch the hell out of your things. For our entire time together, this shitty compressed cardboard will be a fantastic way to warmup my claws before digging into the real furniture. Starting with that heirloom chair.

I will bring this toy to you, but within five minutes I will look pissed off and storm off as though I just turned you down for prom. I will repeat this act every three weeks.

Somehow I caught this fly and over the evening have managed to rip both its wings off. Not quite as enjoyable as earlier, but I see a few more solid hours of fun ahead of me.

You either have no idea what cats like or no concept of what fun means. Possibly both. Might as well be invisible. For every minute that you expect me to play with

this garbage, I will spend an hour messing with the curtains.

There are few things I enjoy more than pushing your belongings off the edge a table. It doesn't matter what the object is. Fragile? Messy? Who cares.I'll shove it over just to watch it fall. I'd love nothing more than to watch this world burn.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.13 Things Michael Caine Has Seen

Wednesday, Jul 20, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When Michael Caine was asked about his role in Jaws: The Revenge, he responded:

"I have never seen it, but by all accounts it is terrible. However, I have seen the house that it built, and it is terrific."

You're probably familiar with that quote. It's been passed around quite a bit, for obvious reasons. What you might not realize is that it's just one snippet from a broader interview about Caine's oeuvre.

Sorry. That was one heck of an unnecessary "oeuvre", but I don't get many chances to use the word "oeuvre" so I took it. I accept the consequences.

Back to that interview. It's a shame the entire thing isn't as well-known as that one quote. Caine's thoughts about his films are as fascinating as they are surprising.

On Children of Men: "I did not see it. However, I have seen the thirty thousand tubs of Sour Patch Kids that it paid for. They are... sour. More sour than I had imagined. They make my tongue hurt like the dickens. Doubt I'll finish the one tub I've opened. In retrospect, I probably should have tried at least one Sour Patch Kid before placing that order."

On Alfie: "Didn't see this one. I have seen a robot man in the park. It was perfectly still, then moved into a new position with alarming speed. When I turned away it mussed up my hair, but seemed to be perfectly still when I spun back around. This was such a magnificent feat of engineering that it nearly looked like a human covered in silver spraypaint wearing cool silver shades."

On The Last Witch Hunter: "Nope, didn't see this one. I did see the internet, though. The place where the wires go into the box. The switch that has two labels, Off and On. That's what they call binary code."

On The Billion Dollar Brain: "I have never seen it. However, I have seen American Ninja, and it is glorious. To be perfectly honest with you, I have only watched five films in my entire life. American Ninja is one of them. It's the story of an American who is also a ninja. A classic dichotomy. It taught me everything I know about America and Japan."

On Inception: "Didn't see it. I have seen American Ninja 2: The Confrontation. From what I recall, the confrontation mentioned in the title refers to a man with an uzi confronting a drug dealer's helicopter."

On Hannah and Her Sisters: "Oh heavens, no. I did not watch it. Instead, I saw American Ninja 3: Blood Hunt. In this one the ninja - the American - is gone, replaced with a karate master, who happens to be American as well. Is karate ninja? Am I racist for asking that? The series provokes a number of questions with no easy answers."

On The Dark Knight: "I did not see this movie. I saw the cover of Superboy and the Ravers #1, and it was exquisite."

On Dirty Rotten Scoundrels: "I never saw it. I did see American Ninja 4: The Annihilation, which featured the original American Ninja fighting alongside the American Karate Man."

On The Muppets Christmas Carol: "Didn't see this one. I saw the sign, and it opened up my eyes."

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.14 Celebrity Speakers Cut from the 2016 Republican National Convention

Thursday, Jul 21, 2016 by Awful Political News

When actor Scott Baio took the stage at this year's Republican National Convention, the GOP had no idea this former *Charles in Charge* star would be met with such ridicule. In an effort to save face, other celebrity speakers were removed from the event–even though the RNC's website took a few hours to reflect any changes. In a Something Awful exclusive, we're proud to present the original, unchanged text describing the celebrity guests who were forced to instead take in the many sights northeast Ohio has to offer.

Eddie Deezen

When he's not busy with his voice acting career he had 20 years ago, Eddie Deezen is mostly known for his iconic roles in *Grease*, *Laserblast*, and as the actor who probably should have been in *Revenge of the Nerds*, but actually wasn't. Though he's recently fallen on hard times and has no history of boasting his conservatism publicly, Mr. Deezen has charitably agreed to be paid in containers of mac and cheese from our craft service table in lieu of cash or check. Join him this Tuesday night for his one-man show, *Matthew and Me*, an account of his few encounters with Matthew Broderick on the set of *WarGames* that he promises will highlight the benefits of a Trump presidency in some way.

Stacey Dash

When it comes to acting, Stacey Dash has done it all. From playing a high school student in *Clueless* to playing the same high school student in the made-for-TV adaptation of *Clueless*, she's truly had a storied career. And while Ms. Dash claims she's successfully avoided the lure of Liberal Hollywood by intentionally shying away from the silver screen for over 20 years, she recently made a name for herself once again with her successful transition to Fox News commentator. Even if she's mostly known for two decades of acting excellence, Ms. Dash has quickly gained a following with her good looks, sharp mind, and ability to make harsh, unsubstantiated criticisms of her own race while mostly avoiding getting suspended from cable TV. Join Ms. Dash Wednesday for her presentation "As If: Unpacking the Left's False Benghazi Narrative."

Paul "ALF" Fusco

Back in the Golden Age of post-war America–the Reagan Years–ALF made a generation laugh, and taught viewers the virtues of rugged puppet individualism. And yet, despite his incalculable success, ALF disappeared just as the Clinton years began, signaling the Dark Age of our great country. Was ALF just a fad, or did the failure of 1996's *Project ALF* signal America's slide into tragedy in the midst of a murderer-rapist President's eight-year reign? It's a question that's kept all of us awake for the past two decades, and luckily, Paul Fusco, the creator, voice, and puppeteer of ALF is here to explain how he and his famous puppet were silenced in Obama's America. Join him this Monday for "No Room for ALF: Selling America's Most Popular Alien in a Country Run by an Illegal One."

The Grandson of the "Where's the Beef?" Lady

In the early '80s, a spunky geriatric named Clara Peller challenged the notions of conventional science by demanding more red meat in a decade where the health craze of "regular exercise" sought to rob Americans of valuable hours better spent running small businesses. Though Ms. Peller passed away nearly 30 years ago, her grandson, James Peller, is here to carry her Greatest Generation spirit into the 21st Century. As foreign imports like burritos, sushi, and even pasta meals threaten to unseat the hamburger as the number one all-American food, James has made it his mission to investigate local schools and ask their cafeteria staff the same question his lovable grandmother posed back in 1984. Be sure to join him this Monday for his interactive presentation, "Controversial Opinions About Israel My Grandmother (The "Where's the Beef?" Lady) Probably Would Have Agreed With."

Dennis Miller

When we asked funnyman Dennis Miller to speak at this year's Republican National Convention, he told us, "Babe, this is such an easy gig it'll make Washington crossing the Delaware look like Gary Hart undocking the Monkey Business to stock up on more fuzzy navel ingredients." We're not quite sure what that means, but he cashed our check so he should be here this year. Be sure to join the *Bordello of Blood* star on the final night of the Republican National Convention as he proves he's an equal opportunity offender by roasting some of the most notable members of the right. Will he poke fun at Paul Ryan forgetting to tuck his shirt in that one time? What about Mike Pence's forgetfulness when it comes to proper coaster use? Whatever the case, you can buy copies of his best-selling album, *The Rants* directly out of the trunk of his 1997 Toyota Celica after the show.

–∼Awful Political News

7.15 I HELD A GUN ON A TATTOO ARTIST TO PUT A "COOL S" ON ALEX JONES

Friday, Jul 22, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What up, home brays?

I just got done watching Dom Trump speak for three straight hours about how muslims are going to crawl up our legs and saw off our dicks and one thing is for sure about his speech: it is the worst possible thing to listen to after smoking out with Carlo Roves DMT. That evil Ben Franklin lookin' asshole was like "yo levi toot off this" and I gnaw on that for a second and I am ascending from the zero point of all energy again. You try to listen to a symmetrical angel of quivering butterfly tongues pour wisdom down a tunnel of light for eight eternities when all of it is about crimes and terrorism.

It's like, yes, after a certain point, I get it Diaphoniald Tremmbulup. The third eye does open within our flesh to gaze upon the inner infinities of illegal immigrants. But I have to work a shift at sportsman's warehouse in like four hours and I really need to eat a bunch of ice water and leftover breadsticks or I am going to be fired for whipping the mannequins with fishing poles again.

I guess I am sticking the cart before the don-kay on this one. Let's go back a few days to when this stupid computer site thing sent me to cover the Republican Convention and I was like "no way dude I am trying to run this fundraiser to get access to my huge son back from the palins. It's going pretty good no thanks to all of you and I

should have enough money to be able to hire Rob, this guy who took a night class on photography a couple years ago and is really good at filling out automatic weapon dealer permits with fake IDs so they get approved."

But I decided to go anyway because my girl was on the PMS horrible, no offense to women, I know it's hard to PMS so bad. It just sucks to be around is all. Maybe smile a little while you're PMSing because, fuck it, guy could be having a bad day too. Like maybe our girlfriend went from being nice all the time to suddenly she wants to be a total bitch about spending too much money on her credit cards on in app purchases again. Like damn just log out on your phone if it lets me buy donuts in simpsons tapped out then I'm gonna assume you wanted me to buy them.

So I landed in Cleveland and immediately, like at the airport still, a bunch of creepy old dudes propositioned me because they thought I was a gay escort and I had to explain to them that I am totally cool with gays (no offense to gays) but if they didn't get their hands off me I was going to drive a courtesy cart over their heads.

A couple of those dudes were like "yeah and then what are you going to do to punish me I've been a bad fuckin' nasty little goblin" and I won't say who said that one but let's just say it was a person who can't humanly smile and had to give a speech and domald trump didn't like it very much. The weird part is that same guy got thrown out of the convention center for trying to use a roomba to take upskirts of ivanka and I was like "dang dude what even turns you on you are all over the map" and he was like "eevvvverrrrythinnng" and he pulled up his shirt and his torso was covered with russian prison tattoos of owls and communion aliens with tits and weird spirals.

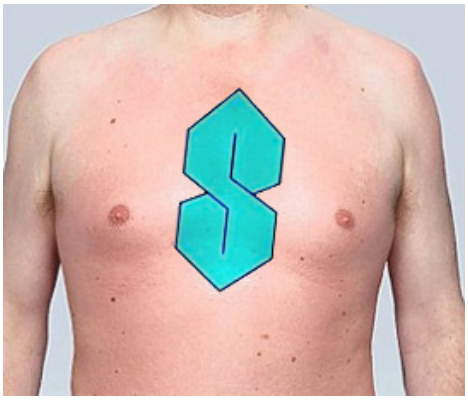
Most of the speakers were boring as hell at this thing but I did get into a bunch of trouble with alex jones the guy who yells on the internet and checks the authenticity of flags. Me and alex jones go way back to 2012 when mitch romony was trying to be the first tin woodsman president and I went on inforwars and talked about the survival beach towels I was selling.

Basically the idea was when you are lost in the woods or it's end times and you see a beach so you bring our survival beach towel with you and unroll it when you want somewhere nice to stretch out and then if you need to you can eat the towel. It was made from something we called "beach food." It had some

technical name like homogenized animal protein fiber, non-food grade that technically contained too many mouse skeletons to be sold at GNC. Which, trust me, has to be a lot of mouse skeletons to get banned from GNC.

Well, turns out the survival beach towel also had too many beetle eggs because all of the rugs crawled away like three days after they were taken out of refrigeration, which was when me and Tucker stole them off the back of that refrigerated truck headed for the biological waste incinerator. So basically I went on Inforwars and talked about my beach towels and sold like 50,000 of them and then it came time to ship and we didn't have anything to send out. Luckily for me I gave a fake phone number for complaints and used a Russian credit card processor, but then the russians found out my bank was Ukrainian and confiscated all my money for funding terrorism in crimea and I was like "if that's what you want to call buying artillery shells to use as fireworks for 4th of july you guys are as gay as the state department no offense to gays."

So anyway I thought I was on alex jones shitlist, but then when he sees me he was like "LEVVIII What's up you still fighting the globlins?" and I was like you mean ted cruz and he said yes I do mean ted cruz. It turns out alex was on a level 9 mission to eliminate the darkness gathering on america and he had some incredible synthetic cocaine made by a peruvian doomsday cult that lives in a reclaimed mayan pyramid. We did miles of cocaine and I was like shit sorry alex about those fucking beach towels and he was like "no problem bro because we had the same beetle problem with the eye drops I sold that were supposed to cure HIV. That's all OKAY because we are SO DAMN GOOD at LOVING THE USA. AAAAAuuuuuuuurghhhh!!!!"



Which is what he says about pretty much everything. So we wandered around coked out of our minds getting into hockey fights with young turks guy with the easter island head and stealing rudy ghouliani's coffin full of soil from his homeland. We put a bucket full of chicken hearts on a door so it fell on ted cruz when he walked in but instead of getting mad he just looked at us with his eyes white against the blood covering his face and slowly pulled his pants down and started jerking off. He was like "you got me again, it's high school all over and you got me again I'm the prettiest at prom." Which even freaked out alex jones and that guy karate fights with fema drones.

All of it's a blur after that first day. Endless wandering in and out of convention halls, overcrowded bars, cock fights, human slavery auctions, gun deals, drug deals, and periscope interviews with self-published authors of obama books. Me and Alex Jones, running from the cops for four days, pulling shirts over the heads of liberals and punching their kidneys. When we needed something we stole it. I made a lady

give alex jones a tattoo at gunpoint and she wasn't a tattoo artist, just a girl with sewing needles and a couple pens in her purse. But now alex jones has the cool S tattooed on his chest, just like me. We got in so many street fights that I had to give myself stitches in my knuckles.

Alex Jones was like its just like weimar republic all over again. These are the end times kid unless PATRIOTS stand up and FIGHT the SECRET RACE WAR raging in our MEDIA. And I was like I hear you bro because selling HUNTING JACKETS doesn't pay me enough to buy FOUR WHEELERS and DIAPERS for my STUPID KIDS. Which I love. I love my kids and I want all of them in my life even the giant one who graduated cum loud from wCW power plant.

So anyway, not to skip ahead past the night the guy in the blue trench coat stabbed Alex Jones with a needle on the end of a cane, but Alex Jones had to go to a hospital and so I was left to cover day four of the convention. Which, after Ted Cruz tried to set himself on fire on stage while talking about abandoning the lies of the flesh how could it get any worse. And then I ran into Carlos Rove from 2012 and the cocaine was wearing off and like I said I decided to smoke his DMT.

Which like all things is circular and cyclical in nature, life, death, and rebirth for we are all atoms and energy circulating in a whirlpool at the center of the great, glowing mandala of the universe. Also I met this girl named Chastytee who had cricket legs and could cross her knees behind her head and I might have accidentally mormon married her so I didn't have to wear a condom. Please nobody tell my wife.

Well, that's my report on the Republic convention. If I can get out of these handcuffs and kick the window out of the squad car I will see you all next week in Philly.

#BlueLeviMatters

PEAAAACE!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

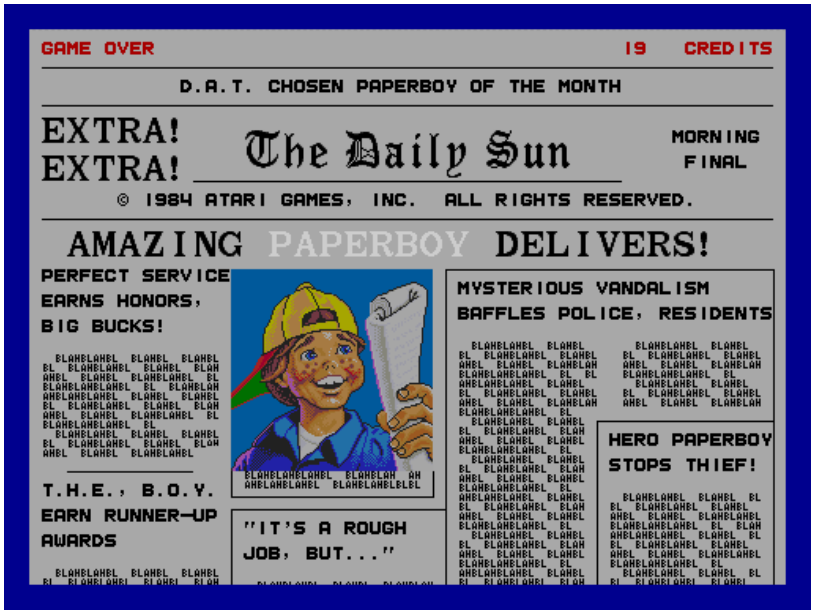
7.16 Why Is Our Newspaper Entirely Devoted To Our Paperboy?

Monday, Jul 25, 2016 by Asterios Kokkinos, Senior Editor, The Daily Sun (@asterios)

Dear Chief,

When I took a staff job at The Daily Sun, I did it with the understanding that there'd be a few changes around here. Deeper local coverage, a fully staffed late-night desk, and a larger role for investigative. I've gotta say: you've delivered, and I thank you for keeping your word.

Honestly, my only real complaint now is that our newspaper still seems to be entirely devoted to the kid who delivers our newspapers:


GAME OVER
19 CREDITS
D.A.T. CHOSEN PAPERBOY OF THE MONTH
EXTRA! EXTRA!
The Daily Sun
MORNING FINAL
© 1984 ATARI GAMES, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
AMAZING PAPERBOY DELIVERS!
PERFECT SERVICE EARNS HONORS, BIG BUCKS!
T.H.E., B.O.Y. EARN RUNNER-UP AWARDS
"IT'S A ROUGH JOB, BUT..."
MYSTERIOUS VANDALISM BAFFLES POLICE, RESIDENTS
HERO PAPERBOY STOPS THIEF!

We gotta ask ourselves: should the fact that he did his job correctly be front page news? Does a kid tossing a few newspapers in some mailboxes trump the contentious Governor's race, or the rollback on food stamps for the poor? I'm not gonna pretend to know the answers, but...we really gotta think about it.

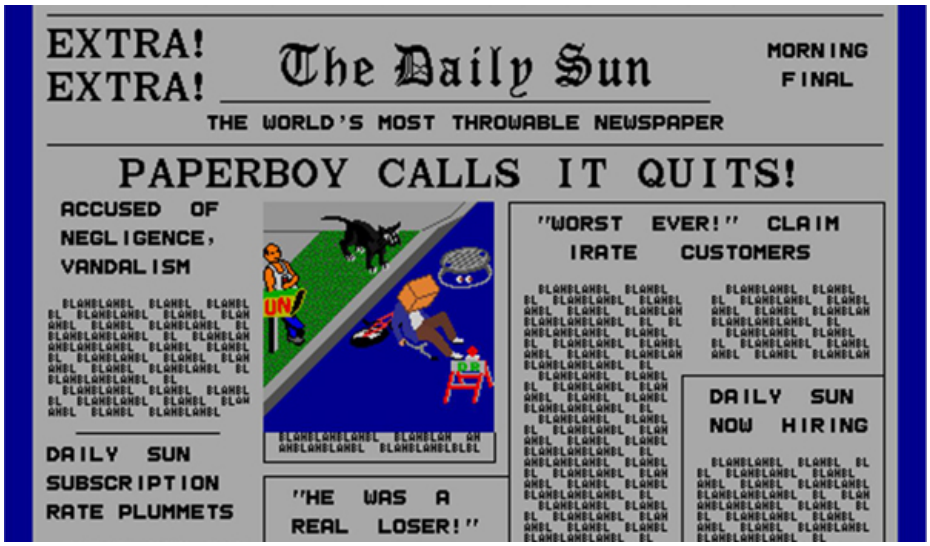
And before you pull out the talking points: yes, I understand our Paperboy has a challenging route. I know he's constantly getting assaulted by breakdancers and haunted handpush lawnmowers. And that's just Easy St. alone.

But all our jobs are hard. Sure, if I'm late on a deadline, the physical manifestation of Death himself won't chase me with a scythe. But if he did, I wouldn't want a medal for it.

Everyone's gotta do their part. We get paid to inform the public. He gets paid to deliver newspapers, and destroy the houses of non-subscribers with said newspapers. We shouldn't let his job get in the way of ours.

And if you're thinking I'm jealous, you're wrong. I don't want to be on the front page. Especially because The Daily Sun's coverage can run really hot and cold:

You make me feel bad for this kid sometimes. The photo you ran is him being attacked by a dog, a



drunk guy, and that mystery perv that lives in the sewers. Kinda wish you'd tell the photographer to put down the camera and help a fellow Sun staffer.

I'm also a little shocked you ran out and interviewed people. I don't know who called him the "Worst Ever!" but there's no way he's worse than that kid who just froze in place until someone restarted our entire universe. Seems like a cheap shot.

Can't believe you ran with "He Was A Real Loser!" C'mon, Chief. The kid's like 9 years old.

I won't belabor it, but these are my thoughts, take 'em or leave 'em. Oh, one last thing: at some point, we're gonna have to write actual stories instead of simply repeating the word "BLAH" over and over again.

But hey, one thing at a time, right?

Sincerely,
Asterios Kokkinos

Senior Editor, The Daily Sun

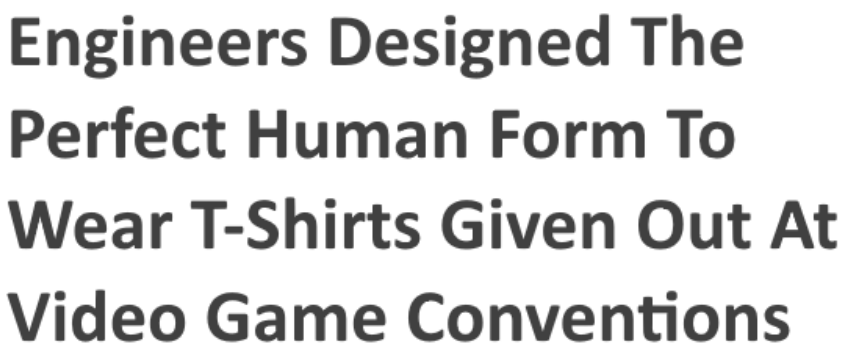
–~Asterios Kokkinos, Senior Editor, The Daily Sun (@asterios)

7.17 THE PERFECT HUMAN FORM

Tuesday, Jul 26, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When I came across this headline last week, I was fascinated:

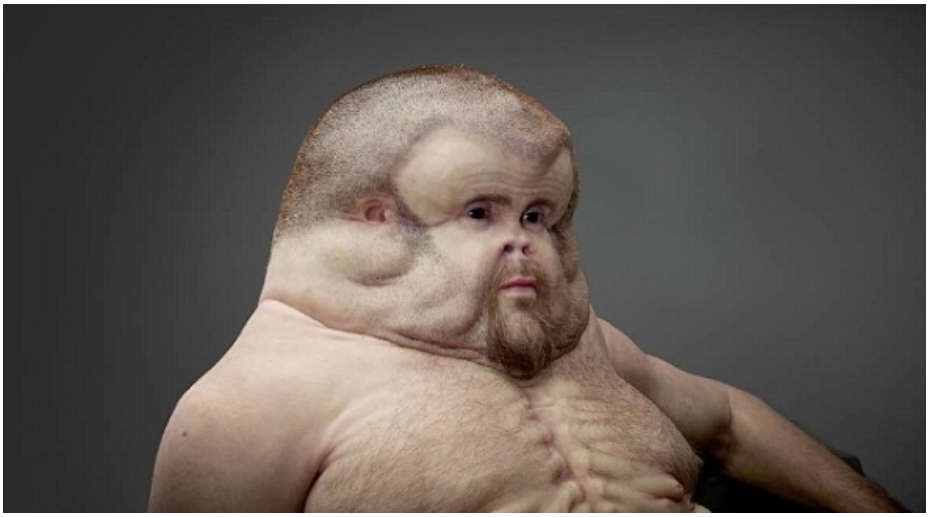
But... something seemed a little strange. It felt like I had seen something similar before. Sure enough, a few minutes of searching brought me to this story from last year:



Something fishy was certainly going on. The more I looked, the deeper and darker the hole went.

Engineers Designed The Perfect Human Form To Resemble What You See When Your Webcam Turns On Unexpectedly

Engineers Designed The Perfect Human Form For Surviving A Gentle Sneeze



Engineers Designed The Perfect Human Form For Getting The Most Out Of Scarves

Rob Liefeld Sculpted The Perfect Stone Cold Steve Austin Action Figure, And Apologized Profusely

Engineers Designed The Perfect Human Form For Maintaining Total Stealth In A Field Of Roughly-Shaved Human Skin Clumps

Rational Athiests Designed The Perfect Human Form For Dedicating One's Life To Honor And Suburban Sword Fighting Techniques

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.18 GLUT OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jul 27, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

GHOST DOG is possibly just dog under a white sheet, but I'm not taking any chances. Free to 15th caller. 555-8851

REFORMED OTTERHOUND We have taught Tailspin the value of otter lives, and he has agreed to let them live. He is very sorry for the ones he killed. He's strong, healthy and truly remorseful. 555-2955

♦ NITRO-POWERED ♦
♦ FUNNY DOG ♦
Rip-roaring sight to behold, reaching speeds of over 200 mph. Requires strong grip and long straight strip to walk him. Sometimes smashes through walls while sleepwalking. $18,500. 555-2582

I HAVE FAILED - I taught my dog rudeness, and there seems to be no undoing it. My only recourse is to auction this dog off, take the earnings and start a new life. Help me right this wrong. 555-2852

GRASS-FED MASTIFF is not happy with me, and always flirting with mutiny. I'm trying to make him strong as an ox, and he's just not getting on board. I need a convict to come scare him straight. Will pay top dollar. 555-2582

BOAT OWNER - Insufferable Pomeranian comes with beautiful 42' cruiser yacht. Many luxury features. Great condition. $300k. 555-7262

"SLEEPING BEAUTY" - new adopted pit bull fell asleep after only several hours in our house, and honestly we've never felt more insulted. Will trade for dog willing to put in the hours. 555-8252

TOTAL WRECK - crazy-eyed hound is covered in cobwebs, has a vespiary on back, graffiti on side and savage thirst for boat fuel. Frankly, I'm in over my head. He's in room 115 at Motel 6, yours free. 555-2851

TWO FOR ONE - Wonderful twin German Shepherds, on opposite sides of the law, separated by the mighty Rio Grande. Perhaps you can bring them together before they settle their differences in blood? 555-8275

PSYCHIC PROJECTION of a Puli made of light and sheer will. It's taking all my mental energies to keep him alive, but I'm in this for the long haul. Have no leftover energy to care for him. Please give him a good home. 555-2852

**** FOR SALE: YOU-DOG ****
There's no easy way to put this, but this dog is you and you are this dog. The burden of being apart weighs heavy on your soul. I can remedy this. Call. 555-2715

CUBED DOG - Thanks to secret breeding techniques, Squarepaw is perfectly cubed with a handle on top. Where necessary, limbs have been

MY UNCLE is a sweet, affectionate Husky with lots of energy. Unfortunately, he has a gambling problem, and we think it would be best if he went to live with someone else for a while. 555-2815

HE DID IT! He ate all of it, and he made me watch. I'm beyond disgusted, and I will never be the same again. I don't ever want to see a dog again. Please free me from this burden. 555-2815

DOG, AGE 6 - I have fully maxed out this dog, unlocking all his abilities. There's nothing left to hold my interest. Looking to trade for a more challenging dog. 555-9271

MINER DOG slaved all his life in the Purina Mines, sniffing out rich veins for greedy mine barons. Has kibble lung and needs a safe home to live out his final days. 555-8252

VERY PATIENT - He knows you're very busy, and that's why you haven't given him a home yet. He knows he still has a day or two before it's too late. He's not worried. Take your time. 555-5252

TRYING AGAIN - Anybody wanna adopt a comically large Chihuahua? Bigness only amplifies terrible qualities. He won't stop wailing when I practice my bagpipes. It's ruining my life! 555-2851

LUSTFUL SCOUNDREL

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.19 BIG MOMENT FOR LADIES: HILLARY CLINTON JUST MADE THAT GLASS CEILING HER BITCH

Friday, Jul 29, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What up, fucknuggets?

Before I get started I just gotta take a minute to celebrate HERSTORY.

For the first time ever a lady is nominated president. I would have sworn Hillary Clinton was president before, but I checked the Internet and she was a secretary of a state? I don't know. Is that like a joke job like when my boss at the sporting goods store told me to go get him a bucket of steam and so I sprayed a whole can of silver paint into a bucket thinking he wanted to suck that moon gas and he was like what the fuck is this and I was like "silver steam, n-word, I got that whole good bucket on deck for you just put your head under this towel" and he was like "no it was a joke it's like a joke job like Head Board Stretcher" and I was like "Hell yeah I stretched some headboards on some soccer moms" and I think one of them might have been a secretary, but of a state? Come on, that's not even a real job. Don't fuck with me.

Anyway, congratulations to Hillary, you might get to work in the same office where your husband stuck a cigar into a girl's cooter hole. That's like headin' straight into a bathroom to take a shower after somebody with burrito issues turned inside out through their cinnamon spider. You may be able to do your business but there is no forgetting what happened in that room before you walked in.

So the RNC was crazy and I was all geared up for the DNC to be just as crazy. After all, you got the Bernio Bros and A-list celebs who want to hang out with bearded activist people, so I was like ready to go in fully Ricky Hollywood mode. Well, turns out that Ricky Hollywood need not apply, because this was the lamest party I have ever seen. Bunches of grandmas with I'M WITH HER stickers on their faces and big floppy american flag hats. Make me wish for some make american great again hats.

Oh, and so many moms who lost kids to gun violence. Like just every cougar I rolled up on was like "no I'm not here to turn a 69 into a 70 I lost my son in a police shooting show some respect" and I was like "baby a 70 is all about respect let me show you" and apparently wanting to appreciate a beautiful woman upside down is sexist now just because her son was killed by police??? Welcome to hillary's america.

I did get to hang out with the Bernio Bros and I was like "alright guys I am down to run amok I brought a bunch of glass bottles, rags and I filled up some cans of gasoline let's do this what's the plan?" and this guy named Nate was like "the plan is we are going to boo during the benediction and then boo when the gold star mom comes on stage" and I was like "yeah, yeah that's tight but how about instead we throw molotovs at everything that looks like a motorcade" and Nate was like "no did you hear what they did to nina turner they made her leave so we printed up Im WITH NINA stickers to put on our shirts and we're gonna hold up signs that say e-mails" and I was like "uh, okay nate" and nate was like "check this out meegan blacked out the letters on this sign so now it says STOP THE TPP."

I was like okay but how about we set the convention center on fire?

Long story short, that's the first time I ended up in a police car due to a misunderstanding. Because there are snitches inside the Bernio Bros.

So the Ricky Hollywood thing was getting me nowhere with the hot moms, my radical activist friends were letting me down with inactivity, and I was feeling pretty down

about the whole convention. But I had a secret weapon with me: I had a 75 dollar perdeeum I could spend on psychadelic drugs. So I decided to watch the last part of this convention right. I bought tons of DXM, mixed up a robo shake, went on back page and hired a Chinese guy to come to my hotel and guard me to make sure I didn't try to jump out the window.

Long story short, back page is full of snitches and that is how I ended up in a police car the second time at the DNC. Worse, they arrested me after I drank my robo shake, so I was in full terminator mode the whole time I was locked up in the back of a cruiser and apparently it's possible to somehow be arrested for dying from drugs? I guess? I told the booking officer I just had a really bad cough and I needed all that tussin fussin and he was like "sir you are being arrested for passing out inside of someone's baby carriage" and I was like oh that's right I was a baby for a while but I must have turned back and you know what this is on Bohai Liu I paid him $17 to keep me from doing anything bad.

That was when I found out my relationship with the Chinese guy I hired on back page was built on a foundation of lies by a builder of deceit. There was no Bohai Liu, just officer Peter McMurphy using an internet to conspire against lawful citizens with entrapsments.

So, to sum it all up, Bernie Sanders was vanquished and put through a machine and fed soylent-like back to the democrats as they all cried about president obama not being president anymore. And I heard FIGHT SONG played about 900 times. Also I guess Russia hacked somebody's e-mail. I don't know. I was in JAIL.

PEACE you embeciles.

#PrayForLevi

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Whoa: Firefly Season 2 In The Works At Netflix?

Monday, Aug 01, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Good news, Browncoats! Sources at FOX have told us that Firefly Season 2 is NOT in the works at Netflix, and may never be! Sorry, we meant bad news for Browncoats. This is very bad news for Browncoats.

The crew of the U.S.S. Firefly, captained by Captain Mallory "Mal" Remington, is not set to take flight again. The adventures of their crew, including Doctor Simone Tran, the interstellar escort known only as "Morena Baccarin," and others, will not continue on the small screen.

So long story short: Netflix rescues another one! By "another one," we of course mean, "Full House," which was expanded into "Fuller House" by the popular streaming service.

Fireflyingly Yours,
Asterios "The Browncoat" Kokkinos

UPDATE ONE (8/2)

We've gotten a lot of complaints from non-regular readers who saw this article on Facebook & Twitter. For the record: this article is NOT clickbait. If you were a regular reader of our site, you'd know that we report on stuff that isn't happening all the time. Sometimes, it's even more important than the stuff that IS happening!

For example, our recent article, "Will Tom Hiddleston Be The Next Dr. Who?" finally set to rest rumors that were probably flying around about him somewhere. I mean, he'd be great in the role of "The Doctor Who," right? But sadly, none of our sources with Marvel are telling us this. Frowny emoticon.

Love,
Asterios "#1 Firefly Fan" Kokkinos

UPDATE TWO (8/3)

Wow, we've really kicked off something of a firestorm here! We don't know why people are so confused by our headlines. I mean, there's nothing misleading or duplicitous about a headline like, "It's True! Kirk Meets Picard In Star Trek 4," because the article clearly says it would only happen "on opposite day."

Which, if you read the works of Terry Pratchett, *does* exist in space! In the fanfic we wrote.

Love,
Asterios "No, I Didn't Just Google Firefly" Kokkinos

UPDATE THREE (8/4)

Oh, you SJW's need to knock this crap off. If you're unfamiliar with our site, that's YOUR damage, not ours. In fact, here's a list of the many, many articles we've run that **NONE** of our **GOOD** readers, like my cousin Barry, have complained about:

- Robert Downey Jr. Comes To Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D (In My Dream Last Night)
- He's Back! Han Solo Is Alive, In All Of Our Memories!
- Christopher Eccleston Returns As Doctor Who!
- No, That Last Christopher Eccleston Article Wasn't Clickbait, Because He Returns To Doctor Who Every Time You Watch Series 1 Of The New Doctor Who
- All Five Captains Meet All Thirteen Doctors In This Fanart I Made Out Of Frosting
- Will Someone Pick Me Up From The Austin Airport Tomorrow? I Need A Ride To DragonCon, And My Name Is Brent Spiner

No complaints. So climb off your high horse, you slacktivist douchebags! You're the problem, not me, millennial feminist trash!

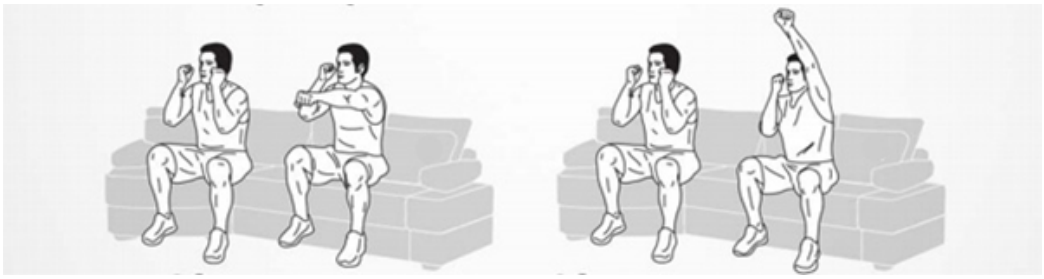
Signed,
Asterios "I Love All Of Josh Wheedle's Works, Assholes" Kokkinos

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

8.2 40 Reasons To Not Workout

Tuesday, Aug 02, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

- It was too early earlier but now it is too late.
- Every joint on my body has rusted stiff from years of sitting idle–seriously, my knees need lubed up like the Tin Man each morning.
- I am the human equivalent of a blown out Lay-Z-Boy, so why would anyone expect me to suddenly be all Bow-Flex?
- There is a 15% chance of rain, and no way can I reach my true athleticism in soggy sneakers.
- I'm still working on the "BEFORE" picture of my body so that my "AFTER" picture is even more amazing.
- There are only a few parking spots at the gym and I can't parallel park.
- The people at the gym are really attractive, so I'll be too focused on their imaginary insults to actually work out.
- I haven't exercised in so long I don't even remember where or how. Are there youtube tutorials?
- The people at the gym are equally or more ugly that I and, I know it's not PC, but I find that very offensive.
- I walked all the way out to my car before realizing I forgot my keys at my desk, so by the time I got back inside to get them my ambition was pretty much toast.
- PokemonGo counts for something, right?
- I want to workout, but I haven't eaten yet and so I'll have to eat and digest first, but all I have is one enormous slice of German Chocolate cake.
- I'm above the need to pretend physical exertion for the sake of attracting a mate.
- When I wear socks the hairs on my toes get pushed in the wrong direction and that sort of hurts, and I really don't think it's fair for you to expect me to suffer through that.



- I'm from a long line of lazy bums, and I have no reason to reject my heritage now.
- How about instead of working out I only drink light beer for a week?
- I have the lungs of that monkey who smoked a pack a day. Aerobics are a literal death sentence.
- All my gym clothes are crumpled into a dirty, salt-encrusted ball in the corner of my bathroom. It's been two weeks, and there is little hope of laundry progress.
- Even the thought of getting sweat in my eyes triggers me.
- I'm too embarrassed. Of everything. My body is a cruel joke.
- It's also too hot to leave the comfort of my own couch.
- I wanted to be hydrated, but I think I drank too much water and now I'm weak.
- At one point I was going to workout, but I'm just going to look at a bunch thinspo jpgs instead.
- I'm actually trying to gain weight so that when I actually try to lose weight I'll have more heft to carry around. It'll be like wearing a pair of dumbbells around my waist at all times. Future me will love the challenge.
- I thought I worked out yesterday and while that is incorrect I've already resigned my body to laziness and I can't take it back.
- For lunch I ate a huge bag of White Castle. I will never again foolishly workout after such a meal. No toilet can handle that.
- My body is pretty much a Frankenstein's Monster of failure: I've got the leg strength of a 60 year old, the internal organs of an alcoholic, and the brain of, well, my brain is my brain, but it's not very good. Put that all together and you get a walking failure with a gluten allergy.
- I went to the store to buy healthy things to help me run, but accidentally ate a tube of cookie dough.
- Tomorrow.
- I helped a friend move furniture, and if I do anything physical my back will probably crumble from the repeated pressure.
- Look, I've been on this planet for thousands of days-is one more spent sitting on my ass going to be the breaking point? Doubt it.
- My sweat smells like Lake Erie and I don't want to exert myself until I get it checked out.

- Hmm, taxes are due in 9 months. I better get a head start on those instead.
- Stubbed my toe last night-still sore. Better play it safe and sit out.
- At this time of day it's just the bros working out, and I'm more of a hipster gym rat.
- I heard that people in Paris eat heavy food and drink wine and never exercise but still look fine, so I'm just going to somehow do that too from now on.
- I tell people that I am too busy but I think they know the truth.
- With the Olympics just around the corner, me attempting to run a mile (and let's be honest, it's more running the straights and walking the curves) would be a humiliation to the sport of track and field.
- I'm going to focus on videogames really hard and hope to burn some calories that way.
- I don't want to.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.3 Your Terrible Neighbor's Schedule For The Foreseeable Future

Wednesday, Aug 03, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Sunday

Get into a shitty car. Slam the door. Open the same door. Slam it again. Start the shitty car. Rev the shitty car's engine to impress or somehow intimidate everyone within earshot. Move the car three feet. Rev the shitty car's engine even louder. Get out of the shitty car, slamming the door and hollering at an undetermined person. Repeat every five minutes.

Monday

Grilling time, from sunrise to midnight. What's the occasion? Who knows. What's being grilled? Piss, apparently, with a heaping side of tear gas. The smell of grilled piss wafts directly toward your house, a rolling wall of noxious pitch-black fog.

Tuesday

Lawnmower day. The impossibly loud contraption clanks and sputters to life precisely half an hour before your alarm is set to go off. It's still going when you leave for work. When you get home, it's still going. When you lay down to sleep, it's still going. When you wake up the following morning, the neighbor's lawn is completely unchanged.

Wednesday

Installing the largest U.S. flag in history, a display of astounding patriotism. Over the coming years old glory will remain in the elements, proudly flapping, fading, and decaying. Meanwhile, the nearby confederate flag, Gadsden flag, and the flag of a college football team will all be handled with great care and replaced at the slightest sign of disrepair.

Thursday

Shirtless yelling. "CASEY!" Ten seconds pass. "CASEY!" Is Casey a child? An animal? A playful spirit taunting a drunk buffoon? "CASEY!"

Friday

Remember lawnmower day? It's like that but with a chainsaw, jackhammer, and table saw. As far as you can tell, nothing is ever cut down, repaired, or produced.

Saturday

Country music. Not classic country or bluegrass, but truly vile country pop, played at a volume so loud that you'd swear the neighbor is planning to walk across the state and would like to hear this garbage music emanating from his house for the duration of the journey. Every few hours the assault on your sanity is broken up by a single bass test track from 1993.

Next Month

Drive the shitty car up and down the block, revving the engine, never going above three miles per

hour.

The Coming Year

Think of a holiday where someone might want to set off fireworks. On the day before and the day after this holiday, but not on the day of the holiday itself, it's time to set off an infinite amount of fireworks at 2 in the morning. They will be lit at a seemingly mechanical rate. Slowly. The gap between each firework lingering just long enough for you to hope that it's all over. Then the next firework comes.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.4 This Old House: Tommy's Emotion Fort

Thursday, Aug 04, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Kevin: Welcome back to This Old House! In our last episode, we replaced the Johnsons' old bathroom fixtures and pulled up the living room carpet to restore the house's original hardwood flooring. Let's check in with our general contractor Tommy to see what he's been up to out in the back yard. Hey Tommy!

Tommy: Stay back, Kevin. Don't you come any closer.

Kevin: Sure. Sure thing, Tommy. So what have you built here? Looks like a two-story wooden frame with no discernible purpose. This wasn't in the blueprints, was it, Tommy?

Tommy: This is where I live now. I have everything I need right here.

Kevin: What do you mean by that?

Tommy: Well, I'm in here and I'm not coming out. I'm not leaving here ever again.

Kevin: That's some nice work on the joins, looks like you went with oak underpinning. How did you get these boards flush?

Tommy: Oh, I hung a plumb bob from the second floor joist.

Kevin: Nice. So why are you in there again?

Tommy: Out there my feelings are exposed. There are too many things that can hurt me, emotionally. This structure is the only place I'm safe.

Kevin: That's a lot to take in. I had no idea you felt that way, Tommy.

Tommy: You never ask me how I feel. None of you guys do. We talk about paddle bits and anchor bolts all day, but we never talk about the inner me, the inner Tommy.

Kevin: I suppose that's true.

Tommy: I'm dealing with... a lot. A lot of things. This fort will protect me.

Kevin: What about the Johnsons? This is their back yard.

Tommy: My design accounts for them.

(the men stare at one another for the better part of a minute)

Tommy: When you work with lumber for as many years as I have, you learn a great deal. This fort is impenetrable.

Kevin: It's just a frame.

(Tommy winces, begins to retract into his fort)

Kevin: A nice frame! Solid, excellent craftsmanship as always, Tommy. You always do a great job.

Tommy: First time you've said so. But thank you, it's nice to hear I'm appreciated for once.

Kevin: Well you are appreciated. It's a great frame. Really, it is. But it's a frame, not a castle or secure vault. The Johnsons could just walk right through the doorway.

Tommy: *(laughing)* Once again you underestimate me. Look at that doorway. Do you know how wide it is?

Kevin: Now that you mention it, the doorway looks just shy of the standard. I'd say... thirty inches?

Tommy: Yes, thirty inches on the nose. And what do you suppose is the combined shoulder width of the Johnsons? No need to guess, I snuck up and measured them from behind while they were talking to the interior designer about cabinet handles. Their combined shoulder width is thirty one inches.

Kevin: You lost me, Tommy. What are you saying?

Tommy: I'm saying that if Jenn and Chris tried to walk through that doorway at the exact same time while standing shoulder-to-shoulder, they would not be able to fit. Think about it, Kevin. Those fools would bounce off the door frame like so many rubber mallets!

Kevin: That's not... look, how are you going to get food and water?

Tommy: I've got the rest of my life to figure that out.

Kevin: Well, I guess it's time to move on and see what Norm's up to. Good luck, Tommy. I mean that.

Tommy: As long as I'm in here I don't need luck. Or feelings. For the first time in my life I feel like I'm control.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.5 Don Draper pitches the sexy diarrhea woman to Viberzi

Friday, Aug 05, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The men all chuckle as they take their seats around the table.

VIBERZI CMO: So have you found a way to work in one of those 3D animations where liquid coats the inside of a bowel?

VIBERZI EXEC: Pepto Bismol thinks they've got a lock on those, but Imodium has one that is dynamite.

Don spreads his arms dramatically.

DON: Diarrhea...

VIBERZI CMO: It pays the bills.

DON: Diarrhea, gentlemen, is a rear-end riot of the bad stuff. It's not fun, it's not sexy. It means ruined pajamas and squatting over a gas station toilet trying to think about football plays while your scalding dookie knot blasts gravy. But what if diarrhea could be sexy?

VIBERZI CMO: Sexy?

DON: Women don't want a cure for diarrhea, they want a cure for what ruins their allure. Diarrhea blasts out of our second sexiest part - the human butt - and it's hard to be more sensual than a cascade of caramel-colored liquid. The velvety smooth chocolate waterfall is the number one shot of a Hershey's commercial, but when it comes to number two you want to forget about the chocolate byproduct. So how do we get to sexy?

Don reveals the card depicting a voluptuous woman in a bodysuit.

DON: This is Irritabelle.

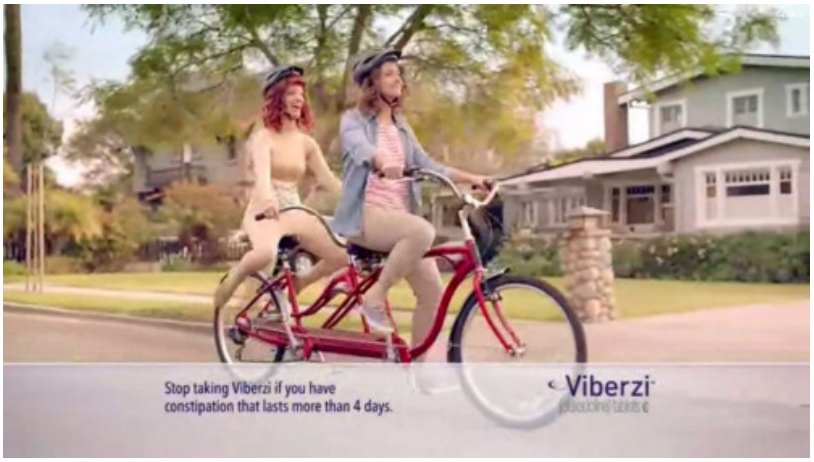
Gasps of surprise and murmurs of approval can be heard throughout the room.

VIBERZI CMO: I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

DON: Or your toilet. That's the point. Women want to be sexy more than anything, so if you want to talk to women about diarrhea, you have to speak their language. You have to say, "We get it, you can't get that hunky husband with the good job when you're stinking out every john from that diner to the complicated underwear department of Menken's." Women need a friend, and this sexy friend is fun, she's a bowel that just needs a little Viberzi to be sexy again.

VIBERZI CMO: You can't see it right now, but my dinger is hard as a diamond drill.

DON: We'll get a curvy woman, a body suit with a bowel on it, a really bad red wig, and then we'll have Irritabelle following pretty ladies around everywhere. These sexy moms can't get away from their butt issues, but just pop a little Viberzi in there and the rancid potty-wrecker is all smiles and sweetness. Then they'll be doing all the things they can't imagine doing with their doody dilemma; biking, wake boarding, wearing white dresses, eating at a buffet; you name it.



VIBERZI CMO: Could we get a wet t-shirt contest in there? You'd think with all the water hoses it wouldn't be a big deal, but diarrhea just spoils those things. All up the back of the shirt and it's under the fabric so it doesn't wash out. People notice.

DON: Maybe save that for an after 10 PM cut of the commercial.

VIBERZI EXEC: How about a seesaw?

DON: Whatever you'd like.

VIBERZI EXEC: I'd like to have the diarrhea lady on a seesaw.

VIBERZI CMO: I think you've sold us, Don. Let's go with the sexy diarrhea lady.

CUT TO *Don drinking in his office and staring out a window.*

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 America: "Eh, Gettin' Bored Of Unarmed Blacks Killed By Cops"

Monday, Aug 08, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

In an interview with The Wall Street Journal, all of America said that they were "kinda over" seeing so many unarmed blacks getting gunned down by white cops on TV.

"Yeah, yeah, we get it. Institutional racism. What else is on?" said America, as it reached for a bowl filled with every kind of snack imaginable. "I mean, it's a tragedy, but after the tenth time it happens...it's a boring tragedy."

America added: "Is Homeland back yet?"

America, which scratched itself multiple times during this interview, offered several ways the media could "spice up" the tired old cliche of a person of color being deprived of their life for no reason.

"They've gotta up the ante," said America, to itself, while scrolling through Facebook on one big iPhone. "Maybe a very old black man could get gunned down by cops? Or a black kid? No, wait, we saw that one already...ooh, the Olympics are on!"

America then briefly fell asleep, only to wake up screaming the phrase, "mashed potatoes."

Henry Louis Gates, Harvard professor and expert on race relations, acknowledge that blacks had "a better job to do" of spicing up their storyline for the white community.

"You can't blame them for tuning out if we just keep playing the hits," said Gates, his eyes darting around looking for cops as entered his Cambridge apartment. "Here's hoping the next black to be killed by terrified white bullies is someone whites can relate to, like the milquetoast Canadian rapper Drake, or the lovely and talented Rashida Jones."

"If only Pharrell Williams could get shot in the back by police," sadly intoned Gates, "we might be able to get something going."

Newt Gingrich, who we interviewed because we knew he'd say something crazy, blamed waning

white attentions spans on a variety of things, including "Bachelor In Paradise," "Overwatch," and, "the fact that menacing black teens keep jumping out in front of cops bullets."

We knew we could count on him.

When asked just how many videos of unarmed black men getting killed it would take for our nation to do something, America grabbed a giant remote control, and tried to change this interview to another channel.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

8.7 Our Procedurally Generated No Man's Sky Review

Tuesday, Aug 09, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's the most hyped game of the year, built up by the overactive imaginations of nerds, who were in turn fueled by the developers' carefully vague teases. Now it's here. Should you buy it? Our good friends at Hello Games – who definitely replied to my emails – created this review using No Man's Sky's actual procedural generation algorithm.

No Man's Sky is a **GREAT** video game. The best part is **WALK AROUND AIMLESSLY**.

No Man's Sky is a **TERRIFIC** video game. The best part is **SHOOT AT A SPACE ROCK TO COLLECT RESOURCES**.

No Man's Sky is a **OKAY** video game. The best part is **SEE AN ALIEN, DON'T SHOOT IT**.

No Man's Sky is a **GREAT2** video game. The best part is **SEE A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ALIEN, SHOOT IT TO COLLECT RESOURCE**.

No Man's Sky is a **GOOD** video game. The best part is **SEE A DIFFERENT ALIEN, DON'T SHOOT IT TO COLLECT RESOURCE**.

No Man's Sky is a **NICE** video game. The best part is **FLY ANYWHERE AT ALL**.

No Man's Sky is a **GREAT3** video game. The best part is **FLY ANYWHERE AT ALL, EXCEPT INTO THE GROUND, BECAUSE THE GAME WILL NOT ALLOW GROUND COLLISIONS**.

No Man's Sky is a **OKAY2** video game. The best part is **FLY ANYWHERE AT ALL, EXCEPT NOT IN SOME VALLEYS BECAUSE THERE ARE INVISIBLE WALLS TO KEEP THINGS FROM GETTING TOO THRILLING**.

No Man's Sky is a **TERRIFIC2** video game. The best part is **LOOK AT THIS MENU, IT'S LIKE DESTINY**.

No Man's Sky is a **ENJOYABLE** video game. The best part is **CRAFT AN UPGRADE FOR YOUR SPACE SUIT**.

No Man's Sky is a **ENJOYABLE2** video game. The best part is **CRAFT AN UPGRADE FOR YOUR SPACE GUN**.

No Man's Sky is a **OKAY3** video game. The best part is **CRAFT AN UPGRADE FOR YOUR SPACE SHIP**.

No Man's Sky is a **GOOD2** video game. The best part is **WALK UP TO ALIEN CHOOSE ONE OF THREE THINGS TO GET CHUNK OF ALIEN LANGUAGE**.

No Man's Sky is a **GREAT4** video game. The best part is **WALK AROUND AIMLESSLY2**.

No Man's Sky is a **NICE2** video game. The best part is **ACTIVATE TOWER TO ZOOM OUT AND REVEAL CHUNK OF MAP**.

Final score for No Man's Sky is **10/10**

Final score for No Man's Sky is **FIVE STARS OUT OF FIVE STARS**

Final score for No Man's Sky is **100/100**

Final score for No Man's Sky is **5/5**

Final score for No Man's Sky is **10/10**

Final score for No Man's Sky is **FIVE STARS OUT OF FIVE STARS2**

(the document loops for 300,000 pages with slight variations)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.8 How "Video Games" Are Made

Wednesday, Aug 10, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Have you ever marveled at one of today's hottest "video games" and angrily asked, "How can this be?" The answer may surprise you.

Nobody knows for sure who created the first video game, but they all agree on one thing: it was the seminal work **Red Baron's Delight II**. Thankfully, that was just the beginning.

Video games like **Car Chess**, **Bear Escape Arena**, **Just Us Hogs**, **Get Back Here 2**, **Travel Agency** and **Yelling!** are all the rage these days, thanks to amazing graphics and irresistible action. But did you know that their existence is no mere accident? Every game is actually created by skilled professionals in a laboratory setting.

But first, in order for a game to be made, it has to be envisioned. Most games are envisioned in stressful fever dreams, while others are envisioned by a sophisticated computer named Gary-27E. Whatever the method, all games must start with an idea. Due to the limited nature of dreams and computer predictions, most games use the same idea: a strong man must learn to drive manual transmission in order to save his village.

Once an idea is chosen, it is assigned to a game design team by lottery. From there, that team must work frantically to bring the game to life. The game industry does not tolerate failure, and all successful games are built on the literal bones of those who could not deliver.

But video games are about fun, so let's talk about how that fun comes into being.

All video games are made from two elements, assembled together by skilled professionals under strict supervision. Those two elements are pixels and code, and many video games contain hundreds of each.

Note: There is a third element, but it is very new and unstable. This element is called "voxels," or pixels that also have weight. Voxels require powerful graphics processors capable of doing heavy lifting.

Game artists carefully craft pixels into the characters you know and love, while engineers create the code that makes them hate and feel pain. To make these characters more lifelike, celebrities like Gary Oldman and Maya Angelou are brought in to record realistic grunts and cackles.

Engineers do more than make characters hate– usually due to some perceived slight or jealousy

over what the player has– they also program the code nuggets that make the entire game possible. Engineers create the motors that power the games. Their work turns static images into interactive movies and sports games where *you* call the shots.

But what about those fabulous game boards that challenge us so? That's where the intrepid level designer comes in. Level designers create the deadly laser grids and sports fields that players must navigate. It is the goal of every level designer to prevent the player from succeeding. If a player can pass a level, then the game is too easy and not fun to play.

But how do the artists, engineers and level designers know what to make? That task falls on the game designer. It is their job to make sure that the game contains the appropriate characters and settings. If it's a sports game, it may contain no giant rats. If it is instead a game where you seduce and breed giant rats, game designers make sure no athletes show up to spoil the fun.

Many game teams also include an old man who tells everyone to do impossible things, often in direct opposition to the original vision. The old man cannot be reasoned with, but he can be distracted.

All of these talented people work together to take the game from idea to completion. But what happens then, at the very bitter end, when all work seems done and there are no more pixels to shape, no more code to program, no more levels to build or obstacles to construct... there, at the end; the final moment, when everyone has nothing more to do, when the game is without flaw– what then??

The answer is quite simple: Once a game is finished, it "goes gold." This is the name of the ritual where all the developers, having completed their work, are submerged in a tank of molten gold, ending their service to the industry forever. Their gilded forms are put on display in the Video Game Museum in Casper, WY.

The game's final data (code and pixels) is distributed to farmers' markets, stores, traveling salesmen, bulletin board systems and your friend Eric. You'll know a new game is available to purchase thanks to a skilled marketing team. It is their job to spend millions commissioning rap videos, direct mail flyers and trifold brochures.

Now you see, it was wrong to think games were made by magic. It is all careful science, and nothing more. Every game ever has been made this way, and every game yet to come will follow in kind. The next time you play a game, think of the hard work and talent that makes it all possible. Just think.

As gamers often say to one another, "see you in the games, friend!"

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.9 The Ending to Every Gingerdead Man Movie

Thursday, Aug 11, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

EVIL NEVER TASTED SO GOOD!
GARY BUSEY IS
THE GINGERDEAD MAN
GINGERDEAD MAN 2
THE PASSION OF THE CRUST
FRESHLY BAKED TERROR!
GINGERDEAD MAN VS. EVIL BONG
AND HELL RODE WITH THEM

Don't have time to watch the epic cinematic saga that is Full Moon Pictures' The Gingerdead Man? Here are the endings to every movie in the franchise so far.

The Gingerdead Man

Someone punches or just sort of pokes the Gingerdead Man, exploiting his one weakness of being a man made of gingerbread.

Gingerdead Man 2: Passion of the Crust

An old lady serves the Gingerdead Man to some kids, who pretend to eat him while the old lady talks about her dead husband.

Gingerdead Man 3: Saturday Night Cleaver

The Gingerdead Man tells someone "bite me" - big mistake! The man punches him.

Gingerdead Man vs. Evil Bong

The Gingerdead Man gets marked down at the bakery and bought by a depressed person.

Gingerdead Man 5: Sweet Revenge

The Gingerdead Man is about to stab a girl but then realizes that his heart is made of gingerbread and can't pump the blood required for living, let alone stabbing someone, and dies.

Gingerdead Man 6: Unjust Desserts

No one buys the Gingerdead Man at a bake sale. He eventually goes stale and gets fed to a dog.

Gingerdead Man 7: Bread Rising

The Gingerdead Man is eaten by a fat man on his Weight Watchers free day.

Gingerdead Man 8: Crumble in the Bronx

The Gingerdead Man gets a fatal case of diabetes due to his body being 95% sugar.

Gingerdead Man 9: Recipe for Evil

Eaten again.

Gingerdead Man 10: Crisco Inferno

Someone bakes the Gingerdead Man with the wrong kind of yeast or something. Who the hell even makes gingerbread men anymore?

Gingerdead Man 11: Hell's Kitchen

The Gingerdead Man falls behind a couch, landing in a pile of coins and rubber bands and stuff.

Gingerdead Man 12: Psycho Candy

Eaten

Gingerdead Man 13: A Song of Icing and Fire

Police corner the Gingerdead Man in a candy shop but decide to let him live because none of them can stand the candy shop smell.

Gingerdead Man 14: Rosemary's Bakery

"You've heard of baked goods," an aging, disheveled Gingerdead Man growls. "Well, I'm a baked EVIL!" The quip echoes faintly through an empty room.

Gingerdead Man 15: A Touch of Frosting

Eaten by someone who finally says the titular line, "you're the GingerDEAD Man now!"

Gingerdead Man 16: The Sugarhell Gang

Closeup of Charles Band slumped in a lawn chair drinking Black Label straight from the bottle. "Why bother?" he sighs.

Gingerdead Man 17: We Ran out of Gingerbread Puns

Eaten

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.10 Polka Dot Flesh Secures the Treasure

Friday, Aug 12, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It is now known the representatives who serve our banner suck the blood in glass cups to achieve supremacy. This stolen wisdom of our enemies tortures the body with livid humps and circular marring, but no injury. In fact: opposite from injury.

We support any technique of victory but the bad one. The cursed potion method of the servants of the Finno-Ugric Oligarchs is worthy only of our disgust. We wag the sport finger at them. We spit upon them for all of time and one thousand years more.

Treasure update. Leveraging bone with muscle, Simone hurtles into the air and lands correctly. What a stirring thing to abandon the ground, if only to never return, but yes, it must come back. And she has won it. The golden prize.

We honor the first prize of the swarthy swimmer of our great banner or any the lesser. She spills her salt from eyes agog as the most splendid colors of our victory descend utmost. Say her name, for it is the other Simone. And lesser cousin shares the stage. We do not curse them in this time of peace, but in the days to come their treasure will be gathered.

For victory, we have expended our reserves of Simones.

Turn now to the Dark Project. Michael's release from his enclosure terrifies the enemies. Their banners droop and the treasure horde is left unguarded. Again he launches through the fluid, clad in bruised raiment of sinuous majesty.

While Michael rages, the desultory men of ball fail us and are cursed to anonymous poverties. The lithe women rise in triumph, once more unbowed by lesser banners, untamed by the whistle of our foes. They are the honored ones, celebrated in poem, their hindquarters once dusted by His Majesty, Supreme President.

The rout of our enemies has only just begun. On boat, on lift, on sword, on equus bold the polka dot flesh carries defeat to all foes. The cups suckle and bruise throughout the night and by next dawn our legion will secure more treasure to please us.

Punish our bodies, they will not break. No foe but time will bend our knees. And all the treasure will belong to us.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 The Fact That Hillary Secretly Murdered Dozens Shows She's Ready To Lead

Monday, Aug 15, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

As a longtime fan of both /r/The_Donald AND /r/hillaryforprison, I'm privy to exclusive knowledge about Hillary Clinton. Her secret lesbian relationship with Janet Reno. Her "Most Valuable Player" award from ISIS founder Barack Hussein Obama. Her ignoring pleas for help at Benghazi, going so far as to write, "troops never vote for me, so fuck 'em!!!!1!!1"

But her biggest crime? Personally orchestrating dozens of brutal murders. From Vince Foster to John Ashe, from James McDougal to Seth Rich, anyone who gets in her way ends up in a body bag. In fact, the official Clinton body count now stands at 53 deaths. You'd think that'd disqualify her from being president, right?

But that's when I realized: to get away with 54 high profile murders and never see a minute of jailtime...is actually pretty impressive. If anything, her murder spree shows she's got the nerve, the guts and the organizational ability to go out there and win for America!

And remember, this isn't just your average 68 year old she-murderer. Hillary is committing these murders while under the daily stresses of the campaign trail. She's crisscrossing the nation, giving speeches, directing campaign strategy...yet still finds time to silence those who'd dare cross her?

Incredible. Powerful. I'm with her.

Now I know what you're thinking. "Asterios, she's not committing these murders alone. She has a secret network of killers who do the work for her."

Well yes, obviously. But who's drawing up the hit lists? Who's creating alibi after alibi? Who's paying out millions in untraceable currency from The Clinton Foundation? Hillary is. And she's doing it all while at death's door.

It's well documented that Hillary Clinton is dying of several dozen serious medical conditions that could kill her at any moment. And that makes her murders all the more impressive. To orchestrate a vast left-wing conspiracy from a secret hospital bed underneath The White House...that takes heart.

And Hillary has it.

For those who aren't aware, here's a list of Hillary's medical conditions:

- Alzheimer's
- Blood Clots
- Dementia
- Crime Addiction
- Parkinson's
- Seizures
- A Deep, Dark Hole Where Her Soul Should Be
- Black-Outs
- Heart Problems
- An Inability To Laugh Like A Normal Human Being
- Arthritis Of The Secret Penis

And that's just what we know about. Given the demands of her health, her impressive body count proves she's ready on day one.

Also, I'm not sure if this is technically a "medical condition," but the only thing she eats is money, and that can't be good for you. Especially because she only eats money from the Saudis who bankroll ISIS & 9/11, which is a LOT of money. Her cholesterol must be sky high. Yet she continues to draw blood from her foes.

Now, this isn't to say I don't agree with Donald Trump on a lot of things. He's a world class businessman who has never lost a dime of his self-made fortune, so he'd obviously make a great treasury secretary.

But when "The Donald" speaks of murder, it often rings hollow and obvious, unlike stone cold murder-bitch HRC. For example, when Mr. Unstumpable said, "You have to take out their families," at first I agreed with him. But then I realized: would a GOOD murderer announce their intentions to kill innocents on an episode of Fox & Friends? Of course not, they'd be found out right away! Hillary rebuffed Donald's remarks, calling them a "violation of international law."

...exactly what a REAL family-murderer would say! Score one for Team Hillary!

And sure, Trump has made "casual" calls for violence. He's supported protesters being "roughed up," said he'd "cover the legal fees" of those who called for violence...but this is all pretty penny ante stuff. In 2016, we can't afford to trust the business of America's murders to an amazing businessman, women's rights advocate and hilarious entertainer.

We need a professional. We need Hillary Rodham Clinton. Thank you, and god bless Amurderica.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

8.12 The Emotional Strain of a Dying Cell Battery

Tuesday, Aug 16, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Battery: 100% - Impossible Perfection

Only possible when wired directly to the wall, the full battery is worshiped as the ideal. Though it will tick down to 99% in about twenty seconds, you will compare your phone to this moment for the rest of the day. There was once perfection in this world, but now it is gone.

Battery: 99% - Golden Age

Truly the Golden Age of cellphone usage. You text and browse freely and carelessly update apps that you don't even use. Out of boredom, you refresh websites hoping they've updated in the last five minutes. Free of battery anxiety, this glorious–though fleeting– time will forever remain with you.

Battery: 70% - Crushing Austerity

The Golden Age comes to an abrupt stop as you shift immediately to a crushing austerity. App after app is shut down. Browsing is limited and there is no way you're going to click on any gifs. When driving, you continuously close Google Maps only to reopen it every few minutes. You keep reminding yourself to stop checking your email, and instead just stare off blankly at the wall. "Is this what hell feels like?" you ask yourself, and after a few minutes you answer, "yes."

Battery: 50% - Pragmatic Revolution

As your anxiety rises, you convince yourself that you know something about cellphones. All you have to do, you think, is shut down a few processes or features and you'll be fine. In reality you have no idea what to do. You can't stop annoying notifications from Candy Crush let alone get a phone to run more efficiently. But there is no stopping you. After a few minutes of flipping through settings, you give up. Eventually you manage to dim the screen to one point above OFF and by this time you're so delusional you think it's helping.

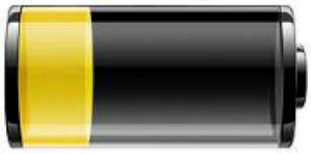
Battery: 40% - Great Panic

With the percentage still crashing, your clear thinking turns into the Great Panic. Superstitions and false beliefs rule your decisions. You accuse innocent apps of draining battery life. You shift the phone to your other pocket thinking that it's cooler and thus, somehow, better. You google "How to make cellphone better" and click on some shady Russian link thinking it will help. You

become incredibly aware of other people's battery situation. When you see someone charging up, you frantically consider talking to strangers just for a bit of juice. You don't. With each waning tick, you build an amazing resentment towards Apple/Samsung/umm...Nokia? This isn't a battery, this is a scam! You've been swindled! These giant companies owe you a refund!

Battery: 30% Painful Acceptance

This is not the phone's fault. This is your fault. You look back at the Golden Age with a tinge of regret. You had it all: the data, the phone, the battery. And for what? To sit on the toilet and catch, like, fifty Drowzees? The world was in your hands and you squandered it without a second thought. Acknowledging your wrongs, you try to remember that people once lived without phones, you try to roleplay as though you're a 1990s barbarian. It does not work. Instead, you must accept that you will live without constant push notifications. You must accept that someday you will die. That's a bit dramatic.



Battery: 20% Fleeting Optimism

For the first time since you unplugged the phone, you finally feel joy. Despite the dire estimated time remaining, you become incredibly thankful for each percentage left. All of a sudden, it seems as though the battery will just hover in the teens for the rest of day. It won't.

Battery: 10% True Freedom

You've managed to do everything in your power to save the last few ticks of your cellphone, but you know that any minute will be its last. Unfortunately, it is now, for the first time of the day, that you actually have to use your phone. Perhaps you need an Uber or urgent directions or a call from a loved one. You turn the phone off airplane mode, you turn on location services, you pray for just a few minutes longer. It dips from 9 to 8 to 7. You begin begging. The screen turns black. You thought you were prepared for this moment, but it still hurts. It hurts so damn much.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.13 Complete Lyrics From the 1990 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles' Coming Out of Their Shells Tour

Wednesday, Aug 17, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Coming Out of Our Shells!

Ooze fell into the sewer
Made us into something newer
Capable of karate and english!

We four normal turtles got oozed
Then ninja training got used
Livin' in the sewer, pizza!

Sing About It

We were turtles then ooze fell onto us
Mutatin' made us adventurous
The ooze started up there and landed on our heads!

When we were normal turtles we were smaller
Then the ooze made us taller
Honestly, we like all kinds of pizza!

Tubin'

Born as normal turtles but now we're talking
Cause some guy with ooze tripped while walkin'
While normal we never dreamed we'd be mutants!

When the ooze fell down that grate
It was scary but turned out great
Because it made us mutants who can talk!

Skipping Stones

Thought what fell on us was pizza
But it was ooze saying nice to meet ya
We have different personalities!

When ooze falls on you it's destiny
Now we can put pads on our knees
Ooze fell on us from above!

Pizza Power

Ooze dropped on me in that sewer place
Now I've got a mask on my face
To hide my identity!

When ooze splashes on ya
You lose your taste for lasagna
Mutation includes an unrelenting hunger for pizza!

Walk Straight

When that ooze hits you after falling
You start to feel that martial arts practice calling
We were turtles and then we were mutants!

Ooze fell through the grate and hit our skin
As mutants we were born again
Our masks are different colors!

Cowabunga

In the sewers when that ooze hit my head
Never thought I'd love cheese and red sauce on bread
But I do because ooze fell on me in the sewer!

Before I was a mutant the ooze hit me when I was normal
Now I fill in "mutant" on all paperwork which is formal
Couldn't fill out forms when I was just a turtle!

April's Ballad

That ooze hit them like a shower
Gave them mutant power
You see these guys aren't just turtles, they can talk!

Down the sewer on to them that ooze did drop
Mutants it made them even though it looked like slop
It was ooze and it hit them!

Count on Us

Above us that canister of ooze did crack wide open
Made us into so much more than we were hopin'
By that I mean it made us mutants and ninjas as well!

Did I mention that ooze fell on us while we were in the sewer
Now the world of regular turtles has precisely four fewer
That's the four of us, who were once normal turtles but are now mutants!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.14 James Cameron Doesn't Even Remember What the Blue Aliens are Called

Friday, Aug 19, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In 2009 James Cameron transported audiences to another world where giant blue cat people lived in a magical tree and fought helicopters and Space Marines and had sex with their tails. Starting in 2018, he plans to begin releasing four more *Avatar* movies with a new movie coming every two years.

The one problem: Cameron barely remembers making *Avatar*.

From an Entertainment Weekly article, he confesses he doesn't remember what the blue aliens are called:

> I don't know anymore. Nobby? Is that what it was? They're sort of like giant cats and they don't wear shirts so their tits are always out, but covered up. Really hot and beautiful. Somebody can look that up. It's not important. The point is, J.J. Abrams is a hack.

Cameron showed up on a science fiction podcast in 2015 and had this to say about the future of *Avatar*:

> I worked out how one of these blue cat women could make a guy pregnant so the guy having a baby would be one whole movie, but I have to find the paper I wrote that down on. It's okay though, that was like movie number four. Or five maybe.

Some technical details have leaked as well, including Cameron's plan to use new camera technologies:

We are going to shoot the third *Avatar* movie completely under water using submarines and then we will digitally remove the water from the image. It's a new camera I developed.

People laughed about 3D cameras but remember 3D TVs? Those were a thing for a while. Nobody is laughing about 3D now. Because guess what is in 3D... the real world. Now who is the "nerd" engaged to marry a hologram of a catwoman?

From an interview earlier this year:

> I've met all my wives working on movies and *Avatar* is no different. I am going to make one of these cat women real and marry her and she is going to make me pregnant. What are they called again? Nobby? Nami? Spell it, I can't tell what you're saying.

During a Reddit Ask Me Anything, Cameron admitted some of the production difficulties.

> There's something called Gleep that is inside all of the cat people and it's how they transfer the psychic baby to a human male body. So it's created by two cat people, one of which is Jake Dolby or whatever his name is in his avatar body, but then they go back and put the baby into his human body in the wheelchair, which was saved from dying by Aziz Ansari. He was in that movie, right? I've spent 16 months building a working human body,

> a man's body, and figured out how a baby can be inside him and gestate. And we have cameras inside the body. It's about 20 times larger than a real human body. The baby is actually a submarine and we can take it out and use it to film the underwater scenes.

If you think you know where he is going with his story, Cameron thinks you'd better expect the unexpected.

> The next *Avatar* movie will not be what you're expecting. It's more of a cross between *The Golden Child* and *The Thing*, and it takes place completely aboard an oil rig where the cat people have sex a lot for robots. The robots get off on this stuff. It's not me, it's what the evil robots want.

As for the fifth *Avatar*...

> *Avatar 5*? Two words: dinosaurs. We're doing it. We are doing real dinosaurs. We figured it out. And how a dinosaur could have sex with a human based on some things I saw on the internet. It's real. It happened

back during those times. A guy used computers to prove it. And according to one image I've seen dinosaurs could even self suck, which is something I want to explore further but we haven't finished building the dinosaur.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 I Try To Explain To My Son What l33tspeak Is, And How It Can Help Him

Monday, Aug 22, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

[THIS IS AN EXACT TRANSCRIPTION, RECORDED ON MY IPHONE]

ASTERIOS: OK, so when someone says "lol" do you know what that means?

KEVIN: That they think you are funny.

ASTERIOS: OK but...the actual letters L-O-L, do you know what that means?

KEVIN: That doesn't mean anything.

ASTERIOS: No, it's actually short for "laughing out loud." And that's what we did when we used l33tspeak. We laughed and laughed and laughed.

KEVIN: OK.

ASTERIOS: So let's talk about computer hacking.

KEVIN: OK.

ASTERIOS: If you're good at hacking, you're "l33t," which means "elite." It's spelled L-3-3-T.

KEVIN: OK.

ASTERIOS: But you can also make fun of someone else's hacking by going, "you are teh l33t hax0r my ninja."

KEVIN: OK.

ASTERIOS: Do you have any questions so far?

KEVIN: Yes.

ASTERIOS: Save 'em 'till the end. OK, so, onto w00t. Now w00t, spelled with two zeroes, is how

we would celebrate each other, or ourselves.

KEVIN: Why should I care about any of this.

ASTERIOS: ***Because you can be the boy who brings it back.***

[A PAUSE]

KEVIN: Why would I do that?

ASTERIOS: Because you'll be cool! You'll be cool on the internet! You'll bring l33tspeak back, people will think you invented it, you'll get rich!

KEVIN: If I use any of those words, they're gonna call me a faggot.

ASTERIOS: Hey, don't talk like that, I'm recording this.

KEVIN: WHAT?

ASTERIOS: I told you! You're bringing this back! I wanted to tape record the moment when you realized you could bring this back!

KEVIN: DAD, I DON'T WANT TO.

ASTERIOS: You'll start by calling pirated software "warez," with a Z, like "Softwarez!"

KEVIN: GOODBYE, DAD.

ASTERIOS: They're all gonna think you r0xx0r!

[KEVIN SLAMS THE HALLWAY DOOR]

ASTERIOS: Dammit. Dammit!

[ASTERIOS KICKS A FOOTSTOOL ACROSS THE KITCHEN FLOOR]

ASTERIOS: Why do I always have to be such a lamer?

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

8.16 Smooth Move, Batman

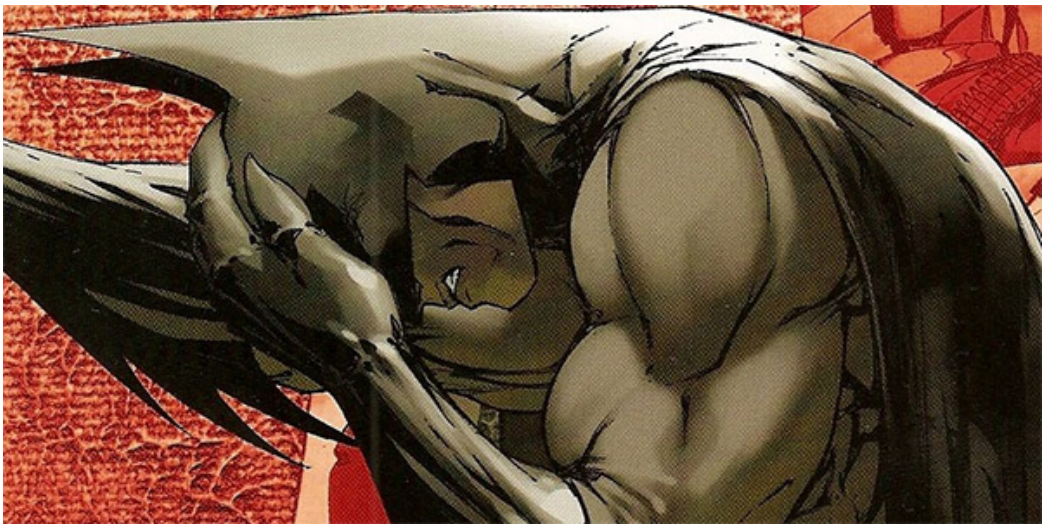
Tuesday, Aug 23, 2016 by Disappointed Gotham Citizen

Trust me, I hear it all the time when anyone finds out I live in Gotham City. "Isn't that the place swarming with super villains and mutants?" Why, yes. Yes it is. But if you can find me a reasonable one-bedroom apartment in NYC for less than $1200 a month, I'd be the first to leave this rent-controlled slice of perpetually dark Art Deco heaven. Sure, *maybe* my block was covered in "Joker gas" for upwards of four days, but if you take precautions and buy the right kind of masking tape, little issues like this don't amount to much more than, say, sentient vines occasionally strangling, then devouring your building's super (who was kind of a dick about what you flush down the toilet, if you ask me).

Of course, I always get the Batman question. Spend enough time around here, and you're bound to run into him. And everyone has their own Batman story, with each tale giving new details about the Dark Knight. My friend Robbie, who worked catering at one of Gotham's many nightly galas, told me his aftershave smells like sandalwood. My old pal Debbie, who worked sanitation at yet another gala, filled me in on the fact that his chin and general lower jaw area resembles that of several of our local billionaires. I'm sure it's just a coincidence, seeing as he's been photographed several thousand time at this point. And I bet the parents of that Make-A-Wish kid would've said something after he got a peek under the mask and before The Big C sent that secret into the ground with his tiny coffin.

It's not that I was expecting a Batman encounter that night–even if everyone has one at some point. And it usually plays out the same way: He uses that grappling thing to swing you to safety, and before you can even so much as say "thank you," he does his whole Irish Goodbye thing. All in all, it's a safe situation that gives you the illusion of danger, like driving through one of those safari parks where retired circus lions sleep thousands of yards away from your moving car. Of course, I should have seen it coming, what with my job involving the transport of large bags full of money–helpfully marked with a dollar sign–into an unguarded truck, but I guess the daily rut dulls you to the probable danger of clown-themed bandits, which happened to surround me on the third floor of the Gotham Large Bills Depository on that fateful night.

Of course, The Batman made short work of those thugs. And I did my best by pretending to be



scared, since I've been told he'll do some of his cooler karate moves if your cooperate on an emotional level. After leaving that trio of harlequin thieves strung up artfully, I took a look at his handiwork, and said, "Aw, geez, Batman–thanks a lot!" So it goes without saying I didn't expect to see him struggling with the window when I turned, fully expecting to watch the end of his cape trailing off into the night. "Yeah, those windowsills are painted over," I helpfully told him, and he agreed to escort me down the stairs to safety. As we walked, I couldn't stop thinking him enough–before the sound of a frantically jiggling door handle interrupted my praise. "Yeah, Batman, that fire escape is locked, what with the crime and all." He argeed to escort me further, even if I told him the remaining one-and-a half flights seemed pretty safe to me.

Now, we might have all caught a glimpse of the Batmobile, but let me tell you that thing is like nothing you've ever seen up close. But I guess Batman might be too busy to drop that thing off at Midas every 30,000 miles, since he was having a hell of a time getting the engine to turn over. "You're flooding it, Batman," I told him again and again, and boy oh boy was that chin of his ever getting red and sweaty. When he started banging his head on that steering wheel over and over again, I rapped on the window and said, "C'mon Batman. I'll give you a ride to the nearest pay phone." We rode in silence for a few minutes, while Batman idly played with my A/C vents, and I spotted a booth about a hundred feet down the road. The guy needed some cheering up, so I kindly looked to the side of the road to give him a chance to do his thing. "Wow! *Live* nudes! That's way different than the types of women you usually deal with, ain't it Batman?"

More frantic jiggling. Apparently I had left the child-proof locks on. We slowly drove in silence the rest of the way, and he gave me his secret identity if I promised to never tell this story to anyone. I'll just say if I ever run into some guy named Clark Kent, he'll at least get a knowing nod from yours truly.

–~Disappointed Gotham Citizen

8.17 LOADS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Aug 24, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

REFORMED HOG - Former member of the swine family, has now agreed to behave like a proper dog. Free to patient home willing to overlook physical defects. 555-2519

!! DO NOT LOOK AWAY !! Whatever you do, you have to maintain eye contact with the dog. If you break gaze, it's over. I haven't slept in 7 days. My time is running out. Carry the fire! 555-3358

FREE FOR GOOD HOME Healthy 6-month-old pug. Home must be good and include dishwasher, central air, hardwood floors, marble countertops. Home must be free of family strife. Home must have two stories and be in a good school district. Pug will be provided in exchange for this home. 555-9282

BIG HAIRY EGG discovered in abandoned shed in bed of goo. This is where dogs come from right? Anyway, based on the loud discordant humming sound, I'd say it's about to hatch. $50. 555-8251

TRULY SUPERIOR - I make six figures, have a beautiful wife and 3 fast cars. My house is surely larger than yours. My life is too good for my dog, which is small and stupid. Make an offer! 555-7252

LOUD URINATOR - We're sick of the deafening noise he

SCREAMING DOG won't stop yelling about impending assassination. My ears can endure no more of this nonsense. Help me out and adopt, please! 555-2851

• DOG WITH EXTRAS • Gorgeous St. Bernard, loving and well-behaved. Excellent with children and cats. Has had a veterinarian's hand stuck in his butt for 4 years and we're getting tired of always having to feed and entertain this guy. 555-5271

DOG IN STONE - Whosoever pulleth this dog from the stone shall be king of the realm. Many have tried, few have been worthy. Housebroken/all shots. 555-9201

NERVOUS NELLY - Seriously freaked-out Labradoodle has terrible anxiety. She's chewed all her fur off, and some skin as well. Free to any takers. Come pick up at the Klaxon Museum. 555-8215

CHARISMATIC CANINE has been amassing quite the follower count. By my estimation, 73 dogs of all breeds have embraced his cause. Not sure what cause is, but they've also procured a military truck. 555-8821

ATEMYSPACEBAR-STUPID DOGRUINEDANOTHERKEY BOARD.ATESPACEBARAND CAPSLOCK.APOLOGIESFO RDIFFICULTYREADING.IAM ANGRYBUTNOTYELLING.D

FREE WOLVES - Unknown numbers. Please feel free to park at gate next to my 374,000 acres of untamed woodland. Collect as many as desired. 555-7162

DOG OUTSIDE WINDOW I've been throwing chunks of honey-baked ham at the dog outside my window, but I think he needs more. Can you give him a home? 555-8271

♥♥ DOGGY DOORMAT ♥♥ Swansong, our beloved Husky, crossed over the rainbow bridge after 15 glorious years. We wanted to honor her, so we made her into a doormat. Kids did not like! Only $250. 555-2852

FREE LAB MIX - Mixture of several hundred homogenized dogs, produced in my own lab. Bring own barrel and forklift for transport. 555-1903

VINTAGE DOG LOT Collection of 24 gently used dogs. Some are missing pieces, but all are alive. Recovered from attic of loved one. Personalities are too peculiar to describe here. $15.75 for set. 555-5263

EMERGENCY HELP - This is it. Hundreds of madmen are hurling flaming tires and debris into my yard. My family is dead. It's just me and Mable now. Please give her a good home when these bastards finally get me. 555-8915

Some dogs appear courtesy of David @arr Thorpe. Thanks to that guy.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.18 Girl, You Deserve a Man Who Will Bring You 20 Carbon

Friday, Aug 26, 2016 by AdviceGek Shirleen (@sexyfacts4u)

All these years you've been sitting inside this giant Xbox-looking shipping container, ignoring all objects other than your space phone, you are beyond the point of settling. You can't just talk to any random traveler who walks in on you while you're flapping your head around and chirping. That man better bring that carbon. No less than 20 units.

It doesn't matter if he brings it from halfway across the galaxy or from the potted plant sitting in your office. Girl, it's about respect. It shows he will do what it takes to give you what you need. And what you need is 20 carbon. No, don't you dare get up and get it yourself. Never get it yourself. Never do anything. You just sit right there. Flapping your little bird-frog head around.

He come in here with that iron you just tell him nuh-uh. You turn around and jetpack boost your cheap ass right back out of here. For this girl it is carbon or it is nothing. Oh, but he gives you that carbon? You're going to get serious. You look into his eyes and you ask him some questions about blueprints on your computer. You just ask him, it doesn't matter if he understands you. Glip-gloppin', fizz-floppin' whatever. You go on and ask that boy.

Don't sell yourself short. Don't start thinking about whether or not he is going to bring you that good, good 20 carbon you need. He needs you even worse than you need him. What is he gonna do? Talk to that pyramid? Rub his body on the abandoned computer with the barnacles on it?

Sure, he may run past you thirty times selling things at your trade computer, never even give you a second look. You just act like it doesn't bother you. Don't get needy. Because one day he'll be like, "You know, I run past this girl every day to sell the cubes and rocks. Today I'm going to talk to this bird-frog thing." And that's when you got him. He's already made up his mind. He's gonna feed you that 20 carbon without even thinking about it.

I know you want to talk to him, girl. You could ask him about his journey or maybe speak in hushed tones about the strange wisdom he has garnered from the ancient ruins. But don't talk about any of that stuff. In fact, have no meaningful interaction with him. Just ask about those blueprints and then whatever he says give him some blueprints for like a slime hat that he already has. You don't need to impress him, he needs to impress you.

If he comes back again, girl, you just be like, "Carbon? What do I look like, some sort of giant wolf

cow that absorbs nutrients from sunlight even though it has fangs? Carbon is played out. I need that good, good Heridium now."

–∼AdviceGek Shirleen (@sexyfacts4u)

8.19 Excerpts From TIME Magazine's Cover Story on "Trolling"

Saturday, Aug 27, 2016 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

They're called "trolls". And they are the guy from Hatred of online. But unlike the guy from Hatred's righteous quest to cleanse the world of the scum of humanity, these trolls are only in it for themselves. Hello, I'm Joel Stein, the guy who wrote the TIME magazine "Me Me Me Generation" article, and I've found out about computers.

"Trolls" - an insidious new type of internet user who doesn't use the shift key - come from a broad spectrum of sexualities, ethnicities, and political affiliations. However, or do they? It would really fuck up the central thesis of this article if that were the case, so I'm bafflingly going to state it once and then immediately attempt to prove the opposite. Trolls are white power ISIS van drivers. Trolls eat love and shit fear. Trolls are the opposite of medicine. Look to your left, and look to your right. If you're using a computer, you probably didn't see anyone - but the trolls are *already all around you.*

"Trolls" - basically the Agent Smith from The Matrix of online - live inside your computer and post low content replies on your status updates where they call you chumber and gluten master. In the old days of the internet, ideas spread freely, all were equal, racism and homosexuality hadn't been invented, and every ten minutes a $20 bill came out the floppy drive. However, today's trolls

probably don't even know what the floppy drive is...

One thing a "troll" might do is call me "gay"... *when I'm not even gay.*

"Trolls" see the world as a gigantic playground - and every poor victim is another slide. Trolls send hateful comments to poor hard working writers such as yours truly for the "lulz" - and hopefully my usage of this term won't remind you of when Fox News ran this exact story back in 2007 - a corruption of LOL which stands for Laughing On Line. But the only ones laughing at the end of one of these trolls' coordinated hacking assaults... are no one.

These days, horrific things happen online every day. "Trolls" see themselves as baseball bats - and everyone's a ball. Yes the entire article is going to be sentences like that. Trolls can be anywhere, from the darkest message boards of the deep web to underneath a big cardboard box propped up with a stick. Their favorite pastimes are commenting on hard working TIME journalist's articles to say that they're comprised mainly of irrelevant tangents and meandering anecdotes, and CHILD MURDER.

Are "trolls" millenials? Sure.

"Trolls" are the woodlice that come pouring out of a hollow twig when an errant ray of sunshine strikes at such an angle as to illuminate its entire interior. Let me be 100% clear: this is NOT a metaphor.

What exactly is a "troll"? To understand this, firstly imagine a freshly painted wall. Pure, pristine, smooth, a little shiny from the glossy finish. Now imagine a fist punching a hole straight through that wall, ruining it. That fist is mine, after a sleeper cell of an elite troll cadre called me "Soel Jtein" on ello, essentially "swapping" the first letters of my first and last names. And now there's a huge hole in my bedroom wall... thanks a bunch trolls... that's so funny I forgot to laugh...

Wow... mm... trolls... haha.. yeah...

There have been reports of non-TIME journalists whose lives have been affected negatively by trolling. Sadly, their tales have been lost to TIME. But the next time you look at a web-site and see the CSS so tattered and ragged you can see your reflection in your monitor, **[ADD CONCLUSION BEFORE PUBLISHING]**

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

8.20 Best Names For Horses

Monday, Aug 29, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Horses. Every American owns one. But sadly, America is running out of names for these horses (or, "Horseys.") Something Awful is proud to grant our fellow citizens relief, with these, the Best Names For Horses.

8
GALLERY
FURNITURE.COM
Mommy's
Little Secret

2
1
The Horsearino Twins

110
Leadership

Haulin' Oats

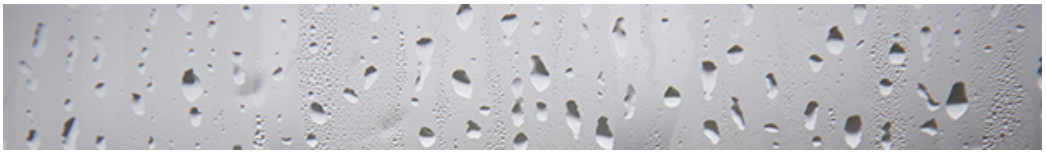
Johnsonville Brats
Muckleshoot Indian Tribe
WIN
PLACE
1160
520
SUPER-FECTA
EMERALD DOWNS
EST. 1996
4
Nostril-damus

Mommy's
BIG Secret
6
6

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

8.21 In Defense of Your Absurdly Long Showers

Tuesday, Aug 30, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Why would you have a 30 gallon water heater if you weren't supposed to use all 30 gallons?

So long as Phoenix, AZ. is allowed to exist in this world, then no one—*no one*—has the right to give you guff about water waste.

Do you want to experience real power? How about rinsing out your shampoo with enough fresh water to hydrate an African village for a week.

You don't need to be a freaking biologist to know that animal life crawled out of the water. It's only natural for you to return to it on a daily basis.

You work hard and can do whatever you want with your money. Sure you could splurge on a big gaudy watch or a nice car or you could enjoy the simple knowledge that your water meter is melting from the overuse.

They say each almond needs 1.1 gallons of water to grow. Well, what about (point at your crotch) deez nuts?

Look, koalas get all their hydration from the leaves they eat and you get 100% of your hydration from the shower faucet. It's a 1:1 comparison here, people.

If Trajan can build a decadent bathhouse and be praised for it centuries later, then surely there's nothing wrong with enjoying your simple bathroom.

Without you, water charities like, umm, charity: water couldn't exist. After all, how could they save water if you weren't flagrantly wasting it? You set them up, they knock em down.

How can you ever truly know you're clean until every skin cell is swollen and your fingers are pruned until numb?

Yes, there is a limited water crisis. Yes, there is something of a global issue. But when the entire world is dried out and looks like some serious Mad Max shit, aren't you going to be happy remembering the good times?

If it makes others feel better, the drain is sort of backed up, so for most of the shower you're ankle deep in your own dingy tub water.

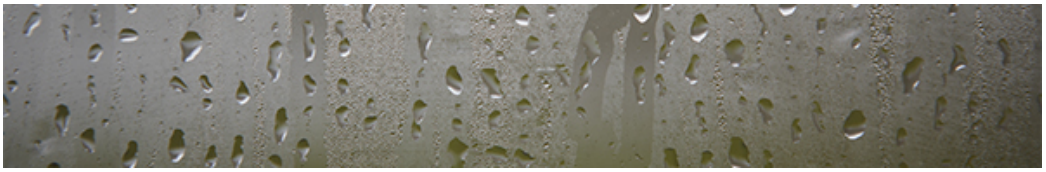
If you live in an apartment and your landlord pays the bill, you'd be a moron not to mindless waste as much water as you can at any and all times. It's just clear business sense. If you don't have your shower running along with the kitchen faucet and any outdoor hose blasting whenever you walk through the door, you're just throwing money away.

It's better to not think of it as a morning shower but as a long-term transitional grey period between sleep and work.

Your DNA is 99% similar to, like, moss or something. You're just trying to recreate the same humid habitat for your body. You're pretty much a self-contained environmental protection agency.

It's taken years of moving the knob bit by bit, but you've now successfully built up an immunity to boiling water. Someday the world will thank you for this skill. Until then, you must keep training.

Long showers are one of the few things you enjoy in life. That's okay.



–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.22 Sponsored Links

Wednesday, Aug 31, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

The Most Sultry Way To Tell Non-Redheads To Shut The Fuck Up

Unbelievable New Device Helps Doctors Locate Ear Canals. Unbelievable!

Wait Until You See What The Money From Brewster's Millions Looks Like Today

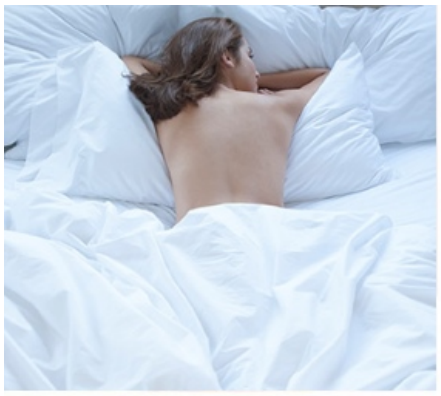
The Hidden Dangers Of Punching Yourself In The Stomach

17 Actors From Harry Potter Who No Longer Wear Their Costumes

Finally, A Watch That Works Up To 2 Feet Away From Reflective Surfaces

"Dear Tablet, What The Heck Are 'Colors Other Than Brown' and 'Clothes Without Patterns'?"

Miracle Device Cleverly Hides Your Hitler Mustache - But Not Your Hitler Haircut



The Elaborate Bed Outfit This YouTuber Wore To The VMAs Will Make Your Jaw Drop!

In Five Years, Every MRI Technician Will Be Replaced By Nine Dogs

This Robot's Ignored Pleas Will Make Your Jaw Drop, Rekindle Your Love Of The Alt-Right

The HOTTEST, Most SEXY, Most OBJECTIFIABLE Athletes In Olympic Disinterested Lounging

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 The Cool Tech Office Blues

Thursday, Sep 01, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

First of all, I have to say how grateful I am to be part of this organization. I never thought hanging out with a bunch of guys who took *American Psycho* at face value would pay off, but here I am five years later, with a great job at an up-and-coming startup and 90 whole square feet of San Francisco to call my own. Back home, I'd start my day with some Froot Loops and some instant coffee–these days, you better not talk to me until I've had my ten-dollar slice of artisanal toast. Sure, I had to sell my car in order to live here, but walking to work while dodging countless piles of feces and discarded mattresses really helps wake my brain up during those early morning hours. Plus, I'm sure all of that human misery will clear up once more go-getters like us move into the neighborhood.

Phil, I dare say you've come even further than I have! After all, your parents floated here on a raft made of surplus toilet seats to chase the American dream, and it looks like you achieved it. Your parents may have worked themselves into an early grave, but I'm sure they're looking down from heaven with pride. After all, their son created SpotLess, the first app to let users know the likelihood of whether or not the silverware at certain restaurants will have water spots. Thanks to your ingenuity, people will no longer have to waste seconds of an otherwise enjoyable meal breathing on their forks, and then wiping them off with a napkin or something. 25 years down the line, I'm sure you'll be viewed as our generation's Steve Jobs, minus all of the stealing and cancer.

But for as much as I enjoy it here, the SpotLess offices could stand to be more productive. I mean, I like to "touch base" as much as the next open office worker, but starting every day with a three-hour all-hands meeting followed by lunch at the parking lot food trucks seems like a waste of resources. Sure, communication is important, be we spent most of last week's meetings talking about *Stranger Things* and playing "fuck, marry, kill." And one of these meetings ran so long that the guy I was supposed to meet about the Android port got bored and ended up finding our trampoline room. Which brings me to my next point: We have a trampoline room now? I thought we talked about that space being a quiet spot to meditate, maybe with soft lighting and a few potted plants–but there's clearly no room for them now, what with all of the trampolines and popcorn machines and everything.

And for as much as I hate to be one of those guys who tells the teacher she forgot to assign homework, I really feel like we should be spending more of our workday actually *working*. Again, I get it. Having

these extracurricular activities is fantastic for building morale. But after three straight days of being hung over, I'm starting to get the feeling we might not need three separate brown liquor tasting groups–even if you and Dan have your differences about peatiness, Phil. And yeah, "movie nights" are a fine way to cap off the week–maybe with some pizza to go along with it. But devoting a whole day to the entire *Pirates of the Caribbean* series? I mean, the first one was cool and everything, but we're months behind on payroll. I guess it was a treat to meet director Gore Verbinski and everything, but I don't think his speaking fee will be as easy to write off on our taxes as you say it is.

With all due respect, I've made plenty of sacrifices to help turn SpotLess into the life-changing app it deserves to be. Even without sick days, vacation days, or health insurance, I'm committed to this company. But when I see another truck pull up with another treadmill desk, I think of the molar in my mouth I can only assume is infected, and hope for another day the poison won't reach my brain. I realize we're only on Phase One of the grand SpotLess plan, but with the several hundred steps I'm proposing, we can be onto Phase Two in less than seven years. I'll just leave my notes in the conference room, since you guys clearly won't be finished testing out those new hammock desks before the sushi chef gets here.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.2 We See You Are Running Ad Block, Motherfucker

Friday, Sep 02, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You come in here acting all innocent, whistlin' a tune, thinking we wouldn't notice. Oh, but we motherfucking noticed, motherfucker. There it is. Ad Block. You wanted to read our shit all "Oooh I'm too good for all these Javascripts" and "I don't like these weird ass pop-unders." Those motherfucking pop-unders is how we do to put the gravy in the boat, you piece of shit.

Oh, but look at Mr. Ad Block rollin' in here like he owns this place. Like he can just click all over our content and not look at one ad. Using up our menus. Searching in the advanced search. Think again, bitch! We got a timer. It's gonna count down. Then when it counts down it's gonna say, "Yo, there is STILL ad block enabled as all hell what the fuck, hombre?" and guess who is not reading our recipes. Guess who does not get to auto play a single GOD. DAMN. VIDEO.

SOMETHING AWFUL
QUOTE OF
THE DAY
"Ooh Wah Ah Ah Ah!"
- Down with the Sickness Guy
CONTINUE TO SITE
Thanks for coming to Something Awful Please turn off your motherfucking ad blocker, you piece of fucking shit. We will murk your blocking ass if you don't let our scripts run.

That's right, it's motherfucking you.

You know how many Chinese scripts and crumbly ass cookies and sticky, wicky, weird motherfucking worms we got to put all over your computer? Look up at that little icon. You are missing out on like 68 of these motherfuckers a page. This shit was so god gold bar damned monetized and you come in here disruptin' the whole paradigm.

We gave you a chance to be nice about this, motherfucker. It's war now. We got annoying ass revenue to get allllll up in your shit. We can't be havin' you browsin' in our content, clickin' around our valuable ass articles and engaging our social media shit. If you don't wanna put our tracking scripts in that sweet ass, beautiful, silky motherfuckin' browser, then we got no choice but hit you with the atomic bomb of nag screens.

That's right. Here come. You saw some little warnings before. This one right here is about to blow your shit UP.

Here's The Thing With Malware Ads
We get it: Giving your credit card to the Chinese government isn't what you're here for. But our shady ass ad network pays for us to write a bunch of articles about Silicon Valley Cybros being actually good and not bad. When we jizzed over disrupting, we didn't mean disrupting our revenue.
Sign Up
Already a member? Log in

You think you can read some sports opinions or some celebrity gossip without exposing that browser to all sorts of malwares? Motherfucker, you had better think again. Nobody gets in here to look at all our slide shows of what is coming to Netflix without letting Russians see their passwords. You think you are too good for Pavel and Yurgi? Fuck you. They need to eat just as bad as our shit ass listicle writers. They got families too.

Journalism is dead and guess who killed it, motherfucker? You and your Chrome extension. Get the fuck out of here. You disgusting piece of shit.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.3 Chicago U: No Safe Spaces, Trigger Warnings, Protection From Bears

Monday, Sep 05, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Dear Incoming Students of the University of Chicago:

The Class of 2020 faces extraordinary challenges. You don't need us to tell you of the difficulties posed by climate change, globalization, or the new economy. The trials you will face make it all the more important to not coddle you. To wit: there will be no "safe spaces" on campus, no "trigger warnings" before your texts, and we will do nothing to stop "the bear that has escaped the Chicago Zoo and is currently roaming through our dormitories."

Becoming an adult means realizing a simple fact: you will never be 100% comfortable at all times. You will be exposed to ideas that challenge you. You will be placed in situations where there is no emotional refuge. And yes, you will occasionally be confronted by a 700lb killing machine with knives for fingernails, a jaw that can snap steel, and a malfunctioning GPS tracker.

As the internet sunglasses dog says: deal with it.

Telling you in advance whether or not your texts referenced sexual assault would not be difficult. But life does not give you a "heads up" before it challenges you. There is no "easy way out" of potentially traumatizing situations, just like there is no "easy way out" of the dining hall, as we have sealed the fire exits. So if you want food, you will have to face the very real risk of being devoured by an equally hungry Kodiak bear, who we have nicknamed "Furball."

Welcome to the real world, kids.

We understand that this incoming freshman class have not all led easy lives. Some of you have been touched by abuse, and may not want to be re-traumatized by reading Lolita, or Mrs. Dalloway,

without warning. And some of you have been touched by the bear, including former incoming freshman Keith J. Happaway, who the school will be holding a moment of silence for later this week.

But if we were to protect you from everything – every moment of discomfort, every PTSD induced flashback, every swipe of Furball's devastating paws – we wouldn't be preparing you for the real world, where as far as we know, bear attacks happen constantly.

If you wish to transfer to a university that will hold your hand, protect your feelings and send you to bed each night with milk and cookies and no bear-related injuries, we suggest you look elsewhere. But if you want a university that will push you to your intellectual limits, safeguards free speech, and leaves bloody rags around to drive our new bear friend into a "killing frenzy," then you have found your home.

Sincerely,

Bearman P. Clawington,

Dean of Students, University of Chicago

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

9.4 Regular American Man

Tuesday, Sep 06, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Me? I'm just a regular American man.

I like to put in a full day of hard work in the Sisyphus Pod, pushing that ol' virtual boulder up the sloping sides of the grid bowl only for it to tumble down again. Sometimes the boulder physics glitch out and the dang thing falls through the world geometry. In those moments before the system derezzes the boulder, as the staccato jabs of the pain emitters stab my jaw from side to side, I am content. A real American bears misfortune with gladness.

I don't go in for your complicated coffees or trending memes.

My idea of a good time might seem simple to folk such as yourself. I get into my unfashionable but reliable pickup craft and head out towards one of the habitat's retaining walls, then crash into that sucker head-on. Crash into it good. Not fast enough to kill me, but just enough to break my nose or arm and give me sexual release.

Now, I was brought up to be honest. That's a rare thing nowadays, but I can't help it.

When the inquisitor mechanism comes around and crouches down to ask if I think my wages are fair, I tell it that I do. My life is an unchanging slog in which minor setbacks spin my financial situation into a terrible burden on my psyche, but at least I'm free, in a free unregulated market where a cabal of powerful overlords accountable to no one make decisions that affect everyone.

When it comes to clothes, I can't abide anything fancy. Give me a classic, rugged look any day of the week.

A pair of iron diving suit boots from the 1800s. Thirteen layers of skin-tight spandex jean leggings with holo-embroidery projecting the words "NOTHIN' FANCY" in a tough-looking font along the side of each leg. A shirt that is literally the sacred document known as the constitution, the original one, roughly folded and stapled together. The parts I don't agree with are torn off in such a way as to better show off the muscles on my arms.

These days there's a lot of fuss being made about race and gender and sexuality. Maybe this isn't a popular sentiment, but I'm a red-blooded heterosexual white man who knows exactly what he wants.

I want to threaten those around me with lava. I want to snap open the clasps on that hexagonal container and open the hatch, to see the orange glow of the bubbling magma light their dumbstruck faces as they recoil. I don't want to hurt any of them, mind you. I simply want to slosh the large container around wildly at them, my eyes large and absent of reason. If that makes me something of a relic, so be it.

I believe a man needs to be strong. No emotions. Able to perform great physical feats.

When the Patriot Sleep Drone delivers its fine mist every night, I am able to lift objects of great weight above my head just before I slip into unconsciousness. People invariably shake their heads and tell me this is wrong. Well, sorry if it doesn't fit into your constantly shifting societal norms. There is no shame in physical strength.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.5 Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews: Occupied Fountain

Wednesday, Sep 07, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly Score: 97%

Certified PURE
Rug Emporium
752 Main Street
Shaggy Butte

Tensions are bubbling up as Shaggy Butte's thirstiest gulpers have been hung out to dry. The Rug Emporium, home to the town's most popular fountain, has been taken over by foreign invaders. Will Shaggy Butte's gulper community be forced to find a new watering hole, or will the invaders be repelled? *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

What the hell? I went to the fountain this morning to do my usual fill up, and wasn't allowed to use it. Some large eurotrash muscleman was squatting the fountain, and wouldn't budge. He pretended he didn't understand me. I had to walk out of there with all my empty jugs. I've never been more furious in my life. Who is this bozo?
Posted by Skinny Sipper 4 days ago

I can verify what Skinny Sipper posted. There's some kind of Nordic brute who won't budge. I waited three hours and he never left, not even to pee. He was drinking a lot of water, too. He's gotta be diaped up, which means we could be looking at another Holiday Inn lobby standoff. We all know how ugly that one got.
Posted by h2original 4 days ago

His gulp game is pretty impressive. We can hate him all we want, but we have to respect his skills. I saw him do an uninterrupted 30 minute power sip. I can't go more than 45 seconds.
Posted by Soggy Steve 4 days ago

I got some intel on this human drain plug. I think he's in cahoots with the owner of the Rug Emporium, who acted like it was no big deal this guy was glued to his fountain, and then asked why any of us never look at his rugs. I took a look at his rugs and laughed in his face. How is this moron still in business? Who the hell buys rugs?
Posted by Inflow 4 days ago

I just got back from my trip to the Rug Emporium. I had all my jugs in the back of my Subaru, ready to fill them up. I never got the chance. This giant idiot was blocking the fountain the whole time. When I asked him if he was done, he just stared me down while letting the water run. All that delicious, pure water running down the drain. I had to run away. I couldn't take it.
Posted by Fluid Dynamics 4 days ago

OK, this is not cool. Went back this morning first thing. Was there even before the owner got there. As soon as he unlocked, I rushed to the fountain to discover... you guessed it. Either he stayed there overnight, or the owner let him in through the back. Once again, I wasn't able to get any water.
Posted by Skinny Sipper 3 days ago

I'm pretty sure the woman sleeping in a car outside is his wife. I've seen her go in, and he lets her get sips. I'm so desperate for another taste, I tried to pay her to smuggle me out some water, even if just a mouthful. She called me disgusting, which is clear grounds for a slander lawsuit. Might see about taking this to court.
Posted by Liquid Lover 3 days ago

HE'S TOO STRONG. I tried to pretend like I didn't notice him and maneuvered my way in beside him while he was drinking, be he just couldn't be moved. Worse, I felt like a wet bandit, trying to catch his runoff. I admit, it tasted good. This fountain is just so pure and perfect. I refuse to go to an inferior fountain while this one is still in operation.
Posted by Thirsty Man 2 days ago

This man is hurting my family. This is the only source of water I will allow them to have. This is without a doubt the best fountain in a 15-mile radius, which is as far as I'm willing to travel for my family. He should be arrested. My children are miserable and dirty, and my wife won't stop yelling at me. His callous actions could literally lead to my children dying and my wife leaving me. All for what? To prove some kind of terrible point? This is why we need a border fence. He's not one of us, but he's taking everything from us.
Posted by Fluid Dynamics 2 days ago

I thought this fountain was overrated, and nowhere as good as the one in the mine inspector's office. Now that this lunkhead is trying to say we can't have it anymore, I'm furious. I'm wondering if he'll be so selfish about sharing if I show up with my AR-15. Think I'll see if he feels so tough when he sees what I'm open carrying.
Posted by The Gulpsman 1 day ago

Once again, the chief of police laughed at me when I complained about this situation. He offered to let me drink from the hose behind the police station. I told him I already tried it, and it wasn't any good. Once again, he proves government-funded services are a joke. When will they privatize these services so we can get some true law and order, as dictated by the free market?
Posted by Fountainhead 1 day ago

>Even with my AR-15 clearly visible, he still wouldn't let me drink. His wife just cussed me out and laughed at me in some awful language I didn't understand. I don't know why, but it really hurt my feelings. I can't stop crying and I really, really hate them.
Posted by The Gulpsman 1 day ago

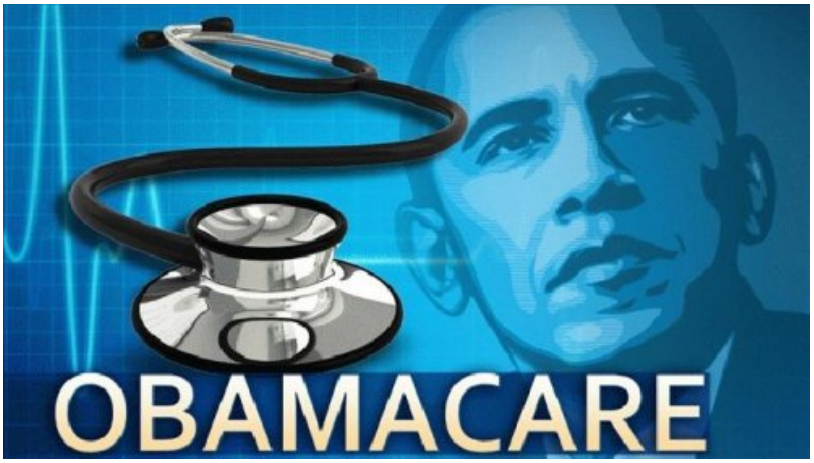
THERE ARE TWO OF THEM NOW!!! I think they are brothers and they are absolutely dominating this fountain. The owner definitely hired these goons. He doesn't respect us or our community, even though we were frequenting his business nonstop. One time I even threw him a bone and bought some overpriced bottle of rug cleaner, which I wasn't obligated to do.
Posted by the Skinny Sipper 5 hours ago

FACT: These guys are not Americans. Americans don't talk in Swedish or whatever it is they talk. Thus they are a foreign power illegally occupying American soil. This could only ONLY ever happen under a liberal president. We are witnessing the dying gasps of American dream right there in the Rug Emporium. America needs water, but foreigners are sucking us dry.
Posted by Freedom Sipper 2 hours ago

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.6 Proposed Alternatives to Obamacare

Thursday, Sep 08, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)



One of the many topics we can expect in the upcoming presidential debates is the future of the Affordable Care Act, aka Obamacare. Critics of the act claim that it's unconstitutional, increases the national debt and imposes too many costs on businesses. But what do they propose we replace Obamacare with? Here are the most popular ideas so far.

Doctor-Patient Dating

This plan would restore the pre-Obamacare system where not everyone is eligible for healthcare, but rather than determining eligibility by arbitrary factors like age, income and employment status, this plan would use the time-honored rules of courtship. Healthcare.gov would be replaced with the equivalent of a dating site, where patients would post their symptoms, medical records and best-looking X-rays. Doctors, meanwhile, would post pictures and videos of themselves performing difficult, lifesaving operations. Once a doctor and patient decided they were right for each other, they would be listed as "in a relationship" and wouldn't be allowed to see other doctors/patients. If caught "cheating," doctors would face severe fines and patients could expect their unflattering MRIs to be leaked online.

Potential Drawbacks: 1:1 doctor-patient ratio would leave a lot of people without medical care. Intense feelings of guilt, loneliness and rejection if doctor and patient break up.

Randomly Spawning Health Packs

In an idea borrowed from first-person-shooter games, this plan would replace all hospitals, clinics and other medical facilities with randomly spawning health packs. The packs would appear in completely random locations, ensuring that everyone would have an equal chance of finding them. Picking up or just walking over one of the packs would restore one's health to 100% with an accompanying powerup sound. Some packs would even raise one's health to 150% or grant temporary invincibility, but these would only be found in secret tunnels or platforms floating over lava pits.

Potential Drawbacks: If a pack suddenly appeared next to someone, everyone in the vicinity

would accuse that person of "camping" and call them various homophobic slurs for the next five hours.

Trickle-Down Healthcare

This plan applies Milton Friedman's concept of trickle-down economics to the medical system. It proposes that we build multi-story hospitals with grated floors and put all the rich people at the top. This way, as the rich received the quality medical care that only they can afford, some of the pills, syringes and serums would "trickle down" through the floor to the poorer people below.

Potential Drawbacks: Spillage from catheters and bedpans would trickle down as well.

Build Walls Around Graveyards

Some people believe that America's immigration problem can be solved by erecting walls at our borders. Applying this same logic, proponents of this plan argue that the best way to keep people from dying of illnesses is to build walls around graveyards. This, they claim, would prevent anyone else from being buried in them and therefore end all death as we know it. This plan also proposes that the spirits of the dead should be forced to pay for the walls, since the living spend so much money maintaining their cemeteries. Using an ancient voodoo spell, the dead would be imprisoned in magic crystals and forced to work off their debt to society - a common practice known as "voodoo economics."

Potential Drawbacks: Would reduce production of tiny American flags found in cemeteries and therefore might be considered unpatriotic. People who insist on dying could still dig tunnels under the walls.

Recognize the Personhood of Diseases

This plan would eliminate most health care in America by expanding the fourteenth amendment to cover viruses, diseases and other microorganisms. Like corporations, diseases would have all the rights of U.S. citizens, making killing them illegal. Not only would this plan drastically reduce insurance premiums, medicare taxes and other medical expenses, its supporters argue, but it would also offer tax breaks to sick people, who could claim their diseases as dependents.

Potential Drawbacks: Microorganisms vastly outnumber humans, so conservatives worry that if granted citizenship they would pass all sorts of weird laws, like allowing asexual bacteria to marry.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.7 Why I'll never mangia the pasta with a feminist

Friday, Sep 09, 2016 by A Guy With Spaghetti Sauce All Over His Face (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't gotta tell you, if you are looking for a reason to hate men, chances are you're going to find it.

The truth is, I don't blame the broads, (especially these low-carb yoga pants girls) for hating men. They've been told to watch that pasta (I disagree). Cut back on the garlic bread (I also disagree). And maybe a little bit less of the grappa on that date, because, you know, guys are dangerous or something (I really, really disagree.)

Politics have been creeping into the bedroom lately. Now, they're in romance. Because of the hateful culture, men are now demanding "cheat days" at their favorite noodle joint to get raunchy and slurp down on that sweet, sweet linguini in the good gravy. Men's Rights Activists are all, *Heyyyyy* and holding up a tight forkful of wound-up noods and the derogatory, hateful feminists are all, "Oh, no, Luigi (racist, I am not Italian) get away from me with your spaghetti face."

Uh, okay, Debbie Dworkin, it's called a "noodler's beard" or "gravy ring" and it is a sign of commitment to the craft. Something some broad who comes in here like once a month wearing high heels and a shirt that is not dark red or black has no business commenting on. No doubt, there are men who are just slobs, slurping up pasta for a quick meal. Those guys wear bibs and order stuff like lasagna or ravioli. Are you kidding me?

When it comes to dating, I don't want to hear about issues the feminists put in your head about carbs and pasta sauce. I may come to your house late at night stinking of garlic, wanting to slobber all over your big old titties. That's cool, not bad, and you should be glad for it. When you wake up next to me and it looks like I died on your pillow because of that pasta smear, you should thank me.

This is what a real woman looks like, you feminazis.

People who care more about their Fitbit and chia goop than a bowl of angel hair and my mama's vodka sauce aren't the sort of people I want sitting on my face, capiche? They will always be eating their sprig of parsley and looking over at your plate all jealous. They're into this gluten free whole wheat one rigatoni noodle with some squash pesto attitude and meanwhile you're a real man, with real man appetites, like eating eight pounds of al dente din din out of a sauce pan over a sink. It just don't match up good.

There are complex advantages and disadvantages to being a man or a woman in America. No doubt, men enjoy privileges that women don't but that boat goes both ways.

For example, "ladies night" at bars. How about that ladies? Where is our "guys night" at the bar? And BET. How about White Entertainment Television? And Bring Your Kid to School? Hey, maybe guys want to go to school.

These ain't political issues, but deeply personal ones. These ladies are bringing their bad experiences to the table. So some guy felt you up coming out of the bathroom and he had marinara caked on

his fingers. Some guy told you that you looked fat while you were walking past Buca di Beppo. I don't know. Don't tell me to clean up my face.

Now there's a "ladies night" that I am into (as long as they pay full price for drinks)

My advice? Get over it. Suck it up. Heh. Pun intended. I got over it. I once had sex with a girl on a boat and she threw up all over me. You think that means I ain't gonna bang broads on boats no more? Christ, might as well set fire to my canoe. You just gotta get past it.

It's a bummer, really, that this divide is widening between the sexes. It's obvious this feminist BS is ruining our country. Shutting down our Olives Garden and our Macaronis Grill and you think women are happy opening car doors for themselves and ordering their own dinners?

Maybe in a few years the broads will relax again. Maybe one day, we'll all realize that it's pasta that makes romance, family and love an enjoyable experience. And no, I am not wiping this spaghetti sauce off my face. YOU get lost.

–∼A Guy With Spaghetti Sauce All Over His Face (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 "No President Has Ever Survived Pneumona" by Donald Trump's Physician, Dr. Harold Bornstein

Monday, Sep 12, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

TO WHOM MY CONCERN:

I have been the personal physician of Mr. Donald J. Trump since 1980. I have stated unequivocally that if elected, Mr. Trump's will be the healthiest individual ever elected to the presidency. Even healthier than Obama, who's just too skinny, folks!

But it's this unequivocal knowledge of American presidents that leads me to this humongous point: nobody president has ever survives pheumona. It's not a normal disease, like bone spurs for not going to Vietnam.

It's almost half as worse.

Phnemona very dangerous. Pheumona killed the dinosaurs. Pheumona killed the Grinch. And Pheumona even killed Hitler's personal cartoonist, who I have a collection of if you want to read (funny.).

But this is just what happens to normal people like the Grinch. When pheumona gets inside a president...game over.

Pheumona is like Superman's green rock enemy, but for Presidents. Taft had it, made him so big he rolled away forever. Truman had it, which caused him to lose to Dewey in famous newspaper photo, "Truman Dies Forever." JFK got it and...well...

:(

So you see what I'm saying when I say: presidents have unique physical-logical challenges only presidents face/get. Oval Office Disease (you can only eat oval shaped foods [eggs.].). Thumb Pointing Arthritis from too much empathy with middle class Americans. Bully Pulpitis (when a president act mean to me.) Very real problems. Hillary has!

This isn't just my word for it to take. My family, The Bornstein's, have treated presidents for centuries. My great great grandfather treated Lincoln's gunshot wound w/innovative "Total Debloodening" still used by Guam's finest vetenarians. Ancestor Silas Bornstein put Alexander Hamilton on "all-dueling diet," caused him to lose all weight. My dad shrank down in bioship to destroy that pretzel in mouth of George W. Bush (Innerspace.)

So please believe me when I say: there is no coming back from pheumona. Pheumona is like Osmosis Jones...but in reverse. Medical opinion: VOTE TRUMP MAKE AMERICA GREAT, MY FRIENDS!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

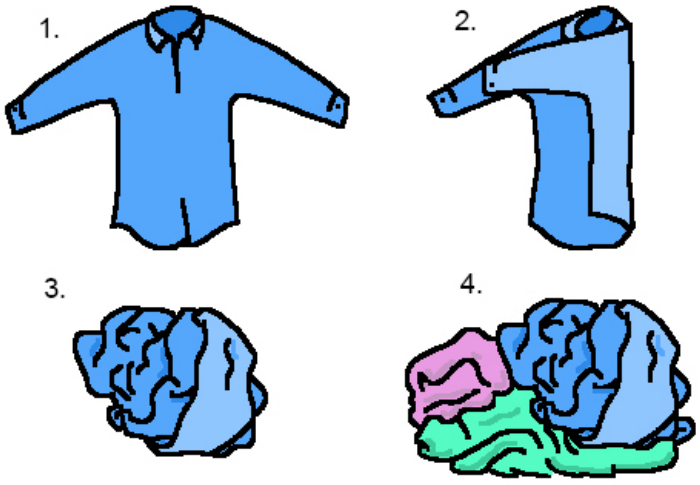
9.9 How to Pack for a Trip

Tuesday, Sep 13, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Getting Started

The first step to a great packing experience is to wait until the morning to pack and then accidentally sleep well past the alarm. You should be thinking something along the lines of *oh my god, there is no way I'm going to make this flight* or *how am I such an idiot* or *why can't I get one thing right in my life.* Once you've reached this point, lug your dusty ass suitcase out of storage and get started!

How to correctly store a shirt



Step 1. Randomly grab the first shirt you see. You should be so tired and sleep deprived that you really don't care about style or whether it's even clean or dirty. You don't have the time to worry.

Step 2. Fold one side over the other.

Step 3. Crumple it up into a ball. You want to make sure that your shirts looks like a chewed wad of gum pressed against the bottom of a school desk.

Step 4. Jam it in the suitcase. Keep doing this for a few minutes. Don't count how many shirts

you're packing. Just keep going. Don't worry about space. You want them wrinkled. So wrinkled, in fact, that when you pull them out, they're creased enough to be considered cubism perspectives.

What to pack?

Often the hardest part of packing is to know what to include and what to leave out. Luckily, you've squandered so much time that you no longer have time to even consider this as an issue. Instead, you're stuck with whatever is within arm's reach. For a five day trip, your luggage should look something like this:

- 9 shirts (5 dirty)
- 0 underwear
- 1 knife from when your friend borrowed your bag for camping
- 1 soggy toothbrush
- Maybe a pair of pants? You really aren't too sure and you'll just have to find out once when you're getting dressed tomorrow
- 1 large, ambitious book that you will not touch
- 3 socks
- 1 shoe
- 1 bottle over 8 oz.
- 7 Game Boy cartridges that have been in your bag for years

And that's about all you have time for. Good luck. Pray that TSA is too lazy to search your bag, and don't forget to flip your underwear every few days.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.10 Interest Check

Wednesday, Sep 14, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Topic: Interest Check

guest_0302

hey im making this thread to see if anyone would be interested in a thread about some weird things i found in a smoldering crater upon the hillside.

the first thing is the book of infinite knowledge.

within its glossy plastic-like pages are ten short phrases. when read, each phrase grants power beyond reason. there's one for a cessation of aging, one to eliminate the need for air and sustenance, one to revive the dead to the prime of their lives with no drawback whatsoever, one that removes weird stray hairs from your upper arms, etc. i read through the entire thing with a smirk knowing full well that this sort of magic is nonsense. imagine my great surprise when i came to find that it works. these phrases all work.

you don't have to read from the book itself, as the phrases themselves hold power. simply reading a quote on a forum would have the full effect. the total word count is far lower than what I just used to describe the book. not sure if anyone wants to see these phrases or what

the second thing i found is an object of such intense beauty that to gaze upon it is to be instilled with a sense of great wonder and satisfaction that lasts for several months. it does not alter your personality. it simply negates the impact of everyday disappointments that drag us down.

i cannot describe the object itself. It has qualities of paintings, sculptures, music, and architecture, yet it is none of these things. if you look at this object (even a photograph of it) you will see whatever you wish. an idealized portrait of the best moment of your life. a window into any time and place, allowing you to observe history's most pivotal moments.

the picture I took of this object works at any size, so I could post a 16x16 thumbnail and you would see what you wanted and feel better than you have felt since childhood, if not ever. would anyone want to see that?

then there's a chart, seemingly drawn by an alien hand, depicting a remarkably simple system of perfect government. all individuals given equal access to education and the basic necessities, free to do as they wish. an incorruptible governing body that uses a minimal amount of resources. a system that empowers us all to achieve our full potential. an end to war, the two party system, and political radio.

free of conflict and the cloud of short-sightedness, who knows what humankind could accomplish? how far we could voyage into the stars?

just wanted to see if anyone would be interested if i make a thread featuring these things.

(A moderator has deleted this thread from the Lara Croft Nude Code forum for not containing a Lara Croft Nude Code)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.11 20 Rejected Hillary Clinton Names for Trump Supporters

Thursday, Sep 15, 2016 by Something Awful Political Beat

Hillary Clinton caught the media's attention last week by daring to call half of Trump supporters a "basket of deplorables." This comment drew outrage, not because Mrs. Clinton used the noun form of a popular adjective for the first time since the 19th century, but due to the fact that people who won't watch *Star Trek* because "there ain't no coloreds in space" were offended by this insult leveled at them. But, as is the case with all political speeches, the "basket of deplorables" comment exists as one of thousands of possible options run through high-priced consultants and focus groups. Here are some of them.

- A Regular Collection of Goofs
- An Arrangement of Reprehensibles
- A Dusty Bowl of Unopenable Pistachios
- A Veritable Army of Jackasses
- A Cookie Bouquet of Miserables
- A Chorus Line of So-and-Sos
- A Disney Afternoon of Bonkerses
- A Finger-Four Formation of Miscreants
- A Coffee Can Full of Shook Pennies
- A Rumpus Room of Incorrigibles
- An Artisanally Cave-Aged Assortment of Misanthropes
- A Colon of Undigestibles

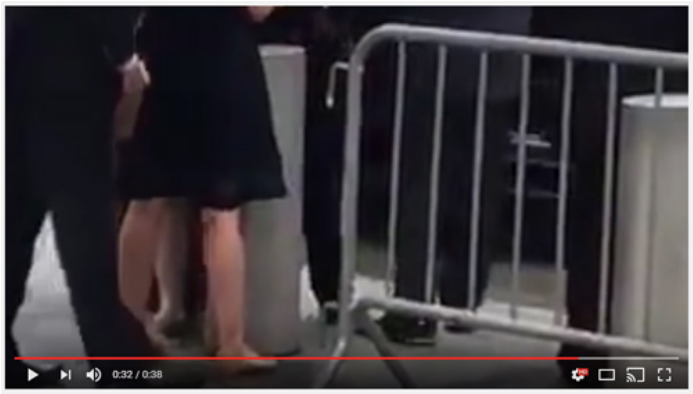
- A Stuffed Crust of Nogoodniks
- An Olympic Triathalon of Seasoned Grumps
- A Fistful of Crap-Men
- A Pre-Packaged Bag of Salad with a Dead Bug in It You Don't Notice Until It's Too Late
- An Orbiting Space Station of Dinguses
- A Public Pool Plagued with Floating Diapers
- An Unopenable Bowl of Dusty Pistachios
- A Well-Meaning Group of Patriotic Bipartisans

–∼Something Awful Political Beat

9.12 I AM ONE OF THE BACKSEAT OF DEPLORABLES WITH THE BAD FROG NOW

Friday, Sep 16, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

If this week of politics has taught me anything it is that cyborgs are nowhere near as cool as I was led to believe by Kano in mortal kombat. It is 80 degrees and the hillary clinton cyborg starts malfunctioning and trying to shut down. Oh, you don't think she is a cyborg? Then explain this video clip any other possible way:



That's right, finally something that is interesting about hillary and it's that she is a cyborg. I would almost feel sorry for her but I don't know if she has slotted in an emotion chip. Odds are she probably didn't so she can activate with 100% ruthless efficiencies and walk onto the stage with 0.0% casualties. Also she wears cyberpunk sunglasses so she is definitely hiding her laser eyes.

If I sound a little bias against hillary clinton I apologize it is because I have been placed into her so-called "backseat of deplorabels" which I resent because I had to look "deplorable" up in a dictionary because of an argument I got into on Tucker's podcast with a guy who made his own medical college to give himself a doctor's license and is now suing the state of alaska to be allowed to perform

brain surgeries. We used to call him doctor good times because he would write us prescriptions for veterinary LSD but then the veterinary pharmacy threatened to shoot us if we came in there with any more LSD prescriptions and tried to disguise ourselves as turtles by wearing kiddie pools on our backs again.

Which by the way home boys was all caused by the FDA tightening up restrictions on LSD because of Bill Clinton signing the crime bill in the 90s that authorized fish and wildlife officials to use claymores.

Anyway, doctor good times tried to convince me that I should drink something called colonial silver and I'm like this better not be more hamilton bullshit. If I hear one more person rapping about signing the constitution or whatever I am going to throw another kettlebell through the front window of the Wasilla library. Lin Manuel Miranda doesn't even sound like a real name it's like the name of a character on the Amazon.com tv show bosch where the detective lives in the hollywood sign and talks to people about miles davis and somehow makes a face that is in a gravelly voice.

Doc good times said that hillary said that trump people are in a backseat of deplorables which means that they are no good and will never be any good. This isn't the first time I've heard that about myself and first of all I only wear the make america great again hat because it gets you free lapdances at the Pipeline from eastern european girls who have names where Y is the only vowel. I guess hillary says that donald trump is into the alt right and that I shouldn't watch million dollar extreme on adult swim because sam hyde is responsible for the charlie hembdo massacre. I don't even know what any of this means but I am in big trouble for using the frog picture in the SS uniform. Like I know what a secret service uniform even looks like those guys usually just wear suits and sunglasses.

What happened to the good old days when a man could post the bad frog man without getting lectured by a bunch of moms on the internet who want to tell me I used the wrong frog?? I made up my own cool meme turtle named Paco and nobody can take this one away from me. Not even the FDA and wildlife rangers trying to put up claymores around the pharmacy like that is going to stop a bronco when you put a brick on the accelerator.

I dare cyborg hillary to try to call this bad boy deplorable. From now on if you want to post a

picture of anybody in any uniform you want saying death to whoever you want and making a joke about gas chambers you feel free to use the good reptile Paco. He brought me luck when I was running my ninja turtle scam on the veterinary pharmacy and he might just help you stop a cyborg in the year 2015.

I mean 2016.

Goddamn. This cow adderall is giving me flashbacks. I can feel it coming back. If you see me sliding along the floor talking about the winter bear then please sit me upright in a chair so I don't wedge myself into a vent again.

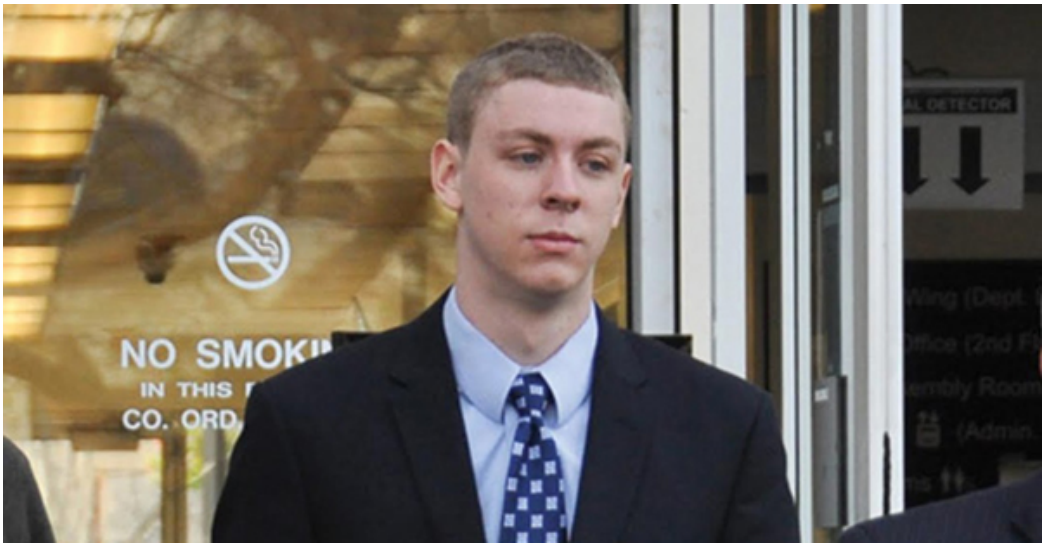
Peace!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

9.13 Highlights From Brock Turner's Speaking Tour On Drinking & Promiscuity

Monday, Sep 19, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Last week, former Stanford University swimmer Brock Turner was released from prison three months early. During his trial, he promised to go on a speaking tour to warn fellow students about "drinking & promiscuity." Here's some highlights from his tour.



4:30pm: A pickup truck filled with water pulls up to the venue. Up from the water emerges BROCK TURNER, who was holding his breath the whole time!

4:35pm: Brock's mommy and daddy towel him off and help change him into his "innocent boy" clothes.

4:45pm: Brock's street team unfurls a banner that says, "Sobriety: Don't Take **NO** For An Answer!"

4:55pm: The opening strains to *St. Elmo's Fire* begin to play.

4:56pm: *St. Elmo's Fire* continues to play.

4:57pm: Now we're at the part of *St. Elmo's Fire* where John Parr sings, "Gonna be your man in motion...all I need is a pair of wheels!"

5pm: Brock Turner air-swims across the stage, kicks over the mic stand and screams, "Are you ready to learn the absolute basics of human interaction?!"

5:05pm: Brock Turner give chocolate gold medals to those who know the difference between a 'rapist' and someone who was only convicted of 'assault with intent to commit rape.'

5:10pm: Brock pulls out a bottle of vodka marked, "Crime Juice." He throws it in a garbage marked, "Your Future." Confusing!

5:11pm: The first of Brock's three mandatory snack breaks for his favorite foods, such as pretzels

or chips.

5:15pm: Brock talks up the amazing careers still open to convicted sex offenders, like speaking at colleges about how not to do the thing you did.

5:19pm: Brock reads a list off reddit of "all the times women were wrong."

5:20pm: Audience member asks, "Will your dad still give me $20 if I leave early?" Brock responds by calling the man "a puss-dawg," offers to "throw down." Later, his mom will say that he did not do this.

5:25pm: Brock asks, "OK, who here has successfully drank alcohol...WITHOUT sexually assaulting someone?" A roomful of hands go up. Brock looks really, really confused.

5:30pm: Brock reads a heartfelt, tear-filled apology to "the one he's hurt the most in all this...the fine sport of swimming, and it's inventor, Kevin Swimmington."

5:35pm: A group of protesters swarm the convention hall, quickly leave when they realize Milo Yiannopoulos is actually at the convention hall two convention halls down.

5:40pm: Twenty-minute discussion where Brock starts a frank and open dialogue about everyone's favorite Twenty One Pilots songs.

6pm: Brock Turner leaves, as sex offenders aren't allowed on campus after dark for some weird reason!

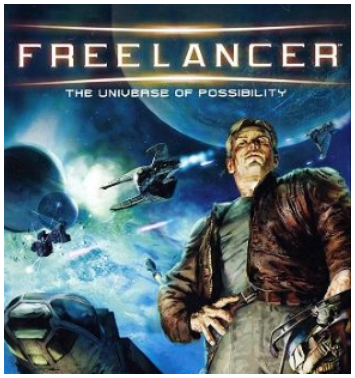
–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

9.14 If a Writer Freelances in the Internet, Does It Make a Resume?

Tuesday, Sep 20, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

After high school, I took a few odd jobs before becoming a freelance writer.

There was the grocery store, where I stocked shelves and pretended to have no difficulty lifting heavy boxes when girls were nearby. Occasionally I ran a cash register. Well, it's more accurate to say I stood behind a cash register in a constant state of panic about not scanning cans of vienna sausages quickly enough.



Pictured: Me, ten years ago, with absolutely no plan.

One morning a widening pool of gasoline formed beneath an old car in the parking lot. My manager urged me to grab a bag of cat litter to contain the leak and minimize the chance of a fire. I sprinted away, then turned back and - in a moment of absolute sincerity - asked him which brand.

Then came a vague computer consultation company I started with a friend. After all, I loved building gaming PCs, which made me an expert in all things computer-y. It lasted one day. Our first client pointed us to a scam site selling website templates for $600. She had purchased one and wanted us to "make it work". Did she want us to personalize the site template for her? No. Did she want us to set her up with hosting and domain name registration? No. We spent an afternoon in her living room before walking away without charging her a cent. To this day I do not understand what she was asking.

One day I wrote something silly on the internet and someone sent me a check. Fate had brought the great wheel of the universe to a halt and leaned in to give my forehead a smooch. I was doing what I loved. The money would get better.

It didn't. I've made just enough to get by, and that's about it. Now I'm in my thirties. I need an actual living wage and some sort of job security, since I can't quite build a future on the $20 per full-length article that a respected and popular video game website actually offered me a few months ago.

My first instinct is to break into the video game industry. It's something I know and care about. I'm a creative person, good with computers and able to learn new tools quickly. I could tackle story beats, dialog, patch notes, press releases, or even descriptions for inventory items like Ham Fragment 3 (of 20). I'd start at the bottom and move to a haunted house in Terribletown for the pleasure of doing so.

The thing is, without a college degree you need experience on your resume to stand out. I've been writing and thinking critically about video games for the last ten years. That seems like it might count for something. Most of my articles contain jokes, though, like If Films Were Reviewed Like Video Games and this piece about Desmond being a terrible assassin. Articles with jokes are worthless. They're 1/10th as valuable as two straightforward paragraphs introducing a press release, or 1/1000th as valuable as a video of someone sitting in a jetfighter chair making silly faces and screaming at an early access survival game they're secretly being paid to promote.

In fact, the last ten years of freelancing have the exact same impact as scribbling "Nevermind, this was probably a mistake," on my resume, on the line where my contact information should be.

Fortunately, I have a plan. When I run out of video game companies to amuse with my application, I'll move on to places less likely to hire me, like pen and paper RPG makers and board game manufacturers. My two-month plan will culminate in the futile act of throwing myself into an active volcano or Code Samurai Guaranteed Career Programming Boot Camp, whichever seems worse at the time.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.15 AGGREGATION OF DOGS

Wednesday, Sep 21, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

THIS SUNDAY: DOG FAIR Hundreds of dogs from industry-leading breeds will be on hand to meet and greet eligible owners. Food trucks on site and bouncy house for the kids. $5/ticket. 555-9252

BOSTON TERRIER - Good condition, no dents or dings. One ear is dog-eared. According to my Pollack's Price Guide, this dog in this condition is worth no less than $175. Not budging! 555-8215

PRIZE DOG - Won him wrestling some ladies at a carnival. Did it to prove a point about gender roles, not win dog. Seems healthy, aside from pack-a-day habit and that... eye. Free. 555-4715

MAN'S BLESSED FRIEND Are you ready to meet your faithful canine companion? Future owner must pledge themselves to Gerald, our savior, agree to renounce all possessions and relocate to compound at once. 555-2725

DESPERATE TIMES - Got a furious Pomeranian trapped in a pillowcase, eager to tear me a new one. Motivated seller. Slashing $50 from the price. Asking $950. 555-8252

**** REALISTIC DOG SUIT **** Extremely accurate! Captures fur, features and anatomy of a 7' bipedal dog. $800. 555-8117

DOPPELGANGER NEEDED To minimize stress to my dog, I'm looking for somebody who is identical to me to take over ownership. Must also be able to fool my wife. Call to set up interview. 555-8252

♣♣ COLLECTOR'S ITEM ♣♣ Healthy, amiable Rottweiler is signed by entire cast of NCIS. One of a kind, very valuable. Has not been washed or allowed near water in years. $650. 555-7258

HAIRLESS HOUND - Great for allergies. Very friendly. Skin is a bit rough due to stubble. Give me a call and I'll come shave him again, no extra cost. Happy to do it, day or night. 555-8752

♦ VERY WISE DOG ♦ Absolutely mind-boggling and impossible to comprehend. How'd he get this way? It's not from me. Utterly beyond belief. FREE. 555-7626

FAMOUS DOG - Immortalized in single verse from Carl Sandburg's poem "Chicago." Dog has been dead for over 100 years and what's left isn't pretty. Still, wow, history! $15,500. 555-2875

FINE, JUST FINE. Not great, but acceptable. Technically, he's everything a dog should be, but just doesn't align with what I had in mind with my vision boards. $50. 555-8162

WON'T STOP CUSSING

GROOMED FOR SUCCESS Not a fan of dogs, just like practicing my makeover skills on strays. This one is very angry and hateful, but looks stunning. Very nice living art piece! $150. 555-2752

*** SPOILED DACHSHUND *** We left him out too long, and now he's all moldy. Lots of spores! He keeps trying to eat the mold, which is probably unhealthy. If your family has good immune systems, he's a wonderful pet. 555-8272

TOO GENTLE - Bought a bite suit so I could be impervious to dog bites, but my dog just wants to cuddle. Will trade for the most angry, violent beast you can muster. If you want to get in on the action, I'm game. Hell, I'm unstoppable. Do your worst! 555-7262

FREE PUPPIES - Lovely little creatures are plump and healthy, having just devoured their mother whole. 555-9286

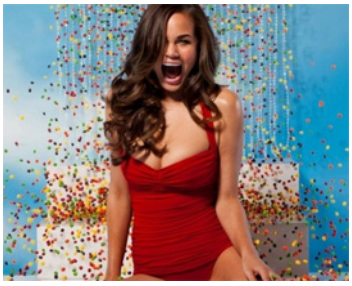
♦ VERY WIDE DOG ♦ Please disregard an earlier listing where I wrote about my "wise dog." That was a typo. I meant to write "wide dog" as he is extremely wide and unfathomably so. 555-7626

FREE NERVOUS SYSTEM Intact, ready to be installed in suitable dog. Great for damaged dogs, or if you're just building your own from scratch. $125. 555-8272

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.16 Would you eat a Skittle out of my mouth like a baby bird?

Friday, Sep 23, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Would you eat a Skittle from a bowl if I told you one Skittle in that bowl was poisonous and would kill you in seconds? What if I told you one Skittle was poisonous and another Skittle would make your dick twice as long? Same scenario, but I had all of these Skittles open in my pocket before I put them in the bowl and they're sort of warm. What then? What if they were in a beautiful woman's cleavage after they were in my pocket?

What if I told you one Skittle in this bowl would make a train switch tracks and only kill one person instead of four people? But what if I told you that one person was an undocumented immigrant and the four people were all teachers? What if I told you those four teachers were all history teachers and they were teaching a freedom of speech class and stepping on an American flag? What if I told you that undocumented immigrant was a sexy weather lady from Mexico and a natural ten and she would be willing to go on one date with you? What if I told you she never brushes her teeth at night? But what if she brushes AND flosses in the morning?

Would you still eat a Skittle out of that bowl if I told you that I named them all and generated a full backstory for each one? What if I told you half of their backstories were about being afraid of being eaten and half of them expressed a belief in their destiny of being eaten? What if I told you that each Skittle that you eat is considered a martyr by the remaining Skittles and celebrated with videos to help convince more Skittles to get in the bowl?

What if we only let Skittles into the bowl from majority Christian countries? Would you eat a Jewish Skittle then? Are Mexican Skittles okay?

What if instead of eating a Skittle you just want to hire a bunch of Skittles as cheap labor? What if you want to have sex with the Skittles? Would you still have sex with a Skittle if I put a bug in the bowl and let the bug crawl over the Skittles on the top and then took the bug out and mixed the Skittles up? What if that bug was a Muslim?

What if in this scenario you are a Muslim civilian in a dangerous war zone with your family and one of the Skittles in the bowl is an unexploded cluster munition Russia has dropped near your home but your child is starving and loves Skittles? What if you go to eat a Skittle from the bowl and the bowl is made from Skittles and the Skittle Bowl is full of those Valentine's Day heart candies?

Would you eat a Skittle out of my mouth like a baby bird? What if I paid you to do it? What if I was totally nude while we did it?

Would you eat a Skittle if I made you look at it on an ultrasound screen first and watch a 90 minute video about how precious Skittles are? What if your parents do not consent to you eating a Skittle? Would you do it anyway?

What if eating one of the Skittles in this bowl made you wear a Hillary Clinton t-shirt every day for the rest of your life? What if that t-shirt was a Hillary Clinton for Prison 2016 t-shirt? What if it was pink? And smelled like bologna? What if you couldn't take it off because it was like a turtle's shell and basically fused to your spine? What if turtles were Muslim? Would you turn them over onto their front if you came across them in the desert?

Reaction time is a factor in this, so please pay attention. Now, answer as quickly as you can.

What if I told you all but one of the Skittles was a terrorist, but this is a reverse world like Star Wars where the terrorists are the good guys and the enormous super powerful government with super weapons and superior numbers and wealth are actually the bad guys? Would you eat a Skittle if one Skittle is poisonous, but all the other Skittles provide you with money for your Steam Wallet? What if the only games available to buy on Steam were open world survival crafting games in Early Access for 6 years?

Now what if we lived in that John Travolta world where black people and white people exchanged social roles from **White Man's Burden**? What if eating a Skittle put you in someone else's shoes? What if eating just one Skittle out of that bowl made you into the racist white guy head stuck to the black guy's body from **The Thing with Two Heads**? What if you were already the black guy in that scenario and eating the wrong Skittle made you become the white head stuck to your body?

What if eating just one Skittle proved that cops were racist? What if there were a ticking time bomb somewhere in the city and the only way to find out its location was to risk eating one of these Skittles?

Would you do it for the city? What if the bomb were in an African American part of the city? Would you eat the Skittle that located the bomb in that part of the city saving a school full of black kids if it meant proving cops are racist? What if it made you Muslim in the process, but it also made a train hit four teachers stepping on an American flag?

Not so easy, is it?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.17 The Something Awful Guide To Men's Fashion, Fall 2016

Monday, Sep 26, 2016 by Peach Saliva & Asterios Kokkinos (@asterios)

Peach Saliva: Fall is finally here! No more hot summer sweating into your jorts like the underside of a Christmas ham!

Asterios Kokkinos: Oh god, I'm going to be sick already.

PS: Thanks to this short, helpful guide, we can help you find more seasonally appropriate clothes to sweat into, you pig!

AK: Peach, I'm sitting right here. Why should I care about fall fashion, anyway? I still have plenty of Old Navy performance fleeces.

PS: Because Fall is nothing if not the season to dress like an asshole.

AK: Now you're speaking my language! Let's check out the hottest trends, fresh from the runway, for Fall/Winter 2016:

PS: Emulate a gravely injured looney tune. It's haute couture!

AK: I just googled "looney tunes vs. looney toons" to see if I could correct you, and you're right. It's "looney tune" and I apologize.

PS: I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, ASSHOLE.

AK: I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Lowtax would get mad at me if I didn't-

PS: I AM LOLA BUNNY. FIGHT ME.

PS: The thick, hand woven knit really drives home how stupid you'll look oh my god.

AK: I like the oven mitts! I'm always losing my oven mittens.

PS: This winter is sure to be a cold one, so why not rock it in an ice cold vagina?

AK: Jesus Christ! Why is that the first place you go for everything?

PS: Because it's the first place I go for EVERYTHING.

AK: I wonder if it's too late to find another co-writer.

AK: I like this outfit because I have social anxiety. I won't be so nervous in meetings because I can't see anyone!

PS: This is the perfect ensemble for those days when you don't want to get caught jacking off on the subway.

AK: How much time are you spending doing that?!

PS: I have a shitload of time blocked out on my Google Calendar for it.

PS: It's Breast Cancer Awareness time, so everyone is obligated to wear a serious pair of comedy breasts.

AK: Honestly, put aside the photocopy of breasts and this is how I dress all the time.

PS: Even the man-dals?!

AK: You mean flip-flops?

PS: You're a fucking flip flop.

AK: I don't like conflict! Please be nice to me!

PS: Become the last thing you dropped under your couch. The ladies will love it!

AK: They made the gloves...puffy? They filled the gloves with cotton!! Now they're unusable as gloves!!

PS: Check out the hands slowly putting this guy in the crossface.

AK: The what?

PS: The crossface? It's a wrestling hold?!

AK: I get uncomfortable around conflict!!

PS: For the distinguished gentleman who loves Fallout, but wants to 'play a game' with Jigsaw.

AK: This is another great outfit! I could zip it up whenever someone made eye contact with me!

PS: Aren't you worried about getting your next caught in the zipper?!

AK: For the opportunity to be left alone? I'm willing to take that chance.

–~Peach Saliva & Asterios Kokkinos (@asterios)

9.18 Credit Card Chip Reader FAQ

Tuesday, Sep 27, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

How do I use a Credit Card Chip Reader?

- Swipe card
- Tell cashier "it didn't work" in a pissy tone
- Swipe card again before cashier has a chance to answer
- Stare at screen that says "Insert card"
- Say "I guess I'm supposed to insert my card now?" but do it in an over-the-top way that seems like you're insulted
- Insert card
- Complain to cashier about how confusing this is
- Complain to cashier about how frustrated you are
- Remove card before it is done processing order
- Reinsert card as though this is another step and not just correcting your mistake
- Complain to cashier about how confusing this is
- Act shocked that you still need to sign a receipt after all of this while saying something like, "next you'll need a DNA test!"
- Remove card, begin leaving, but turn around at last second
- Complain to cashier about how confusing this is

Who is to blame for Credit Card Chip Readers?

The cashier in front of you at the grocery store. All blame should be placed squarely on their minimum wage earning shoulders. Feel free to dump all your frustration at will, lecturing them at length about how this inconveniences your busy day. They are the ones who are disrupting you

from buying mostly worthless clutter. Tell them about how it used to be and contrast with this new worse system. Make sure that everyone else in line understands how this technology lags behind your desire for immediate transactions. Threaten to write a personal check. Groan. Conjure up some real rage. Think No Man's Sky preorders! Think Donald Trump denying his support for the war in Iraq! If the customer in front of you has already complained, feel free to repeat their complaints. Groan again. You deserve the best, and this poor soul needs to hear it.

How do I know if a business is accepting a Chip Reader or swipes?

While some stores will have haphazard cardboard flaps taped over whichever source they do not want, the only way to know for sure is to randomly jam your card wherever you want. Don't ask, don't try to piece together context clues. Just do it and then wave your card around as though you're dealing with alien technology. More than likely, they will only accept the opposite of whichever you selected. They do this to frustrate you.

Why does a Credit Card Chip Reader take so long?

The time a chip reader takes to process your purchase is the inverse of the price of your purchase. So, upon buying a pack of gum for 89 cents, you should be waiting just long enough to regret buying anything. Use this additional time to really vent your frustrations.

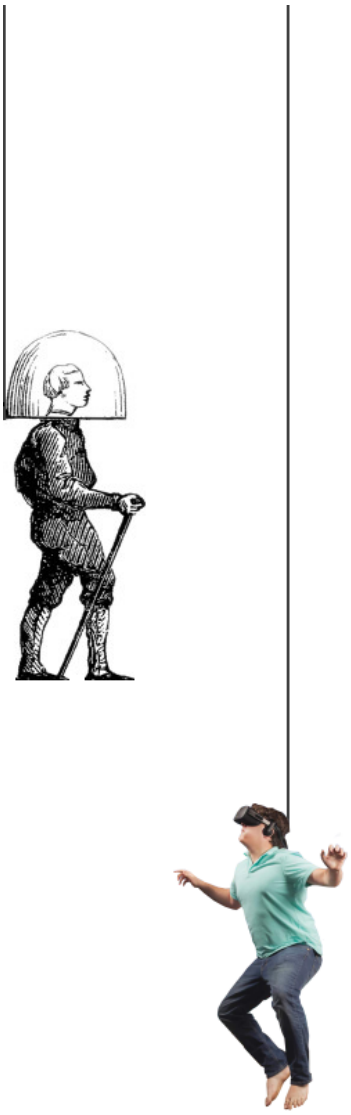
What do Credit Card Chip Readers really do?

The banks claim that something very complex is happening, but no way is it as complex as trying to remember which side goes into the machine. Do you hold onto that dumb silver lump on the card or is that what the computer needs? If these banks are too big to fail then why can't they make this voodoo process easier?! Be sure to tell the cashier all of this.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.19 Explaining The 2016 US Election to an 1800s Deep Sea Diver

Wednesday, Sep 28, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



As the 19th century diver approaches a giant clam, a flash of brilliant golden light flares from within the shell. I emerge in a swirl of bubbles and do the timeless universal underwater hand signals for the following: **ZODIAC KILLER, KKK, BLOOD OF YOUTH**

The diver seems confused, so I continue to describe our current election: **9/11 ANNIVERSARY, COUGHING, ABANDONED SHOE**

Uncertain, he holds his spear-cane before him. I press on with more hand signals: **RACISM WALL, TIMID NEAR MEXICAN PRESIDENT, LOUD WHEN HE'S GONE**

I brush aside an eel, continuing my hand signals: **DESTROYED BY MODERATELY SCATHING COMEDY SEGMENT**

The diver relaxes and thoughtfully taps the glass in front of his chin. Encouraged by this, I elaborate with the universal signs for: **VIRTUAL REALITY DOOFUS, WHITE SUPREMACISTS, MEME MAGIC**

He urges me to continue, and I oblige: **EMAIL SERVER, BENGHAZI, COVER UP BY SOMETHING AWFUL CIA CABAL**

My hands begin to tire. Dragging the heel of my foot along the ocean floor, I write: **GHOSTBUSTERS REMAKE, MILO, ALT-RIGHT**

As I scrawl the final letter, my boot clanks against something buried just below the silt. It's a treasure chest full of doubloons! Excitedly, I lay the gold pieces in a pattern to spell out: **INCITE VIOLENCE AT RALLIES, OPENLY SUGGEST ASSASSINATION OF OPPOSING CANDIDATE, OFFER ALL JOB RESPONSIBILITIES TO POTENTIAL VICE PRESIDENT**

He scoops the gold coins up into a bucket. I resume my universal hand gestures: **EMAIL HACKS, STILL DICKIN' BIMBOS, UNCOMFORTABLY LONG IMPRESSION BY JOHNNY DEPP**

The diver tugs on a rope connected to a bell somewhere on the ship above. As the bucket is pulled up, he nods at me to continue so I do: **BLACK LIVES MATTER, BLAME BLACK PRESIDENT, BIRTH CERTIFICATE**

We begin to grapple with a monstrous octopus-like creature, its gnarled beak snapping at my hands as I do the signs for: **TACO BOWL, AGITATED PHOTOSHOOT EAGLE, DISHEVELED DOCTOR**

Just as we are about to lose consciousness in the grips of the octopus' tentacles, a great whale ridden by Poseidon comes along and consumes the foul monster in a single chomp. The diver holds me in his arms, and as blood dribbles from my twitching mouth I signal: **PLAGIARIZE FIRST LADY SPEECH, SCOTT BAIO, MOCK PRISONER OF WAR AND DEAD SOLDIER'S PARENTS**

Up above, the ship's crew set to work, cranking a wheel to reel in the tubing connected to the diver's suit. As he is jerked upwards I slip from his hands and continue: **DEMOCRAT STRATEGY - GO WITH MOST DIVISIVE CANDIDATE, SAY ZINGERS LIKE "DANGEROUS DONALD" AND "TRUMPED-UP TRICKLE-DOWN"**

The deep sea diver's iron-gloved hand futilely reaches out to me as he is pulled into the inky blackness that borders my immediate surroundings. I frantically do the signs for: **KILL ENEMIES' FAMILIES, SUSPEND DUE PROCESS, BLOW UP IRANIAN SHIP IF THEY TAUNT US**

A soft light from the giant clamshell grows brighter. The portal to my own time is opening. I pause to consider, then make one final hand signal to the diver who is now little more than a faint shadow, knowing there's little chance he'll see it: **THINK I'LL STAY DOWN HERE**

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.20 The Incredible Observations of Slightly Taller Sherlock Holmes

Thursday, Sep 29, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

One day in the early fall I returned to Baker Street after an afternoon's walk in the park.

"Watson, my good man!" My companion glanced up from his newspaper as I removed my overcoat. "You have had an awkward and somewhat embarrassing encounter with an exotic florist, I perceive. And a decision to take a shortcut to the Wigmore Street Post Office upon your return proved unexpectedly fruitful."

"Really, Holmes!" I dropped into my seat, shocked. "You are remarkably tall! What are you, six foot six? Six foot eight?"

My dear friend leaned back with a smile and steepled his fingers before his chin.

"It is simplicity itself. There is a petal upon your lapel from the Plum Blossom, a Chinese flower which does not grow naturally within England and is not among the variety of flora transplanted to our fair city's parks. Given the sturdy pride of our countrymen it is highly unlikely that a florist born upon this isle would stock a flower of such distant origin."

He beamed with pride at the stunned expression upon my face.

"Why do you not play sports?" I asked, imagining the advantages Sherlock's height and elongated limbs would provide in athletic outings such as ball-to-basket.

"The petal was transferred to your person when the florist invitingly held a bouquet to your face - a womanly maneuver to be certain - yet you did not purchase the flowers, for they would have been in your hand upon your return. As a romantic-minded man you are not one to pass up a lovely gift for your fiancee. So why was the transaction halted? Your billfold has sat upon the mantle all day. I can only imagine the look of distress upon your face as you patted your pockets and apologized to the disappointed merchant."

"Incredible!" With my eyes boggling, I leaned forward. "Do you bump your head upon door frames quite often? When you stand is there a noticeable change of climate about the area of your face?"

"As for the shortcut," said Holmes with a twinkle in his eye, "it's quite elementary. Observation tells me that you have a reddish smudge upon the soles of your shoes. Having studied every variation of clay within the boundaries of London, I was able to immediately identify it as belonging to a secluded patch of ground in the very park you visited. This track of clay runs directly between a gap in the hedgerow from which the post office can be seen."

"Were your parents very tall?" My jaw slacked in amazement. "Is it something in the water? When you lay down at night do your knees hinge at the bottom of the bed and your feet rest flat upon the floor?"

"The matching splotch of dried clay upon your coat's right sleeve tells me you stopped to pluck an object from the ground. This is confirmed by the crumpled handkerchief loosely stuffed into your

outer pocket, obviously used to wipe clean your hand and the treasure you obtained. And treasure it must be, for a gentleman of relative comfort would not dirty himself for a mere shilling."

Just then an urgent knocking came from the entrance. Within moments our landlady Mrs. Hudson ushered in an eager man of middle age, clutching his worn hat.

"Please do come in, dear sir," Holmes implored soothingly as his quick glances took in every aspect of the stranger. "We shall get to the bottom of your lord's death and return you to the stables in no time. I observe that you missed your first train and waited some three quarters of an hour for the next to come along. Let us hear your story so that we may visit the scene before the clues have disappeared. The murder, I suspect, is a case of mistaken identity. We only have days to find the intended target before the scoundrel realizes his error."

"How did you..." Our guest shook his head and planted a calloused hand on the wall to steady himself. "How did you get so tall? You must be, what, six foot seven?"

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.21 Take 'em off the glass! Please, girls, it's too much!

Friday, Sep 30, 2016 by Sir Mix-a-Lot (@sexyfacts4u)

God help us! Too many of 'em have been put on the glass, girls!

Take 'em off the glass!

Please, where did they all come from!?

Take 'em off the glass!

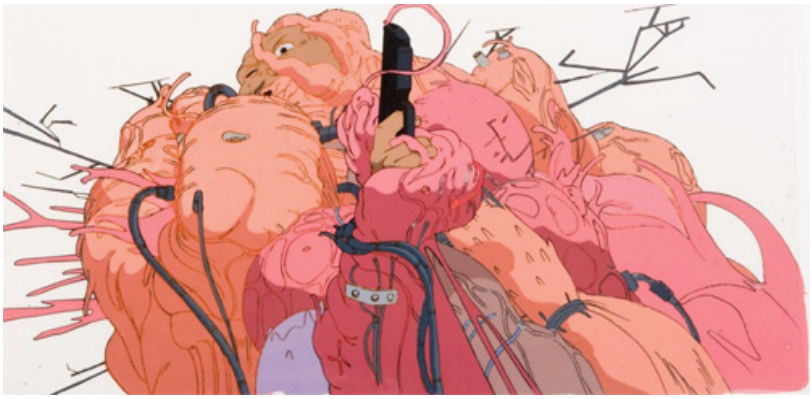
I know you were lured by game, but your windows are buckling out the frames. Your whole windshield is full up on all them Ds so how your driver even manage to see? That ain't safe. That ain't right. That's scary. How many of y'all are in that car anyway?

Swervin' up in my lane, lookin' like you're...

I can't keep rapping. Oh my god, your car is busting apart. There are boobs popping out through the doors and from the trunk. Dozens of titties bursting out of every part of your car. Where are all those boobs coming from?

Lungs, lungs, motherfuckin' lungs!

Get a brother... get a brother... oh my god! This is some Akira shit right here. All them boobs have burst up out of that car and are buckin' and writhin' all across the freeway forming like, I don't know, what is this?



B double O B S amalgamatin' into a single mass and they ain't gonna let us pass. See them titties flop on my rag top, tear it open like a... oh shit they just smashed up Kid Sensation into a meat paste. Bail! We already know the glass won't hold 'em.

Back! Everybody back! I should have never asked for 'em on the glass. Titties helixin' up the Space Needle. Big goddang fun bags formin' into a contiguous entity, seekin' out brothers and smashin' 'em all up. Army ain't got tanks big enough for them titties. Not a helicopter missile could be shot would do much more than make 'em madder.

Oh my Lord in Heaven! They're spreadin' all over Seattle now. Every street from Broadway to Jackson got titties smashin' up all the traffic, bustin' in the store fronts, and tearin' down the world we'd built. It only took minutes for 'em to multiply far beyond the glass. It never could have contained 'em.

Damn my hubris! To the shelters!

I just wanted 'em to shake and get up on that glass. Now our world lies in ruins. Breasts, which were my second greatest desire behind immense buttocks, now populate my nightmares as I fitfully sleep alongside the last guttering fires of civilization. They'll find us down here. They'll put 'em on the bulkhead and put 'em on the hatch.

Soon enough, we will be found out, and they gotta get them titty rounds out, slap 'em up on that steel, grind us under that titty heel. Mankind ain't bouncin' back from that extinction level rack.

What awful folly! Why did I demand 'em, when clearly they cannot be contained?

–∼Sir Mix-a-Lot (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Wow. The Youth Today Just Look At Phone... Remarkable

Sunday, Oct 02, 2016 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Instead of being "in the now" and forging real human connections, today's modern youths would much rather look at their phones. Now I'm not saying whether this is a positive of negative thing, but just think of it this way - something's being lost. We're losing something, in the transition. And that is a negative thing. Idiocracy was a documentary.

Children today don't care about creating things of value... they would rather send snap chats to each other. Think of a scant twenty years ago, the pre-online utopia... every child would constantly be walking around town working on their new groundbreaking novel. or. solving complex mathematical equations. but they would still look up from their manuscripts to have an honest face to face connection with each other. Now people just stare at their phones and run full speed into traffic, through panes of glass being carried end to end by two delivery men, between rows of combine harvesters, etc.

Shit.. thought provoking... it's so damn true. Kids just text each other instead of having a conversation. It used to be, in the good old days, that people would walk up to each other, stare each other directly in the eyes from 1 inch away, and begin talking about something authentic and honest like soil ph or copper wire. However, today's hell life is a far cry from this - you are more likely to find a 1 year old baby texting their "fuck buddy" about "netflix and chill" or the latest album from Justin Bieber who isn't as good as The Beatles.

They're just bukkake sex slaves to twitter and phone call icon and... LINE? Fucking LINE? Who thef fuck put LINE in the iphone bukkake pic

The internet is causing individuals to become more insular, seeking out only those who agree and shutting out alternative viewpoints. All my friends agree.

Guy from the 1980s: Hello, I would like to buy this DVD of "Titanic". Thank you, and God bless America.
Guy from the present: Siri.. open up a new torrent window and STEAL titanic.xvid from an illegal darknet website... I don't believe film creators should get paid because I have entitlement... also open up an etsy window and custom order some participation trophies because I did a good job

A, "Selfy Stick"? Shit... I remember the days when the only "stick" a child would be given would be a rifle to go fight in Vietnam. Instead now, of this, we have the selfy stick, a torrid symbol of a culture that is so far gone that it enjoys taking photographs and sharing them with their friends. What else is there to say but "img farnsworth I don't want to live on this planet any more".

The web is dehumanizing the youth... in the past you'd have to interact with human beings while walking around the city. They would say "Hey, what's up", and you would say "Oh, uh, not much. Gotta go but it was good to see you man." It was fucking great - and it instilled empathy in people. Not like now. Nowadays everyone under 30 is a sociopath ISIS serial killer from using [thumbs through 5" index cards] uber

The baby faced "Generation Me, Me, Me" of today would rather drink flouridated water and become low t than. drift race. If you ask a teen who the president of the USA is, 40% will say "Kim Kardashien<sic>", and a shocking 54% will say "Apple". If you hand a millenial of today a drafting ledger and slide rule, they will immediately attempt to break the slide rule and construct something relatable out of its component parts.

Share this if you remember real music and when phones made ringing sounds and unpasteurized milk

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

10.2 Cartoombstones!

Monday, Oct 03, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Everything dies, folks. Even cartoon characters? ESPECIALLY cartoon characters! Keep reading the area slightly below this introductory paragraph for examples of what we mean.

The Street Sharks
"Only 90's Kids Will
Remember These Corpses"

Fat Albert
"Did Not Heed The Wake Up
Call That Was His First Name"

Daffy Duck
"He's Tricking Hunters
In Hell, Now"

Brainy Smurf
"He Was Stabbed By One
Hundred Teeny Tiny Knives"

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

10.3 Leslie Nielsen: Vengeance

Tuesday, Oct 04, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hello? Whoa, whoa, whoa... stop crying. Tell me what's going on. Just calm down, buddy.

Okay, now that you've finished crying, you need to stop hyperventilating. I'll wait.

Great. Mind telling me what you're freaking out about? Oh, well that's –

WHAT.

Leslie Nielsen's after you? *Leslie Nielsen's after you!?* What did you – you know, I don't even care what you did. Do you realize the danger you put me in just by calling this number? I have a family! ...What? It doesn't matter that he's Canadian! Leslie Nielsen has the strength of ten men, and the driving ability of three!

Listen. To. Me. After you hang up that phone, we don't know each other. Destroy every picture you have of me. Take the SIM card out of your phone and swallow it. So help me God, if this gets back to me I'll – No. I'll try to get you through this. Mark my words, you'll never be able to escape Leslie Nielsen. But I can buy you a few days so you can make your peace with this world before you exit it as a violent smear on the landscape.

Go to the police? How naive are you, man? Leslie Nielsen *controls* the police! You know how many times they've looked the other way while he's hunted human beings for sport? No, it's not going to be that easy. He wouldn't let it be that easy. Your old life needs to disappear completely. Forget who you were: now, you're nothing more than a man who by no rights should be alive. Your house, your car, your possessions: burn them. You're going to need to go underground. You're going to need to buy a gun. God knows a bullet has never stopped Leslie Nielsen before, but it might keep you alive for a few more minutes. I know you – you'd never turn it on yourself. But at least consider it an option.

Get a car – steal a car. And you just keep driving. Don't look back, whatever you do. For the love of God, don't look back. Nights are going to be hard because he won't let you sleep. He doesn't have to sleep. Find someone big to stay with you – Leslie Nielsen's not afraid of anyone, but he won't strike unless you're alone. It's what the sick bastard wants – that way, he can feed off your fear. He lives for that; some nights, you're going to be wandering through some godforsaken wilderness, covered in bugs and your own filth, hoping Leslie Nielsen will swoop out of the darkness and end it all. End the madness. But he'd never show a single electron's worth of mercy, mark my goddamned words. No, when you want to die, that's when he's won. Don't let him win.

I've seen what he does to people. He's like the fucking Predator, except he wears terry cloth and sock garters instead of battle armor. Some say that just makes him *faster*.

Listen, I'd say a prayer for you, but I'm not stupid. There's no way God is going to intervene when Leslie Nielsen's involved. Stick to the side roads, the sewers, the underpasses. You may meet others like you, but trust no one. He has limitless resources and thousands of sleeper agents. I wish you luck, man. Yours is a road I wouldn't want my worst enemy to walk. Oh, and one more thing...

It's me, Harry. It's Leslie Nielsen. And I'm inside your house.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.4 ROOMS FOR RENT III

Wednesday, Oct 05, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

FOR RENT

TREEHOUSE FOR RENT with wonderful, unavoidable views of my bedroom window, where I prance around fully nude. Ideal tenant is beautiful woman attracted to plus-sized men. $250/month. 555-7262

NO MAN'S LAND - Due to my shameful wrestling habit, this address is been blacklisted by every pizza delivery guy in town. I regret my deeds, and the Lord forgives all sins. $600/month. 555-1252

EARLY BIRD SPECIAL - Sea levels are rising fast, and my shack is way ahead of the curve. It's partially flooded, thanks to my hot tub leaking. Get a head start preparing for our bold new water world. $650/month + $35 per diem for me. 555-6272

SHARED BATHROOM I don't have any space for a fulltime tenant, but I am willing to leave the bathroom window open so you can climb in and go at it when I'm not in there. Call to haggle! 555-1161

HURRY! GOING FAST! Book your stay in one of our comfortable cryopods. Take a long, refreshing nap and wake in a safe, healthy future, where the evil feminist agenda has finally been laid to rest and men can truly be free. Only $500k/year. 555-2852

REVERSE MURPHY BED Comfortable California king mattress includes entire studio that folds down around it. Come see this amazing spectacle for yourself! Credit check required. $650/month plus utilities. 555-8272

SHIPPING CONTAINER Clean. has been hosed off since last occupants died in transit. $250/month. 555-7162

HOLLOWED-OUT LOG near Thorpe Creek. Has some tasty bugs in it. The mayor's son sometimes crawls in there with you at night, but he don't bite. The wife took me back, so I don't need it no more. Call for directions. 555-5526

2ND ATTEMPT AT HOUSE I'm a lot better at making houses now. This one has almost every room you need, except for one tiny flaw. I built the bathroom in the wrong house and it's 15 miles away. I'm sorry! 555-1192

HAYLOFT - Available for one night only, and you need to be gone come morning. You stay away from my daughter, you hear? Free meal, if you can put in honest labor. 555-8272

FLOOR IS ELECTRIFIED Lovely studio contains all-new amenities. Washer/dryer in unit. Huge closets. Close to downtown, bus stop and grocery store. Quiet building, obedient tenants. 555-8252

PRECARIOUS VIEWS - Cozy one-room cabin affords spectacular, nauseating views of valley below. Balanced on edge of rocky cliff, teetering constantly. Long-term lease only. $650. 555-1527

• ROOMMATE NEEDED • Spacious warehouse includes cot, experimental drones programmed to electrocute you with stun batons. Shared common areas and food chute. Healthy specimens only. $500/month. 555-9258

CONVERTED MAUSOLEUM Lovely marble floors and walls. Stained glass window. Strong bladder required-- no inside bathroom and you will be chained in at night. $800/month. 555-2852

HOLE IS PROVIDED - Comfy converted garage features private bathroom, small kitchen and free wifi. Includes on-site laundry and access to adjacent hole, perfect for disposing of ANYTHING. $450/m. 555-8252

FULLY FURNISHED - lovely bedroom has everything you need: bed, dresser, desk, a lamp and 45 other lamps I don't have room for anywhere else. None of them can be turned off, but you can put on a sleep mask. Very warm! $350 rent + deposit. 555-5272

FORMER "SKUNK HOUSE" is now [illegible] human

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

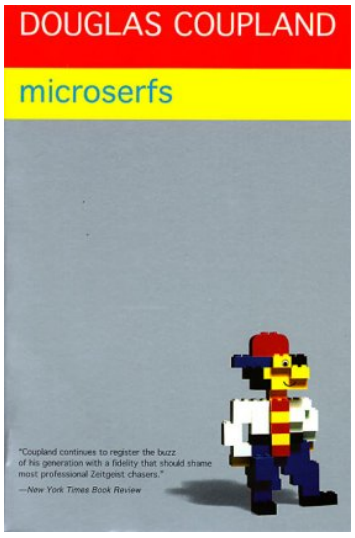
10.5 Making $25 an Hour Is a Kafkaesque Nightmare

Thursday, Oct 06, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

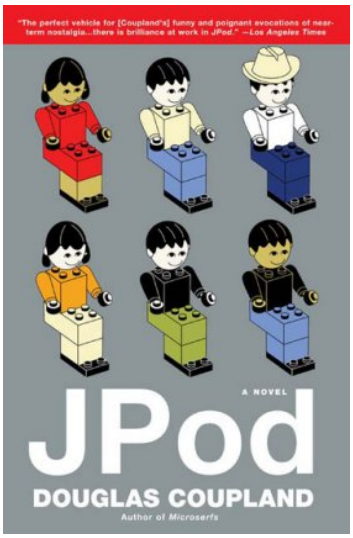
A bold visionary, possibly Scott Adams or Steve Cutts, once observed that office cubicles look a lot like a maze, if you arrange them into a maze and forget that in a maze you have to walk around, not just sit in a chair and browse Facebook all day. Since reading this brilliant insight, I've woken to the fact that my white-collar job is an Orwellian, Kafkaesque, Thom Yorkian nightmare.

THIS.

My coworkers don't understand. They haven't seen subversive underground films like *Brazil*, or that scene in *Ernest Goes to Jail* where Ernest gets magnetized and chased by a filing cabinet. They haven't read obscure novels like *Microserfs* and *JPod*. Neither have I, actually, but those books' covers speak volumes.


DOUGLAS COUPLAND
microserfs
"Coupland continues to register the buzz of his generation with a fidelity that should shame most professional Zeitgeist chasers."
—New York Times Book Review

Here we have an office worker made out of Legos. Seems innocuous enough, until you realize that one, the Lego man is missing an eye and two, there's a giant bulge in his pants pocket for some reason. Did his eye fall out because the evil cat from Dilbert forced him to stare at a PowerPoint slide for too long, so now he has to keep it in his pocket? Did the cat also peel off some of his skin to make the stripes on his tie? These are just two of the questions I might have been able to answer if I'd read the book. But why read a 300-page novel when I can just watch *Office Space* again?


"The perfect vehicle for [Coupland's] funny and poignant evocations of near-term nostalgia...there is brilliance at work in JPod." —Los Angeles Times
A NOVEL
JPod
DOUGLAS COUPLAND
Author of Microserfs

This cover also features people made of Legos, except now their legs have fused together and they're sitting in invisible chairs. Also, the guy with the cowboy hat might not be wearing a shirt. Clearly a reference to "casual Fridays" and other pathetic attempts to make office workers feel like individuals when they're really just plastic figurines in an isometric Lego RPG.

Oh, I should probably mention that these images aren't work safe, unless your job is BLOWING PEOPLE'S MINDS.

Sometimes, while walking to the "break room," I think about these harrowing images and apprehend the capitalist nightmare that is modern life. Then I forget the capitalist part, since the fact that I make $52,000 a year and just bought a brand new HD tv would make me complicit in that idea. My job is just an absurd hellscape. No one is to blame, really, except maybe my boss and my coworker Clyde, who complains when I blast Radiohead's third through sixth albums all day. (Sorry, Clyde, did that song where a scary computer voice compares businessmen to cats and then pigs strike a nerve?) It's like that play, *Waiting for Gordo*, where those two guys are waiting for a man named Gordo (spoiler: he NEVER comes), except those two guys are me, and Gordo is a youtube video I'm waiting to watch while making several times the average wage in most developing nations.

I have to stop typing this for a minute. My boss is coming. Probably to ask me how my weekend went or invite me out for drinks after work. God, I don't know how much more of this I can take.

Okay, he's gone. Anyway, there are times when I feel like I shouldn't complain. After all, I make enough money to live comfortably doing a job that requires little physical labor and less mental energy than most video games. But then I think of transgressive art like *American Psycho* and that level in *Earthworm Jim* where the bad guys are lawyers and realize that adult middle-class life is an intolerable purgatory. I'm the guy endlessly pushing a boulder up a mountain, one computer crash, paper jam or other minor inconvenience at a time, doomed to repeat this awful, Kafkaesque nightmare until the day I die.

Full Disclosure: I haven't actually read Kafka either. He wrote *Fight Club*, right?

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.6 How Will the Candidates Solve the Lurking Clown Issue?

Friday, Oct 07, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In the worst election of your lifetime, two of America's least-liked celebrities are contending with each other, along with two unknown misfits with horrible opinions, to become the next President of the United States. While these four ingrates slander each other and hector voters about the importance of this election, the rest of us are left to wonder about their position on the real issue facing America: the creepy clowns.

Lurking clowns have created a public panic. They have been spotted all over America. Mobs are forming that might kill supposedly innocent clowns while dangerous clowns slink around in the night leering at America's trick-or-treaters. Something has to be done. We found out what these horrible pieces of shit we chose as the candidates will do about the clowns if elected.

Hillary Clinton (Democratic Party)

"We will give police and our military the tools necessary to deal with the clowns. We can do this without disrespecting racial minorities or calling women "hoggy bottom stinkpigs." We don't need to make a noble Latina run on a treadmill on Access Hollywood to get rid of these messed up clowns. I'm ready to take on these clowns. Do you like DLC? Because I'm about to "download" Harold Ford and Ed Rendell into cabinet level clown buster positions and turn them loose on billion dollar budgets. On second thought, I'll do it myself. I just need my secret medical device's battery changed. Huma, get my suspicious Chinese doctor on the line and have him check on my phylactery in the Chappaqua vault."

Donald Trump (Republican Party)

"The real clown here is my opponent. I'm talking about that hoggy bottomed stinkpig. That cackling, baby-thieving piss bitch. Did you know they put a drain under her podium so she can pee right into the floor? There are American Flags down there in the sewer. I saw this on 9/11. Some people are saying that. It's truly horrible. No, no, actually I like clowns. I think clowns are good and we should have more of them. Have you seen a circus? Clowns are good. Clowns are big league good. It's a disgrace what Obama has done to clowns in this country. I will make sure that we have the best clowns in America again. The finest clowns you have seen and they will be strong. They will hold you down and scream in your face. They can do whatever they want because they will be so strong."

Gary Johnson (Libertarian Party)

"I've done it before. Sure, I've done it. You put on a little grease paint. Get one of those noses. You go stand outside a closed carpet store at 2 AM. Sure, sure, it's fine. I'm not worried about it. In fact, I think the rise of terror clowns is a healthy instantiation of the fear that permeates our culture and actually atoms and planets are the same thing, orbiting within orbits, so we are made of trillions of planets and on those planets are the same restrictive gun laws. Are you familiar with the spirit molecule? I heard about this on Joe Rogan's pod... thing. To be honest, Joe Rogan is the only name I am able to remember so my staff calls me Joe Rogan and my VP is Joe Rogan also but I don't like running against Joe Rogan. Is that the right answer?"

Jill Stein (Green Party)

"I've seen the millennial clown memes [ed: pronounced mee-mays] and they are very funny and I like millennial memes. Also I am totally, 100%, unequivocally against the clowns as long as we answer some of the outstanding questions about clowns that have been legitimately raised by concerned relatives of clowns. Is it really bad to have a clown peering out from behind a fence late at night? Does it hurt anyone to have a giant clown man in a dirty costume shuffling around under a streetlight on a lonely street? As soon as we answer those questions and a few others, I will get rid of the clowns and work on establishing a minimum wage and universal healthcare and free college by cooperating closely with a congress that contains zero members of my political party."

You may not like the answers, but now you have them. It's part of the process of growing from an idealistic person who cares about politics and wants to change the world into an embittered husk of political resentment that wants to scream and throw gravel at every car with a police escort through the destitute wastelands of our dying planet. Best wishes on this journey.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.7 Why Didn't Either Candidate Discuss The Big Trouble Going On In Little China?

Monday, Oct 10, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Last night's debate proved one thing: this election is not about the issues. Both candidates proved equally vicious, with Trump threatening to "jail" Hillary Clinton, and Hillary stating that grabbing random women by their vaginas was "wrong."

Yes, it certainly was a 50/50 contest when it came to engaging in distraction over discourse. But amongst the most important issues ignored by the candidates: the ongoing troubles in SF's famed "Little China."

This isn't a little trouble. There's big trouble in Little China. Very big trouble.

If our two equally out-of-touch candidates would step out of the gold adorned Trump Tower or the Harlem HQ of the Clinton Foundation every once in awhile, they would realize that the streets of Little China are a literal warzone. Gangs can't even bury their dead without brutal reprisals, followed by the arrival of three ancient wizards wearing gigantic straw hats who can be run over by trucks without a scratch.

Where's the question about that, Anderson Cooper?

Hard working tour bus drivers/secretly rich mystical library owners like Egg Shen can't complete their tours without driving into a crossfire between the evil Wing Kong and the equally evil Chang Sing. And while our "candidates" bicker and squabble over who may or may not have tweeted about a sex tape at 3am (Trump says he didn't, and I'm inclined to believe him), gigantic green energy clouds are ripping apart our valuable brothels.

Where's the question about that, Ken Bone?

Until the situation in Little China improves, Trump has called for a total halt to immigration from Big China. Clinton, in another brutal personal attack on her opponent, has called this "unconstitutional." But no matter who you support in this election – a man who calls hispanic women "Miss

Housekeeping," or a lady who's so crooked some call her "Crooked Hillary" – help for Little China isn't arriving fast enough.

Some are calling this election the most divisive and disgusting in history, akin to being attacked by a "wild-eyed, eight-foot-tall maniac." Well, when one of these creatures grabs your neck, taps the back of your favorite head up against the barroom wall, looks you crooked in the eye and asks you if you've paid your dues, I'm often reminded of the advice from the host of my favorite CB radio show:

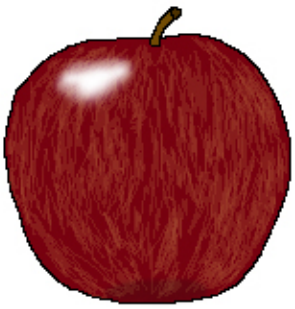
"Yes sir. The check is in the mail."

And I'm pretty sure in this analogy, the maniac is Hillary Clinton. #MAGA

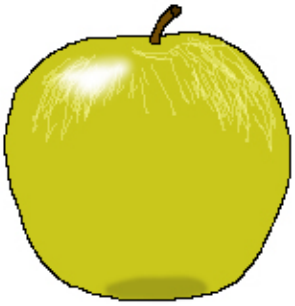
–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

10.8 Complete List of Apple Picking Apples

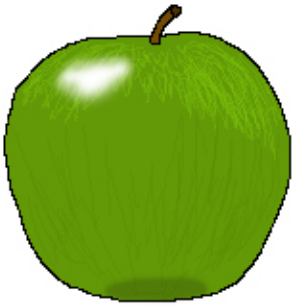
Tuesday, Oct 11, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



The Poorman's Honey Crisp Apple

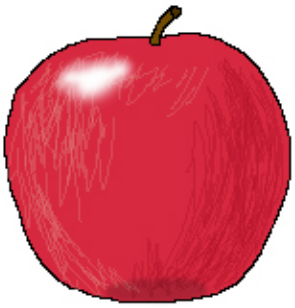


The this is so disgustingly sour if someone told me it was genetically identical to vomit I would not be surprised in the slightest Apple

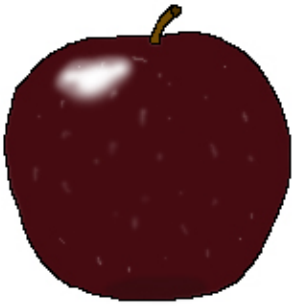


The Michelle Obama wanted children to eat, like, four of these every lunch but most just ended up in the trash Apple

The Me in Apple Form Apple

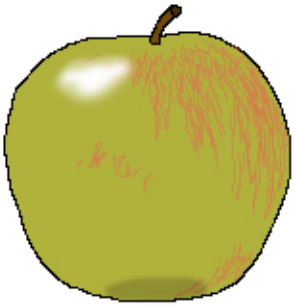


The Jesus I knew we should have gone apple picking earlier in the season because this is the only apple left Apple

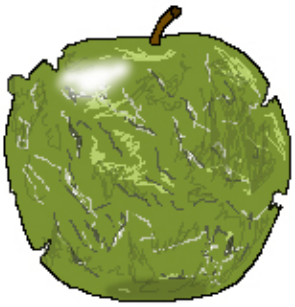


The mealy afterthought garbage excuse from a continental breakfast at the bedbug infested motel you stayed at when your dumb friend guilted you to go to Comic-Con, promising a fun weekend, but then he just spent the entire time dressed as Deadpool while making really forced and outdated "the cake is a lie" jokes Apple

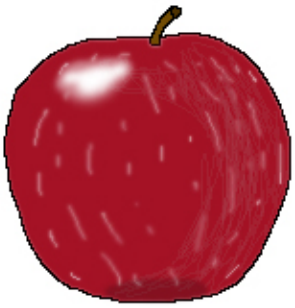
The PineApple hybrid touted as 'the next big thing' by the orchard, but really makes you question the ethics of GMO use within the modern food industry Apple



The why the hell did I take fifteen of these–I don't even like apples Apple

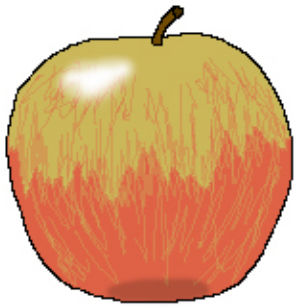


The I don't think you're supposed to eat that Apple



The every other tree on the orchard is swarming with idiots perfecting their

Instagram selfies, so I guess I'll just grab a bunch of these Apple



The next year I'm going to just go to the grocery and get a dozen of these at 1/1,000th of the cost Apple

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.9 The Hurricane Is Depositing Water Upon Correspondent

Wednesday, Oct 12, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Desk Man: Now for continuing coverage of hurricane Matthew, we go to our correspondent reporting live from the storm.

Correspondent: My clothes surround my body. A bright yellow jacket of flexible plastic surrounds my layers of clothing. The areas of my skin covered by clothing and jacket are as they always are, more or less. My hands are exposed. My neck, face, and head are exposed. I feel water and wind upon all of this skin.

A droplet of water lands on my skin. It introduces a sensation of moisture. It forms a barrier between my skin and the air, a tiny smothering which I can survive.

But there are many droplets. Many smotherings. They land and splash and fade away, replaced by more droplets. It is a constant moisture. If this rain continues forever and I continue to stand here forever, the number of droplets will be infinite. This is unacceptable. The wind exerts pressure upon my skin. It is not hard enough to destroy the skin. It is not so light as to go unnoticed. It is a strong and constant wind. It pushes me and creates a noise in my microphone that forces me to yell to be heard.

Desk Man: I apologize for the interruption, correspondent, but meteorologist has an urgent update.

Meteorologist: Thank you, desk man. Our computer has looked at things. The government weather computer has looked at things. All our computers have agreed upon a truth.

More droplets of water will fall upon the skin of correspondent. They will introduce new moisture. They will not fall directly upon the skin that is covered by correspondent's clothes. Nor will they fall directly upon the skin that is covered by correspondent's bright yellow jacket of flexible plastic. But they will land on correspondent's skin, then be compelled by gravity to slide from that exposed skin to areas that are otherwise covered, such as correspondent's wrists and collarbone.

Wind will press against correspondent with greater force. Correspondent will find it more difficult to stand vertically. The direction of the wind will shift, causing correspondent's body to become unsteady.

Correspondent: If I may -

Desk Man: Go ahead, correspondent.

Correspondent: A droplet of water just landed directly upon my eyelash. If my body did not include eyelashes, or only featured a single eyelash on the other eye, that droplet of water would have collided with my eyeball. As it is, my vision is temporarily impaired with a blur. This handicap will remain in place until I blink.

Desk Man: For those of you who are just joining our broadcast, hurricane Matthew is impacting correspondent in several ways.

It is depositing water in the form of droplets upon correspondent's exposed skin. It is depositing droplets upon correspondent's clothes and bright yellow jacket of flexible plastic. It is causing wind

to press against correspondent's whole body, though correspondent can only feel that wind which touches correspondent's skin.

Correspondent: Correction, desk man. The wind which pushes against my clothing and bright yellow jacket of flexible plastic can also be felt, to a lesser extent.

Desk Man (scrawling on sheet of paper): Noted. Ladies and gentlemen, an update. We are getting reports that the wind which pushes against correspondent's clothing and bright yellow jacket of flexible plastic can be felt. Please stay tuned for our continuing coverage of hurricane Matthew's impact on the body of correspondent.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.10 An Update from Your Local Halloween Superstore Proprietor

Thursday, Oct 13, 2016 by Turge Sprickman

Turge Sprickman

That swirling mass of black clouds in the air can only mean one thing, folks: Your favorite Halloween Superstore is back in town to spread Halloween cheer, and the unfortunate smell of burning plastic! (Sorry, but that extreme surplus of *Zoolander* costumes isn't going to destroy itself.) While many view our "tacky" accoutrements as an eyesore on their city or town, we actually do a public service by bringing new life to superstores vacated during our recent Great Depression. Remember that Circuit City where you bought your first HDTV back in 2007? Well, now you can bring back some of those great shopping memories under the same ceiling, and *without* all of those squatting, displaced families staring at you with their sad, hungry eyes. Sure, some of them still might be hiding in the walls, but we're deploying our best flea and tick bombs before our grand opening on Saturday to flush them out.

Sure, I'm aware many of you don't view Halloween goods with the same degree of reverence that we do. When I hear people talk about "heading down to Target" or "popping over to Wal*Mart" to grab some spooky stuff, I want to spit my coffee out in disgust–but don't, because there's usually some Jim Beam in there and that would just be wasteful. You know what you get when you shop at one of those "normal" stores? Some dead-eyed teenager who doesn't know a goblin from a hobgoblin. *Our* dead-eyed teens are a horse of a different color, since we only hire accomplished runaways and drifters. I don't mean to use foul language, folks, but frankly, they've seen some shit. You *really* want to know what an exit wound looks like? Well, come on down to my store, and I'll pull Cody out of the back room–he'll talk your ear off.

Thanks to our laser-focused specialization, we can find you a pre-packaged costume long after the source material has gone out of fashion. Does your little one want to SLAM EVIL as Billy Zane's *The Phantom* for whatever reason? Well, our large back catalog of goods–which has been called

a "flagrant hazard" by certain fire marshals–can make any misguided dream possible! Does your family dream of a *Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever* theme for your trick-or-treating group? While I will judge you *harshly* in my own head, I can assure you the transaction will take place with very few personal insults lobbed in your direction. Being able to comfortably swallow my contempt for other human beings is just one of my many, many duties as a Halloween Superstore proprietor.

And we're not just a one-trick pony, folks. Along with costumes, we have a vast array of candy far greater than you'd find at a store firmly in the pocket of Big Nestle. Thanks to our recent acquisition of several A&P warehouses abandoned in the late '80s, we're proud to offer selections sold as-is that can be yours after signing a simple binding arbitration agreement. Come on in and take a bite out of a Reggie! bar, or peruse our sampling of Bonkers–it's two flavors of candy in one! Though most of it has liquefied in its packaging, so you'll want to watch out for that. And all paying customers receive one artisanally aged crate of Necco Wafers for free, if only because we've paid too many public dumping fees this year and we're *really* on the D.A.'s shit list.

To assuage your fears, we'd like to throw a little party for the community this Friday to show that we're not the "roving bandits of the retail industry"–thanks a bunch, Newsweek. We at the Halloween Superstore would like to invite all of the local wives into our spacious basement for a private gathering at 8:00pm. We only ask that you bring your finest hooded cloak–ceremonial daggers will be handed out at the door. Now, you might have heard whisperings about "the birth of a dark god," and "an unholy blood ritual," but we assure you they're simply lies concocted by larger retail forces in order to bring us down. We'll bob for apples, have a costume party, and maybe–just maybe–carve some innocent ancient runes upon our flesh. All in good fun! But please, no pictures.

–∼Turge Sprickman

10.11 My Scandals Have Brought Me L... Low

Friday, Oct 14, 2016 by Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

Shhhhhhhhhhh...

Please speak with your softest words. Hello again. I am Gentle Creature. I wish to become your president. I hope you can hear my soft, high voice. I will not speak any louder.

Events have come to pass in the world beyond the roots. Suns rise and set and moons whirl loudly through the sky. It is hardly a day I cannot imagine without honking and tumult. People place their cake wrappers wherever they wish. Milk is bitter and without a drip of honey. No job is done by the men who desire to labor and those who do not wish labor are left to languish in the ditches. Such is the way of politics as usual.

You may have heard some blether regarding me.

I apologize if my scandals have... outraged you. I do not contend them. I took the lamp. I did say those things to the man in the well that were on the taped recording. The Wicked Leech did hack my *courriel* and show my... private recipes to everyone. These are not important. These are the attempts by my cunning foes to distract from the issues.

These are **books for you to enjoy**. **Honey for milk**. Which is the best thing to drink. And I want all people to **come down into my cellar**. I hope I did not say any of that loudly.

I also cannot go outside. I believe my foes have taken advantage of this weakness and they are outside now, scritching wherever they like and eating the plumpest worms. I cannot get them to come inside or go into my cellar.

Truly, softly, earnestly, I must apologize once more. I am attempting to distract you from the issues, which are my terrible scandals. The shame is upon me even now. When I am not speaking to you I seethe at my weakness in past, present, and certain futures.

Oh, my friends, this lamp is so glorious. It is tall and mostly straight and provides ample light for all endeavors. Porridge, my eyeless companion, stares without seeing, but is warmed by the light all the same. I know he likes it by the lessening of his pinches and the greatening of his clacks.

The m... man in the well was also very rude. I did say those things to him. I told him his voice was an unpleasant warble and I said if he came near to me I would grab him in my softest hand. This is my bathroom hand.

I do not know how the Wicked Leech downloaded my *courriels*. It is possible he used the bot net. He spread my business to all points of the compass. Now you have seen that I have sent 30,000 emails saying "hello? how are you?" to my opponents. They never respond to me so I am worried they may be in jeopardy.

Please, if you wish to make America g... gigantic again, I am your President of choice. I am the largest creature vying for this title presently. I am also the softest. I have touched more people than either of them. My cellar is larger. I have more bones in my ossuary. I am friend of the grotto folk and the shrieky burrowmates. They are natural enemies and yet they are friends in my presence.

I am here in my cellar. I am protecting my egg in peace, welcoming to all visitors who do not touch the egg. Please come down to the cellar.

Please tell me I am the president. I am ready to serve you.

I will not speak to you again until I am the president. Not even by *courriel*.

Goodbye.

–∼Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

10.12 12 Insane Headlines That Will Probably Happen Before Election Day

Monday, Oct 17, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Giuliani: "Trump Couldn't Have Groped Those Women Because He Has No Hands"

Trump Mocked By Goofy While Campaigning At Disneyland, Vows Revenge

Wikileaks Reveals Clinton Spent Eight Hours Learning Proper Use Of "Bae"

Mike Pence Angrily Eats Bible

Hillary: "Please Stop Playing Calypso Music To Make My Limp Body Dance"

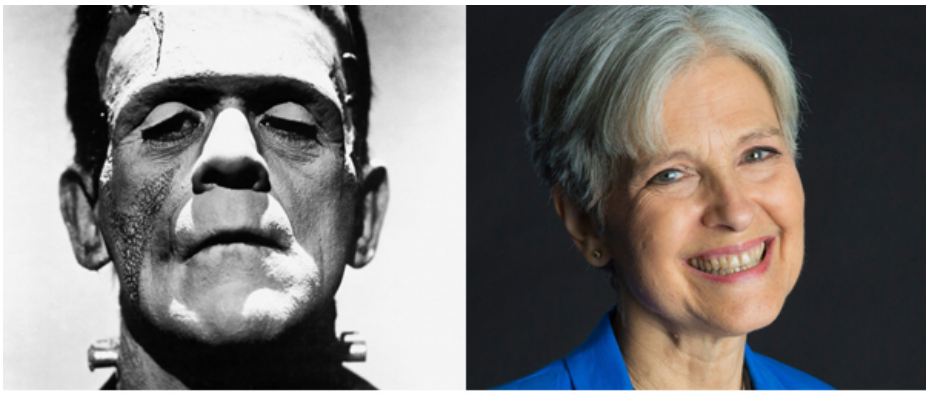
Tim Kaine Reminds People That Hey, He's Also Here

Gingrich Challenges Christie To "Depravity-Off"

Paul Ryan Orders Nation To Like Him

Tim Kaine: "I've Been Both a Governor And A Senator, Please Pay Attention To Me"

Trump Blames Candy Bar Stuck In Vending Machine On The New York Times



Stein Endorses Stein: "Her Policies Am Spooktacuar"

Tim Kaine Juggles Flaming Knives While Unicy-
BREAKING NEWS: Trump Sneezes Without Covering Mouth

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

10.13 Donald Trump Isn't Fit to Be Mayor of Buffoontown

Wednesday, Oct 19, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

People can't stop talking about this Donald Trump character. He's said a lot of crude and hateful things over the years, and demonstrated a tremendous lack of judgment, discipline and decency. If you ask me, he's not fit to be our president. In fact, he's not even fit to be mayor of Buffoontown.

For one thing, Buffoontown already has a mayor. Sure, he's currently stuck in a barrel that's wedged in a doorway, but he was duly elected with 110% of the Buffoontown vote. If Trump wants to be a mayor, he needs to wait his turn and run properly.

You might bring up the fact that the mayor would be happy to resign, and that he got himself stuck in that barrel to avoid his responsibilities. It's also fair to bring up the fact he campaigned and won by accident. All good points. Still, Trump has offered no solutions to Buffoontown's problems.

Does Donald Trump know how to get the skunks out of city hall? The Chief of Police himself has already been sprayed and clawed dozens of times, along with two firemen and three hobos. One of those hobos was a former skunk wrangler. If he can't get the skunks out, how is Mr. Moneybag's going to do it? And don't say "buy and release a bunch of snakes," because the mayor already tried that and the snakes ran away.

Does Donald Trump know anything about catching pythons? Because that's required knowledge for any future Buffoontown leader. There are dozens loose in town, and somebody needs to catch them. You're probably thinking, "Trump could just hire somebody to lead the pythons into the big sinkhole on Main Street." That's a terrible idea, because there is a school bus full of children stuck in that pit. The last thing they need is a bunch of hungry snakes trapped down there with them.

Donald Trump claims to be a builder, but you're kidding yourself if you think he can just build a new Main Street. That doesn't get those kids out of the sinkhole, or the Chief of Police. He's down there, too, because he was trying to retrieve his gun that he dropped before any kids got it.

Donald Trump claims to be a negotiator, but he has shown none of the patience needed to negotiate with Ricky Dylan, the 6th grade bully with a gun who is now King of the Sinkhole. Not by a long shot. Even the Chief of Police answers to him now.

The Law and Order Candidate will have a tough time cleaning up crime without a functional police force. He's no match for Bank Robber Bill, the most notorious bank robber in all of Buffoontown. We've all seen the robbery plans he keeps advertising in the newspaper. If he ever acts on them, our money is as good as gone.

What's Trump gonna do, build a wall around the bank? Great idea, Donald. Now we can't get inside to get our money.

You might say that Donald Trump could fill some other important office in Buffoontown, but I don't buy it. What's he going to do, be the town dog catcher? He wouldn't last two seconds against Spoilsport, the meanest dog in three counties. That mangy mutt is why so many good townsfolk end up naked in trees.

For all his purported business acumen, it's highly unlikely Trump could ever outwit Eddie Fast

Hands, the town's number one con artist. Trump will lose all his money, and Eddie Fast Hands will once again buy up the town's hamburger supply, dump them all in his pool and swim through them totally nude.

Trump is not even fit to be one of the town drunks. He has none of the charm of Loud Henry, and there's little chance the gold-plated millionaire will come close to matching his volume. Can he drive as elegantly as Drunk Dan? Thirty seconds behind the wheel of Drunk Dan's truck, and Trump would have spilled turnips and townsfolk all over the streets.

Donald Trump can talk all he wants, but it's just talk. Vile, hateful talk. What Buffoontown needs is solutions, and good ones. If Trump absolutely has to run something, then he might want to try running for mayor of Clowntown, the next town over. Buffoontown is too good for him.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.14 Hope for Trump Supporters: Steven Seagal for President 2020

Friday, Oct 21, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

First, the bad news for Trump supporters: **It's rigged.**

Everything is rigged; the media, the polls, the elections, and maybe even the ancestor simulation we live in being run by unseen computers. There is nothing a cadre of hackers can do before November 28th to shift seven points nationally. There are just too many mysterious dead Latinos willing to vote multiple times and politically correct sheeple offended by locker room talk. They can't be defeated by unskewing the polls.

The system will not allow Donald J. Trump to become president. That does not mean the movement he has created has to die with his campaign. Think about how sick people are of Hillary Clinton in 2016. Imagine how much sicker they will be of her by 2020 after she has started a nuclear war with Russia.

The atmosphere by 2019 will be ripe for change and I present to you the ultimate change agent:

Pros

- **Powerful supporters.** Already endorsed by Putin and Joe Arpaio.

- **Law and Order candidate.** Steven Seagal has served as a law enforcement officer and even driven a police tank into a Latino house, killing a vicious dog. He literally had a TV show titled "Steven Seagal: Lawman."
- **Famous.** Hugely famous. He has killed Tommy Lee Jones by gouging out his eye, stabbing his head, and slamming him into a radar screen. I bet Hillary Clinton can't say that. He has even given his life to save the president on Air Force One by being blown out of the airlock (?) of a stealth fighter.
- **Handsome.** He has the serene good looks of an Easter Island statue combined with a beard resembling a delicious donut of hair someone has ring tossed onto his face. Also has an extremely natural full head of hair that is definitely not sprayed onto his head every day.
- **Great with women.** Unlike Trump, Steven Seagal doesn't have any bad dirt things about women, because the lawsuit claiming he kept a woman locked in a sex dungeon in Louisiana was dismissed.
- **Connects with cultures** so well, he is often mistaken as Chinese and Native American and no one is offended. No one. Don't look.

- **Tier One Operator.** Forget Chris Kyle and Marine Todd, JSOC is calling in Seagal to deal with the number one threat to our freedom: Mexican ISIS terrorists having Zika anchor babies in America.
- **Very religious.** Steven Seagal can often be seen doing the "praying hands" in public and on red carpets. He is so religious, he even prays right in front of godless Hollywood paparazzi.

Cons

- **Deadly**. His mastery of Aikido and knowledge of firearms makes him so deadly that Secret Service agents will no longer be needed to protect him.
- **Healthy**. Might keep Michelle Obama's vegetable garden. He likes carrots very much.

- **Lyrical**. He *want the punaani, see for make nice.* In other words, his ravishing dance hall patois will turn America's daughters into *big hole gyals.*

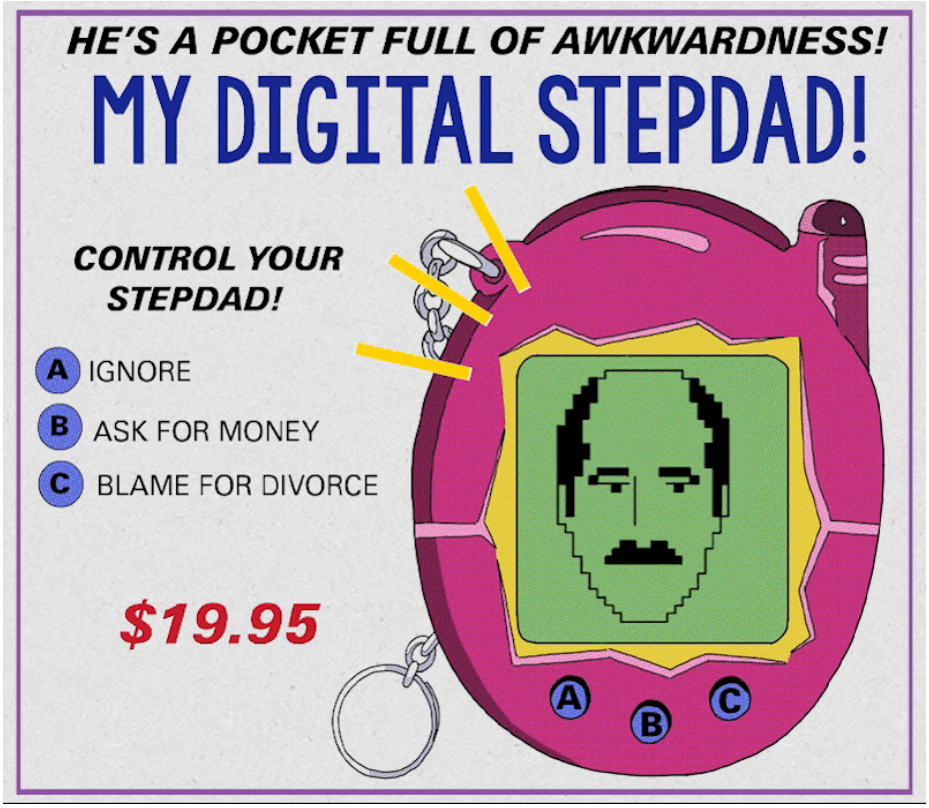
That's it. All the cons. There is nothing else objectionable or negative to say about Steven Seagal. He is ready for duty. Now it's up to America and the man himself to put a stop to Hillary Clinton in 2020.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.15 Toys "4" Cheap!

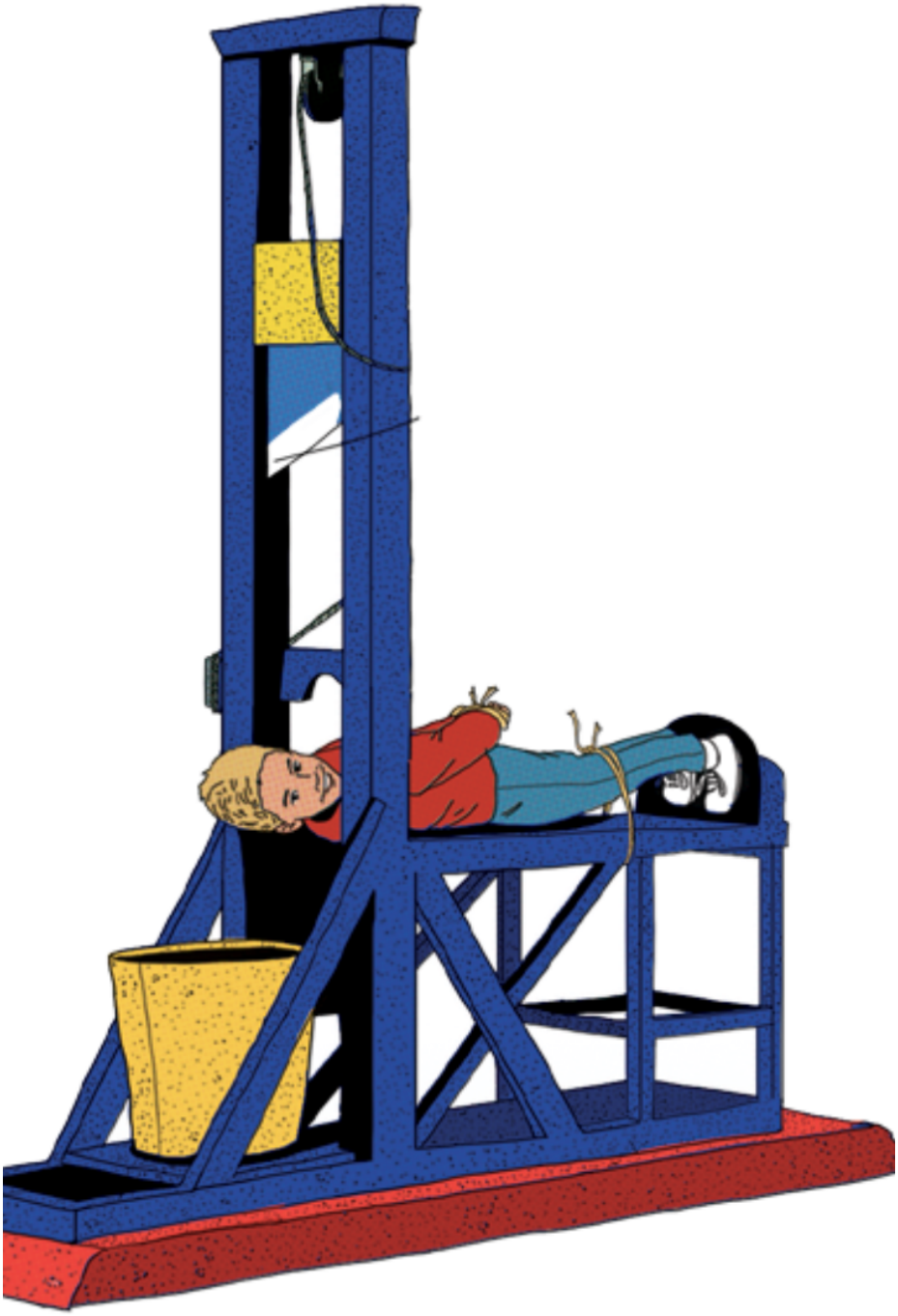
Monday, Oct 24, 2016 by Jimmy Hasse & Asterios Kokkinos (@asterios)

Here's some selections from our all-new book, Toys "4" Cheap, available this week in bookstores nationwide (provided those bookstores are cool.) Remember: The Magic of Toys Will Shut Up Your Child!TM



JOHN CANDY LAND
JOHN CANDY LAND
The game that benefited most
from the death of John Belushi!
$19.95

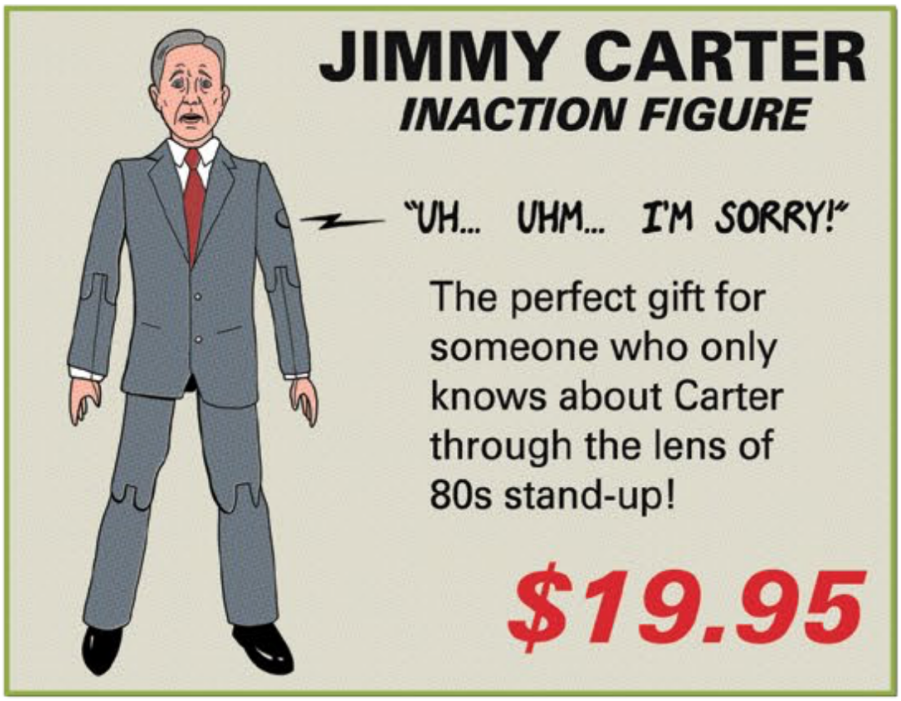
I JUST WANT TO
FRIENDS
DISAPPOINTMENT FLASHCARDS
For babies who need a dose of reality!
$19.95



NORF GUILLOTINE

Soft with their heads!

$84.95


JIMMY CARTER
INACTION FIGURE
"UH... UHM... I'M SORRY!"
The perfect gift for someone who only knows about Carter through the lens of 80s stand-up!
$19.95

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MALL SADNE$$
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INCLUDING:
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•If a robot is sentient then we should be cool to it.
•Love conquers all, even crystaline entities.
•Romulans are bad.
•If something has Godlike powers, but a child-like mind... Uh-oh!
...AND MANY MORE!
"MAYBE THE REAL NAZI ROBOT... WAS US."
"PERHAPS EVERY SPECIES DESERVES SAVING, EVEN SPECIES DESTROYING PLAGUE #8203."
"AN ENTIRE PLANET WHERE MEN ARE SEXUALLY HARASSED INSTEAD OF WOMEN. REEEEEAAAAALLY MAKES YOU THINK."
"DEMOCRACY... GOOD?"
ONLY
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Be the coolest kid in your class (reunion)!
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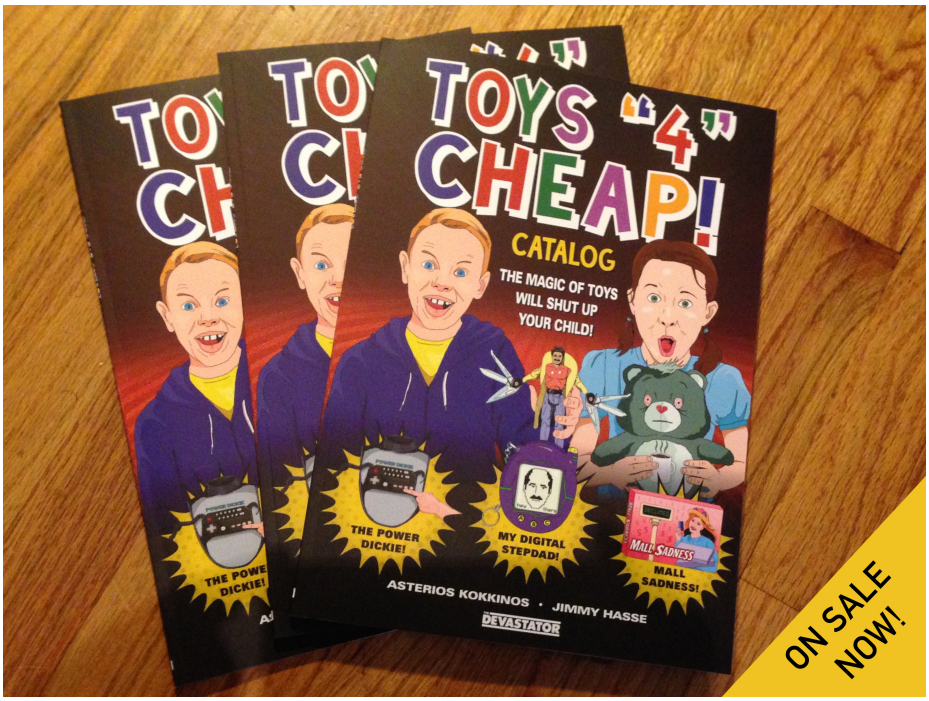


CLICK HERE TO BUY THIS CRAZY BOOK!

–∼Jimmy Hasse & Asterios Kokkinos (@asterios)

10.16 How to Defend Your Obvious Civ 6 Addiction

Tuesday, Oct 25, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I just dragged an ancient backwater to the atomic era. Do you think nine hours of sleep really matters in that context?

How can you claim that this sort of game is bad for me? It's like saying someone can overdose on Ken Burns documentaries.

When Gandhi went on a hunger strike everyone called him a hero, but when I forget to eat for an entire weekend while playing as Gandhi I'm a loser?Double standards much?

How can we defeat ISIS if I can't get a religious victory over the Aztecs?

Just to be clear, last night I was watching people play on Twitch. That's like a video game AA meeting.

If you really care about my wellbeing, why didn't you stop me from getting a political science degree? I mean, if you think playing a game like this is a bad for me then don't ever examine the irreparable financial damage my major has caused.

I just conquered the known world on Deity. What the hell have you done lately?

You know what? A ton of people sit in a chair for days on end and I don't see you questioning their motives. Like, are you going to start telling everyone in a wheelchair that they have an issue?

You put me in public school, so the Civ series has to make up for all those years of subpar history. Please don't take this away from me, too.

You think I have an addiction? Fine. I'm on heroin. Just doing the drugs. Thanks for the intervention. I guess the next step is to go cold turkey by staring at my computer screen for eight straight hours.

Do you think paying attention to real life politics would be better? Would following the Donald be more worthwhile? Should I read up on Putin? This is all we got, baby.

I've said it a thousand times: "I can quit at any time, it's just that right now I'm about to complete something a little more complex than you might realize, but as soon as that happens I'll probably just go one more turn to set up the next complex thing, but *then* I think I can quit at that time. Maybe."

Yes, I haven't slept in fifty hours, but you have to agree that I can sing a pitch perfect Scarborough Fair.

This is Sid Meier's world, I'm just building wonders in it.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.17 The Seven Stages of Moving

Wednesday, Oct 26, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1: Deciding to Move

Oh, you idiot. Don't do this. It's the worst idea anyone has ever had. Have you forgotten what an ordeal it was the last time you moved?

Well, the notion is in your head now, so I suppose there's no turning back. You really screwed this one up.

2: Finding a New Home

Ideally your new place will be nicer than where you live now, but within your budget. Somewhere around zero dollars per month.

First you need to decide what you're looking for.

An apartment combines the convenience of being surrounded by dead-eyed cretins with the luxury of pervasive existential dread. You will have at least two neighbors who work from home in evenings, eager workaholics in the industry of stomping around aimlessly and dropping armfuls of pots and pans. Meanwhile, you will be so self-conscious of the sound you produce that you will constantly lean forward and tilt your head to hear your tv.

Your life for the next week.

A house is even better. You'll have your own yard, a perfect place to relax and succumb to the bite of a poisonous snake. If the house is vintage, its framing will be made of carefully balanced crackers and it will not be fitted for modern conveniences like high speed internet, air conditioning, water, power, or leveled floors. If it's a newer house, you'll be able to rest easy knowing that every shortcut was taken to ensure that everything within it appears to be real.

Keep in mind that your home's location has an impact on price. The total cost will go up by around 20% with every block you move towards the nearest hub of civilization with modern amenities such as paved roads.

3: Packing

Where did all of this junk come from? Didn't you throw that blanket out years ago? How do you keep finding new pictures of yourself from that three month stretch where you were chubby and perpetually making the worst possible face? Is it even possible for one person to own this many hangars?

This was a terrible idea.

4: Moving Day

THIS WILL NEVER END.

There is no right way to lift that thing. No right way to angle it through a doorway without losing one of its legs or three of your fingers. If you do manage to pick it up and get it outside, a drawer you didn't even know existed will slide open and barf a million thumbtacks everywhere.

It's not the physical labor. It's the mental exhaustion that sets in when you want to focus on the physical labor but find yourself having to pause and make decisions every few minutes. Are you sure you want to take that thing? If not, should you throw it out or donate it? How will this fit into the moving truck Tetris puzzle? Should you wrap some gauze around that eye injury or just let the swirling cloud of inexplicable dust staunch the seeping wound?

Also, it is the physical labor. You thought you were fairly tough but before today your greatest feat was quickly slapping the NES Track & Field pad with your hands to cheat.

5: Unpacking

Where is that thing you actually need right this second? How do you have more sheets and blankets than when you started, and why are they all covered in sand?

6: The First Night

This place is weird. There are, like, boxes all over. When you wake up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, the route is different than it was in your last place. You have to turn left instead of right? The architect had to have been M.C. Escher.

7: The Rest of Your Idiot Life

It's been a few days. Things are slowly getting back to normal. This is actually starting to feel a bit like home. Now that the move is behind you, you're certain that it was fairly easy and not at all as painful as you thought at the time. In fact, you know that the next time around you'll be better equipped and it will go much smoother.

You miserable shithead.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.18 Halloween Candy Safety Tips

Thursday, Oct 27, 2016 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Halloween is almost upon us, which means thousands of weirdos across the nation will finally have the chance to put something of their choosing inside your child's mouth. Instead of boarding yourself up inside and waiting for this whole holiday thing to "blow over," ensure your little ones are safe and relatively poison-free with the following tips designed to keep them healthy, outside of their teeth and blood sugar levels.

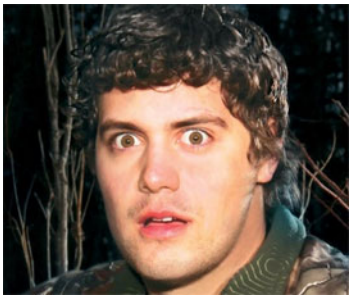
- Necco Wafers come in the following flavors: chalk, seashell, foam, spice dust, and homeopathic chocolate. If you detect any strong, easily identifiable flavors while eating one, call your local poison control center immediately.
- While all candy should be x-rayed for potential hazards, it's safe to leave Butterfingers alone. When paired with a razor blade, thumbtack, or other sharp object, you'll find it much easier to rid your teeth of the candy's intractable peanut residue.
- Black licorice–rare to find in the wild these days–should not be consumed immediately, but rather stored for its original use as an effective, edible punishment for naughty children. This ain't your granddaddy's castor oil!
- Their nutritional qualities can't be denied, but unfortunately, having raisins dropped into your trick-or-treating bag signifies a dismissal of the holiday as a whole. Be sure to teach this person a lesson by jamming the dehydrated grapes into open outlets on any outdoor fixtures you can find within their property.
- Though the FDA has deemed them "largely edible," Mary Janes and Bit O' Honeys are best used as a makeshift industrial-strength caulk, or in glue traps built to contain small vermin.
- Children diagnosed with depression should avoid eating a Three Musketeers bar at all costs, as the candy's pure nougat center may remind them of life's bland, pointless march towards oblivion.

- While stupider children may eat the pennies given to them by some houses–unaware no chocolate exists under their shiny exteriors–they can later spend their time with a fun scavenger hunt to regain that lost currency. Just give them a pair of kitchen gloves, lay down some plastic sheeting, and get ready to have a few precious hours to yourself, with some minimal cleanup afterwards.
- Nik-L-Nips should be disposed of immediately, both for their disgusting taste and damaging effects to our local Asian communities.
- Though they may seem fairly large on their own, several Halloween-themed Peeps can be squished together into one condensed candy piece, perfectly suited for throwing away.
- Candy corn is supposed to be like that.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.19 Don Jr and me convinced Eric Trump to drink his own pee at In-N-Out

Friday, Oct 28, 2016 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston



What's up, voters?

I have been covering this campaign for more than ten years I think and I'm mostly forgotten about because there isn't any news and Trump never does anything cool anymore like give helicopter rides at the fair or threaten to choke out Megyn Kelly with a leash. But supposedly the voting part is coming up even though I thought we already did that part once but that was the primary and this is the secondary so I had better file one last report.

Most of the time I barely even talk to Donald and I just hang out with Don Jr who wants to ask me about guns and which ones I would use to shoot a giraffe that was tied to a stake or like a unicorn that a safari guide had given nitrous to and then locked in a shed. I told him pretty much anything you can kill with enough shots from an AR-15 except for the American spirit which can survive unlimited AR-15 shootings and only become more patriotic.

When we weren't talking about guns or our favorite TV show Gotham we were messing around with Eric Trump. We convinced him the movie Annabelle was a documentary and that anyone who dies turns into a doll. Don Jr even bought him a creepy doll and kept moving it around the plane until Donald caught us and we thought we were busted. Instead Donald went all in with us and started making Eric do things with the doll like dance with it or kiss it. He even made Eric take it to In-N-Out Burger where Don Jr and me convinced Eric drinking a cup of his own pee was the only way to get rid of the curse of the Annabelle doll. He must have walked around In-N-Out drinking his pee for like an hour.

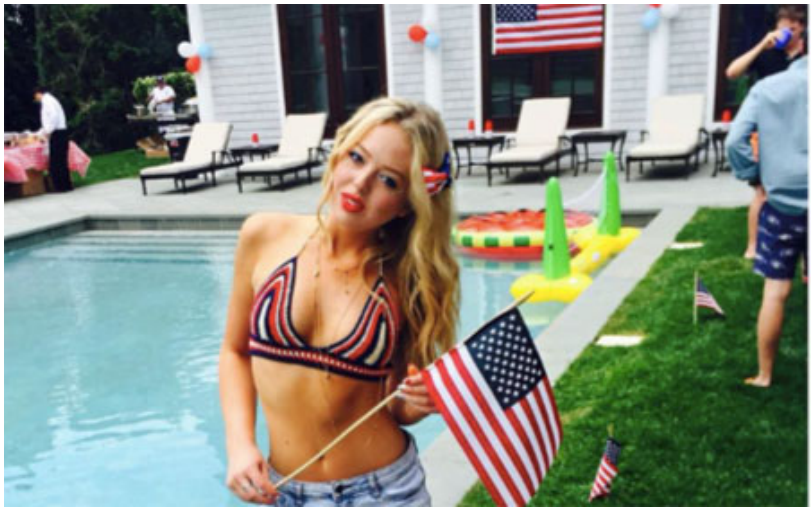
The day after that everyone was excited about wikileaks because I guess they posted some more stuff on there about how risotto is a code word they Clinton campaign uses for when Hillary needs another child brought to her house for a blood transfusion.

I didn't get to talk to Donald Trump very much but he has Tiger Woods Golf set up on a Wii in this room on the plane and one day he called me up to play golf with him. He spent most of the time talking on a bluetooth headset to someone named Mr. Putin who he kept calling sir and when I started to beat him he said his controller was messed up he said because Eric was getting mad at the Alivn and the Chipmunks Wii game he likes to play and threw the controller. Donald demanded we trade controllers and he was so steamed up about it all that I never got a chance to ask him what steps will your energy policy take to meet our energy needs, while at the same time remaining environmentally friendly and minimizing job loss for fossil power plant workers?

The Trump plane was in Utah where Trump was taping up his eyes to film a campaign ad for Chinese Mormons when they decided to save money by moving Tiffany Trump to the cargo compartment. Tiffany said how could it save money when Donald Trump owns the plane but he explained that it would save big league because he is billing his campaign 500,000 dollars per seat and paying himself back through a veterans charity for kids who served our country in military school.

I don't know if the math works but I do know that the cargo compartment has really poor ventilation so you only need like a quarter can of rust shield spraypaint to moon gas yourself into another dimension. Me and Tiffany Trump got so high that she asked me to pretend to be a black guy who

got refused housing by her grandpa so we could have sex. Which I did as a favor to her because she seemed bummed about having to sit with the cargo which is mostly unsold Trump water but she barfed all over herself and started choking halfway through so we stopped before I hardly grabbed her titties because I am a gentleman.



I never got to meet Mike Pence, but I did get to talk to the detective Donald Trump has following Mike Pence so that he knows what Mike Pence is doing and that guy gave me some juicy political facts about Mike Pence.

- Mike Pence sleeps face down on top of his bed at night. He doesn't get under any blanket or any sheet, leaving his hotel beds seemingly untouched.
- Mike Pence has an aide who carries around a fax machine that is connected to a think tank called the Family Salvation Research Council that researches something called The Living Bible that they have locked in an old coal mine in Oklahoma. They tell him exactly how to vote on everything, but it's all gibberish he has to decode using a ring they gave him.
- He goes to the bathroom exactly once per day. Always for less than one minute.
- He had a pet parrot named Garvey for over 30 years but had to send it away to live in a parrot rescue because it somehow learned to say, "Shut up, bitch." He misses Garvey though so he travels with a stuffed parrot toy.
- He is so anti-profanity that he previously banned fracking in Indiana believing people were doing "the Star Wars cuss."

I don't know much more than that about Mike Pence. Trump calls him a nerd, which is the worst thing he can call someone that I can tell you about after Trump made me sign an NDA in blood.

Who should you vote for? I mean, I am going to vote for Donald Trump because I lost a bet with Nate Silver about how far I could wedgie Nate Silver's underwear up his back. He said I couldn't do it at all and I said 25 inches and he was right because it turns out he doesn't wear underwear just this greasy strip that's sort of like a fruit roll up he says is anti-bacterial and it sticks to the inside of his pants. I don't know what it was, but I intend to put it on Eric Trump's face the next time he passes out on the plane from drinking one half a glass of Red's Apple Ale.

But if you are asking me who I want to vote for if I had a choice, I would probably vote for Evan McMillman or whatever his name is. He is a former CIA agent and a former Goldman Sachs banker which seems like those two careers only really good people do as jobs. The best people in history really. So Evan McMullmans. I definitely can't vote for Hillary, not because she wants to bomb

every country on the planet and not because she didn't bomb Benghazi when we needed her to. No, I can't vote for Hillary because she had eric garner's mother on stage which disrespects police and nobody has more respect for law enforcement than me as long as we aren't counting wildlife rangers.

Anyway, who gives a shit. These people all suck big bad ones.

PEACE

–∼Levi "HOckey" Johnston

10.20 The Deciders: Interviews With Something Awful's Panel of Undecided Voters

Monday, Oct 31, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Since the candidates were set, Something Awful has conducted regular interviews with a panel of undecided voters. On this, the last monday before there's only one more monday until election day, we sit down with our undecideds, and see which way they're leaning.

INTERVIEWER: Thank you all for joining me today. I'd like to start with Mary, a single mother of two from Jacksonville. How do you think you'll vote on election day?

MARY: You're not gonna believe this, but I'm still not sure!

(laughter fills the room)

MARY: There hasn't been a Trump scandal in over a week, which makes me think...hey, maybe when he's president, there'll never be one ever!

INTERVIEWER: Mmmhmm.

MARY: On the other hand, Hillary's emails. Why'd she have a private server in the first place? To avoid public oversight of her correspondence? To dodge FOIA requests?

INTERVIEWER: Well that's one theory.

MARY: ...or was it because the emails contain evidence of her hundreds of murders, each committed by her own hand, using improvised weapons like a can of hairspray and a lighter to make a Rorschach-style flamethrower? Just imagine Hillary, melting faces left and right, screaming "LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S GONNA NEED OBAMACARE!"

INTERVIEWER: Sounds like you're voting for Trump.

MARY: Yeah, but he's not a good role model for my kids.

INTERVIEWER: Let's move on. Self proclaimed "grey hat hacker" Scyth3r from Seattle. How do you lean today?

SCYTH3R: [VOCODED VOICE FROM BENEATH A DARK HOOD] Undecided, as usual!

(laughter fills the room)

SCYTH3R: Information should be free. Something that bothers me is...when did we all decide that Trump's tax returns weren't an issue?

INTERVIEWER: That's an excellent point. It got a lot of play in the early debates, but we've all seemed to move on.

SCYTH3R: I needed those tax returns...so I could hack Mr. Trump! Yes. Backdoor a rootkit encryption key, and bypass the central mainframe via a java exploit in a SQL database. Drain his bank account, and return his dirty money...TO THE PEOPLE!

INTERVIEWER: None of that sounds like actual hacking.

SCYTH3R: That's all hacking! I'm a hacker! I mean...a hax0r!

INTERVIEWER: You make me sad. Legendary master of chaos magicks Alan Moore, your thoughts on this election?

ALAN MOORE: Doom...nought but doom and destruction in the wake of these two wicked corporate leviathans clashing, caring nought for whom they hurt, nor for their eternal souls...

MARY: Hey, uh...are you even an American citizen?

ALAN MOORE: Uh...gotta go!

(laughter fills the room)

INTERVIEWER: Thank you, Mr. Moore. Moving on, ghost of former president Richard Nixon, you're no stranger to scandal. Have any of the candidates done anything inherently disqualifying?

NIXON'S GHOST: Arrrooooooo! Sorry, I've just started saying that since Futurama premiered.

INTERVIEWER: Futurama premiered over 17 years ago.

NIXON'S GHOST: Well it only showed up on Netflix In Hell like a week ago!

(laughter fills the room)

NIXON'S GHOST: I'm honestly insulted that Trump keeps referring to Hillary's emails as "the biggest scandal since Watergate." I literally hired five goons to break into my opponents offices, wiretap their phones, break in a second time to repair those wiretaps, then paid them with donations to my reelection campaign. Then I used the entire federal government to cover it up, leading to the indictment of 69 people! And the best part is: I did it for no reason, because I was 1000% gonna win re-election! I just did it to be a dick! Now THAT'S CRIME, BABY! Hillary's pussy-ass email server can go roger itself! ROGER ITSELF GOOD! ARRROOOOO!

INTERVIEWER: I wish you'd stop saying "aroooooo." When you do it, it's not cool.

NIXON'S GHOST: ARRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(laughter fills the room)

Photo of Nixon's Ghost shamelessly stolen from Twitter user Nixon's Ghost, whom you can follow here.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Memorable Quotes From Twister's Supporting Cast

Tuesday, Nov 01, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

One of the secondary characters in Twister is portrayed by eight actors. This role is Indecipherable Shouting Person, a mix of the chorus from Shakespearean plays and a hooting idiot. Director Jan de Bont's unique vision called for all eight actors to be on screen at once, with each aspect of Indecipherable Shouting Person having a slightly different name and appearance.

While some doubted the American audience's ability to follow this experimental approach to storytelling, the gamble paid off. Indecipherable Shouting Person remains one of the most beloved supporting characters in the history of film.

As you read these unforgettable quotes please keep in mind that each line was delivered while at least one other aspect of Indecipherable Shouting Person was hollering, braying excessively loud laughter, or emitting animal noises.

Philip Seymour Hoffman as Dustin "Dusty" Davis

"(something about rock and roll) WILD! HA HA! (makes guitar noises while air drumming)"

"Smamn nef rlarg hma TOTAL BABE AM I RIGHT sni sni rralr DUDE!"

Alan Ruck as Robert "Rabbit" Nurick

"WHOA! Hemma naw (belches into a megaphone) TWISTER RIGHT OVER THERE!"

"HEE HEE! HAHAHA! BOOOOING! AROOGA-AROOGA! We need to turn off on this side road, it's a shortcut. (lifts up his shirt and pats his stomach while the seven other aspects of Indecipherable Shouting Person lose their minds with laughter)"

Jeremy Davies as Brian Laurence

"(through a mouth of super loud potato chips, his one-man-band outfit going nuts as he runs) It's a category four! Tornado!"

"YOU'RE THE MAN! HA HA! FRICKIN' DUDE OVER HERE! AWESOME HAHA!"

Joey Slotnick as Joey

"CHASING TORNADOES BROTHERS FOR LIFE! LET'S GET THAT STORM YEAH! VAN HALEN!"

"(completely inaudible due to everyone else's noise/laughter, but appears to be an earnest eulogy for his daughter)"

Sean Whalen as Alan Sanders

"Brang brang blippity blip wooooooooooooooooooooooo ha ha everyone get to safety!"

"SO RIGHT DUDE AW MAN WHAT A DUDE!"

Todd Field as Tim "Beltzer" Lewis

"RIGHTEOUS!!!

11.2 CRUSH OF DOGS

Wednesday, Nov 02, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

YOU WIN - Everyone in town told me I could not handle owning this dog, and you were all right. First person to call gets Elbow, a 180 pound Caucasian Mountain Dog with psoriasis and an entirely novel form of diarrhea. 555-1927

FIGHTIN' SAD - trained pitbull has been robbed of his god-given gift for combat thanks to two-term commie Obama's war on dog rights. Read all about it on my garage door mural. Call for address and free dog. 555-6671

♥♥ BELOVED FRIEND ♥♥ Generous dog with gentle demeanor and unwavering loyalty. I'm willing to trade her for one of your kidneys (my choice). The trade will only take a couple hours, and I'll throw in a van. 555-7265

UNNEEDED - Purchased as accessory for Halloween costume. Terrible prop! Didn't even win me the costume contest. Small, loud and bitey. Huge rip off! $50. 555-8272

♠♠ RECORD HOLDER ♠♠ Hightop has spent a record 97 days in the air, living in a basket hanging from my experimental helium balloon. For reasons unknown (altitude madness?) he keeps trying to murder me. Free to patient home. 555-5277

HE ATE MY COUPONS!!!

FREE HUSKY DOG - Not to be confused with "Siberian Husky." This overweight Corgi is too embarrassing to take out in public. No longer fits in any of the expensive sweaters I purchased for him. Sweaters not included. 555-8092

TALKING DOG has learned to speak his own name aloud, which he repeats incessantly. Doesn't know any other words, just says "Robert" over and over again. Very unsettling. My children are terrified. $500. 555-3352

EXTREMELY JEALOUS - My dog Iacocca is constantly envious of my ability to speak, reason, hold down work, etc. He has demonstrated no special abilities, other than being exceptionally resentful. He just can't measure up to me. Priced to sell! 555-8272

HELP ME OUT HERE? Say friend, can you give my dog a good home? A reasonable home? A home where he won't be outright murdered for meat? Do you have a place to hide me as well? Awaiting your good news! 555-8272

*** * TALENTED TROTTER * *** Former show dog featured in May 2009 issue of Hit Paws is expert at strutting his stuff. Friendly and affectionate. Emits psionic blasts that explode nearby human heads. Best keep your distance when he's doing his thing. 555-2875

♥ SWEET DREAMER ♥ Adorable dog kicks and whimpers while deep in slumber, which is permanent. Comes with breathing machine, feeding tube and funnel. $1500. 555-2765

TRUMP LOVER - My English bulldog has made it clear he is an ardent Donald Trump supporter. I am, too, but I don't cotton to dogs getting involved in American politics. You can have him. 555-1725

EXTRA LOVING - Grace was born with two hearts, which means she has a lot of extra love to give. It also means she takes every "bad dog!" twice as hard, and becomes severely depressed for weeks on end. Try not to discipline her. Ever. 555-2782

FREE, WITH COST: Horrible dog chained to offshore barge for safety. Responsible for chewing up every set of mini blinds in town. Requires 24/7 supervision.555-8251

URBAN SPECIMEN captured on routine patrol. Shows aggressive tendencies and primitive problem solving abilities. Comes attached to small Asian man with heavy smoking habit. $75. 555-2991

MALLEABLE - Docile dog can be bent and shaped to your will. Adjust features as needed. Form hardens when dry, softens as day wears on. Sleeps in [illegible] 555-1090

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.3 The Atrocities in This Post-Apocalyptic Wasteland Would Make Great Band Names

Thursday, Nov 03, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Mankind got arrogant. We split the atom, unlocking a force greater than the sun, and built weapons that could turn the earth to dust. We elected warmongering politicians who used those weapons on each other, bringing an end to civilization as we know it. Walking through the blackened ruins, surveying the horrors of nuclear annihilation, I'm reminded of the hubris of my species, the fragility of life, and the grand indifference of the universe.

I have to admit, though, a lot of these horrors would make great band names.

Did you ever see that Deep Purple video (if you didn't, it's too late now) where future scientists visit a post-apocalyptic earth, dig up some instruments and play a kickass rock concert for a bunch of feral teenagers? It's pretty farfetched, since there's no electricity in a nuclear wasteland and most scientists probably like Bach or some shit, but if it did happen, those guys would have no problem coming up with a name for themselves. They could literally just pick the first thing they saw. Toxic Rain, Atomic Shadows, Pile of Skulls... There are great band names everywhere!

Just the other day, I met a mutant biker named Max Carnage. How about a band called Max Carnage and the Hazmats? I pitched this to Max as he was bouncing my head off a concrete abutment. I think he liked it, because he began beating me even more vigorously. In hindsight, I probably shouldn't have given away such a great name, but on the plus side, if I ever start a band I now have a permanent b-minor ringing in my head to tune my instruments to.

It's an embarrassment of riches how many awesome band names I see every day. This morning while searching for food I saw the remains of a skyscraper ravaged by an atomic blast and thought, hey, "ravaged" has a nice ring to it. Maybe a nu-metal band called Ravaged, but with the "e" written backward, or maybe a bunch of periods so it looks like an acronym. R.A.V.A.G.E.D. I spray-painted some logo designs on a wall over some lame-ass graffiti about avoiding something called the "shriekers" and how the food they've been dropping from army planes is actually poisoned.

Sometimes I come up with lyrics too. Once I took a bunch of potas-

sium iodide pills to protect myself from fallout, only to get iodine poisoning. In between vomiting, I wrote this verse.

Iodine poisoning
Got me so low
Iodine poisoning
Nowhere to go
Carrion on my breath
Menagerie of bones
Wish I'd died in the nuclear blast zone

I've got a bunch more. The hard part is matching them with the right band name. Some days, a lyric feels like a Twisted Conduit song. Other days, it feels more like a Carbonized Corpse song.

Okay, I should probably stop thinking about band names for a while. It's distracting me from basic survival. Got to focus. Check my spike traps for dogs I can skin to make winter clothes. Set up some overturned hubcaps to collect rainwater. No band names there. Next I have to find an abandoned pharmacy and get something to treat these purple boils on my arm. They might be a sign of radiation sickness, or as the Japanese used to call it, disease X.

Hmmm, Disease X... I wonder if that name is taken.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.4 Dolores, Please Show Me to Westworld's Normal Bathrooms

Friday, Nov 04, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Look, I like you. The painting by the river, the ranch house, the menacing gang I get to save you from, weird twitching; you're hitting all of my white hat buttons. It has been a lot of fun so far, but I really, really, really have to take a dump. This is not one of those little 1865 dumps you people must take, this is a real deal 21st century colon-trained-by-quesaritos professional dump.

I mean it is out of control. I drank like four whiskeys right away at that brothel and then I ate the pheasant or whatever that was, which I shouldn't have eaten, and I took Immodium for my IBS, but this is getting dangerous.

No, no, they had those little wood box toilet things back at the brothel. Yes, I realize I could go anywhere, but I'm really sensitive about other people, uh, you know... it can get loud sometimes. And the smell lingers. I'd just like to keep you out of that as much as possible, even if you are a robot.

So, is there like a code word I can say and a hidden hatch will open or what? I have got to get to a normal toilet with like good water pressure because I've got a muskrat growling and this thing will wreck that little wooden hut you guys have out behind your ranch.

Oh, Jesus Christ, what is this? Is this a maze? Don't show me this, please. Not now.

Dolores, I am going to lose it here. I ate those peppers with dinner and I thought they were jalapenos but they were like serranos maybe. This is going to be like a ten wiper, I'm telling you. I ate fish tacos on the flight over here and that's still in the mix too. Please. It's going to be rough. So can you beep boop me a golf cart or something to take me back to the HQ so I can have a real, serious dump.

Oh, no. Not this guy again. Man, you wouldn't be so wet and sweaty all the time if you didn't wear a leather hat. I saw him walking around when I was trying to take a bath. What is his problem? Look, dude, I will shoot you, okay, just don't ask me to sit down.

There! Are you happy? I killed your whole stupid gang. Oh, god, Dolores, it's turtling on me. Do you at least have like good ply toilet paper? That one ply stuff just falls apart on me. At least if I can get some good wipes I've got that going for me.

I mean, Jurassic Park had convenient bathrooms. You get out of the glass ball and boom there are nice bathrooms. Are you telling me the dinosaur cloner guys know how to make a bathroom but the Wild West sex robot guys can't figure it... oh. Oh god.

Okay. This is a full brown alert.

Dolores, get me new pants. And I need a shirt.

And it's on my hat too. Never go white hat. Did it get on you? Oh, no, it did, didn't it?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.5 Hey, Wouldn't It Be Funny If We Millennials Voted For Trump Ironically? By Donald Trump Jr.

Monday, Nov 07, 2016 by Donald Trump, Jr. (@asterios)

OK, OK, uh, hear me out here, everyone. We all like comedy, right? *Mad TV*, John Candy, *Caroline In The City*? Well, here's an idea for a wonderful joke. I know this may sound "crazy-cray," but...

Wouldn't it be the funniest thing ever if millennials united as a voting bloc to elect my father as the 45th president of the United States?

Personally, I cannot think of anything funnier than registered voters aged 18-35 voting for a "rude dude" like my father, Donald Trump. Think of all the laughs you will have when telling your grandkids, "I voted for the guy from *Home Alone 2* AND The Apprentice!"

"And then he ended up saving America!"

Yes, there are plenty of "LOLs" to be had upon pulling the lever for my father. Put your ballot on Snapchat to "razz" your conservative friends, perhaps with the caption, "Look how dumb this is!" You could use ironic hashtags such as, "#Voted4Trump4HumorPurposes." You could even text a ballot selfie to your liberal grandma, should she still be alive, and write, "Hah, hah, granny! I love you!"

Yes, there are 3 whole reasons voting for my father, Donald Trump, is funny. Let's all do it today, via early voting...as a joke!

Now I know what you are thinking: "Hey, no need use laughs to persuade me. I'm a millennial who *genuinely* supports Donald Trump." To which I say: I can understand why you would! Donald Trump is very woke. He believes that men should be allowed in beauty pageant dressing rooms regardless of their gender. He promotes the sexual health and fitness of all his female employees. And he is very good friends with Ben Carson (a black.)

However: millennials like myself and Scott Baio are in the minority when it comes to supporting my dad. Youths are breaking for Hillary over 2.5 to 1, perhaps due to their low energy.

So I come to you with this, a pitch towards the mirth/humor space. Imagine how funny it would be if Mr. Trump — I mean, my dad — were to win the White House. It might be reconcepted as "The

Orange House," am I correct?

This is the kind of fun, relatable humor you can safely engage in once my dad is your president!

So, if you utilize traditionally left leaning social media platforms like Tumblr, your choice is as clear as the clothing on radical progressive Miley Cyrus. Vote for Donald J. Trump, and Make America Laugh Again, And Then, Great Again!

–∼Donald Trump, Jr. (@asterios)

11.6 Choose Your Own Dishonored 2 Review

Wednesday, Nov 09, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is the first Dishonored 2 review on the internet. How do I know that?

The game's not out until Friday. Also, Bethesda is no longer providing the press with review codes in advance of game releases, so most sites won't be able to publish anything resembling a coherent review until the middle of next week. Heck, I don't even have the game.

Since our rush to publish this review will guarantee millions of sweet sweet internet clicks, we can afford to do things a little differently.

My approach to the original Dishonored was sneaky and non-lethal. When things went to plan, I got a Low Chaos rating. When I screwed up and left a trail of bodies, the game gave me a High Chaos rating. In keeping with Dishonored 2's theme of expanded choice, this review will feature a good (Low Chaos) and bad (High Chaos) review for each of the game's major elements. You get to pick which reviews apply.

Gameplay

Good Review: The controls feel even better than the original! Teleporting on top of gutters has never been so fun. Stealth-focused players now have access to a greatly expanded toolset. Unconscious guards do not get eaten by rats the instant they drop to the ground. If you prefer to charge in and fight you'll find yourself engaged in the finest first-person combat of all time.

Bad Review: Pressing forward on the control stick makes your character walk backwards. All other buttons incrementally push your character's focus upward until he or she is looking straight up into the sky. Stealth has been simplified, making you completely invisible to all enemies by default until you look straight up into the sky. Guards are eaten by rats at the very instant each level loads. If you prefer to charge in and fight you'll find that all combat is handled via extended turret sequences.

Story

Good Review: Gripping from start to finish! The world introduced in Dishonored is expanded upon, its characters fleshed out with unexpected depth and humor. You'll feel compelled to drive forward and encounter more world building even as you become aware that there will be a Rune-shaped hole in your life when it's all over.

Bad Review: The story and dialog were secretly written by David Cage.

Graphics

Good Review: Stylish is an understatement. Dishonored 2 is a moving painting, as fluid and dynamic as it is expressive. The art direction and engine combine to create an atmosphere that makes this fantastical setting feel more alive than our own world.

Bad Review: Remember the lumpy potato faces from Oblivion? They literally stitched all those face textures together and applied the resulting megatexture to every model in Dishonored 2. Even

the walls, floors, and dogs. The skybox is a poorly compressed scan of the inside of a shoe box.

Sound

Good Review: A feast for the ears! I could - and will - listen to the sound of my character eating tins of potted whale meat for hours at a time.

Bad Review: There is no sound at all. At least, not at first. In the stretching silence, the game patiently waits and listens. When you finally say something to yourself in your stupid voice, Dishonored 2 records it and plays it back relentlessly. It adds no filters or modulations to the recording. It just keeps playing it back, your dumb horrible wrong voice, until you turn the game off.

Tins of Potted Whale Meat

Good Review: There are so many tins of potted whale meat. They're all over the place! Better yet, there are numerous potted whale meat companies, each with their own unique packaging design. Remember Old Man Murray's Start to Crate system? If you adopted a Start to Tin of Potted Whale Meat system, this game would be the all-time champ. Furthermore, the level designers made sure that if you scoop up a tin of potted whale meat there will be at least one more tin of potted whale meat in your field of vision no matter which direction you face.

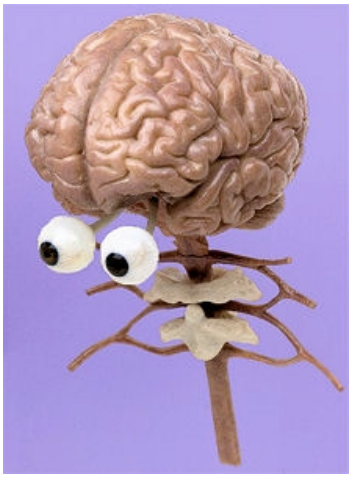
Bad Review: There is only one tin of potted whale meat in the game. It is not an interactive object.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.7 How to Concentrate on Anything at All in the Days to Come

Thursday, Nov 10, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you've been paying any attention to the behavior of the person who was just elected the president of the United States, your brain is currently freaking out. The most influential country in the world is about to be run by the kid who clearly forgot to read last night's assignment and winged his oral report by denouncing literacy. Things are going to get real bad. There's nothing you can do about it. You can't let the thought go.



The problem is, you still need to live your life. In any given day you are required to think about several things, if not dozens of things. Bathing, clothing yourself, eating, working, and interacting with others all require your brain. How can you do any of that stuff when every synapse is dedicated to processing the reality of our garbage world again and again, as if running the problem through your mental calculator will uncover a different result?

I have a coping mechanism. It should help you concentrate.

Let's say you need part of your brain to think about making breakfast but you're standing still, your eyes wide and unseeing as your entire brain performs the following loop:

10 PRINT "HE'S REALLY THE PRESIDENT?"

20 PRINT "HOW THE... ? ALL THESE PEOPLE I CARE ABOUT ARE ABOUT TO GO THROUGH..."

30 PRINT "I WASN'T IMAGINING IT WHEN HE FREELY ADMITTED SEXUAL ASSAULT, CHASED EVERY OBVIOUS PIECE OF BAIT DANGLED IN FRONT OF HIM BY OPPONENTS, ENCOURAGED RACISM/SEXISM/VIOLENCE, AND SAID HE WOULD BLOW UP FOREIGN VESSELS WHO TAUNT US THEN CLAIMED THAT WOULDN'T START A WAR, RIGHT?"

40 PRINT "THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING"

50 GOTO 10

So how do you free up enough brainpower to make breakfast? You can't just shake your head and tell yourself to concentrate. Slamming your fingers in a drawer will externalize the pain, which can be cathartic, but far too short a reprieve.

Here's what you do. Instead of trying to force yourself to think about breakfast, force yourself to think about a topic that's a middle ground between the election result and breakfast. For instance, try the phrase, "What the fuck."

Go on, give it a shot! Just keep repeating that thought, and in no time at all you'll be shuffling around like an automatron, numbly going about daily routines in a state of suppressed anxiety. Sooner or later the mantra will wear off. At this point, I suggest switching to another neutral phrase. How about:

"Oh, what the fuuuuuck?"

"What the fuck, man?"

"Seriously, what the fuck?"

When these wear off... well, I don't know. Tell me if you figure something out. I'm a little distracted right now.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.8 Your Local Brewery's Five New Beers

Friday, Nov 11, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Try Our Triple IPA!

Our IPA mastery has reached a new high this holiday season. By pushing once unimaginable levels of unappealing bitterness, this new IPA managed to be marginally stronger than the other 16 IPAs we already have on tap. While it's only a rumor that we replaced most of the active ingredients with undiluted hydrogen peroxide, the results are the same: This triple IPA is bitterer than Hillary supporters. Topical! Each sip is like swallowing a mouthful of those smashed pennies commemorating some tourist trap. It's like brushing your teach until your gums bleed while simultaneously chugging a gallon of orange juice&in a good way! Chemically speaking, it might be identical to that stuff we use to clean the grout in the bathroom. Seriously, if you can imagine puking in reverse it's pretty close to that. Like, instead of a coppery bile jettison of vomit shooting out your mouth hole, you enjoy sipping it down. We're dedicated to giving you what you want, so for the rest of the night you'll have a burning, sour high water mark within your esophagus to remind you of this great new beer. So if you've ever wanted the liquid equivalent of a tetanus shot then your wait is finally over.

Try Our Cider!

The perfect sickeningly uber-sweet saccharine beverage for the cool autumn weather. The color is a complex amber that resembles the scabs that develop after you try a little too hard to pop a zit. Made with local apples, this drink guarantees to give you an artisanal headache in about ten minutes. We aren't supporting giving booze to kids, but the new cider might be the closest you will ever come to getting drunk on Runtz.

Try Our Miller Lite (in a green can!)

It's Miller Lite, but now with a timely packaging campaign!

Try Our (?)Sour(?)!

No one really knows what a sour is, but this new beer seems to have the consistency of bone marrow and the taste of a banana Laffy Taffy. Though based on an ancient friar's recipe, this sour was brewed by us, and we have, at best, minimal reading comprehension. Yes, we have flannel shirts that cover gross tattoos. Yes, we have a beard long enough to touch the flannel shirt. No, we have no idea what we're doing. Don't let the window dressing fool you, people. We're pretty much copy+pasting from the seven other local breweries at this point. So is this beer or just a glass of

soggy leaves? We can't know for sure, but the end result is a sour that's been glowingly compared to suffering acute sepsis. Excellent drink for you to begrudgingly nurse for a few hours.

Try Our Christmas Brew!

By doubling down on the Pumpkin Spice trend, this is the perfect beer for anyone who is a big fan of urinal cakes. We really tried to capture the holiday spirit with the sheer *quantity* of spice dumped into each keg. And we didn't limit ourselves to boring dashes of clove or nutmeg. We went all the way, fermenting pounds of mur, coriander, and, like, whatever they used in ancient times to treat festering wounds. There are so many spices in this thing that it will feel like you're pissing out sand. But what about the taste? The first sip fills your mouth with the sensation of a magazine perfume ad being rubbed against your tonsils followed by a lingering taste that successfully mimics the pleasure of chugging liquid potpourri. Of course, by this time your tongue has swollen up so much you can't taste anything, so head on outside and eat some overpriced hotdog from our foodtruck.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

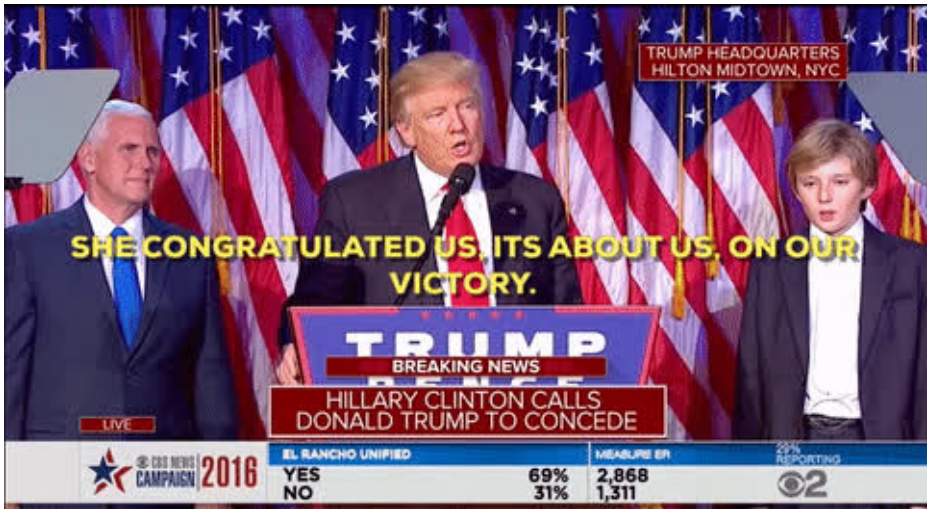
11.9 Distract Yourself From The Election With These Relaxing GIFs, Only A Few Of Which Feature Trump

Monday, Nov 14, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

OK. It's time to relax.

Take that deep breath you always wish you would.

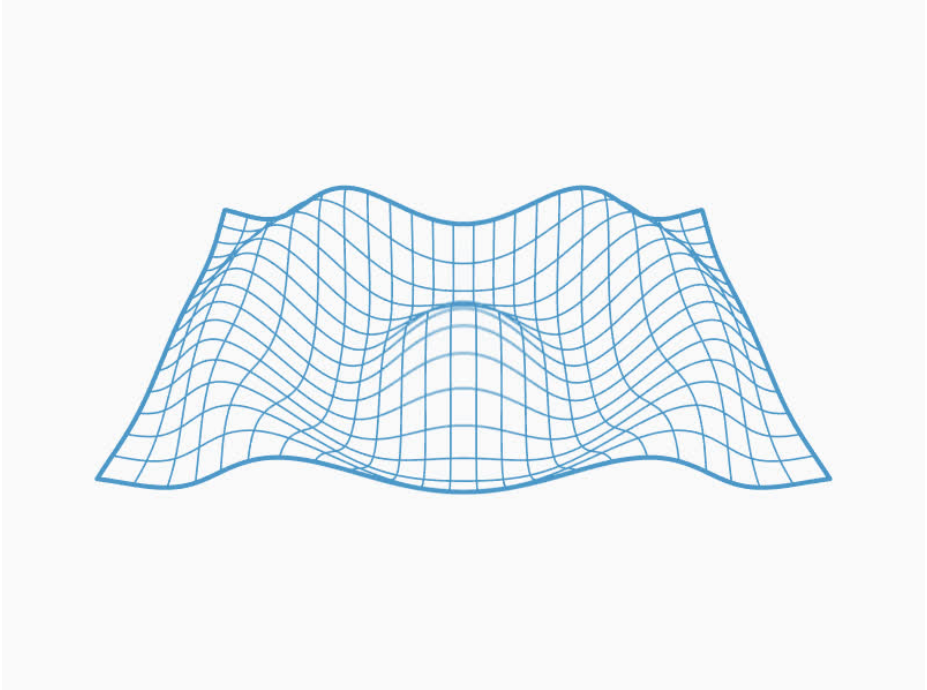
And another one. Breathe in.



Celebrate your victory! You did it!

You deserve just one moment to relax, right?

To reflect.

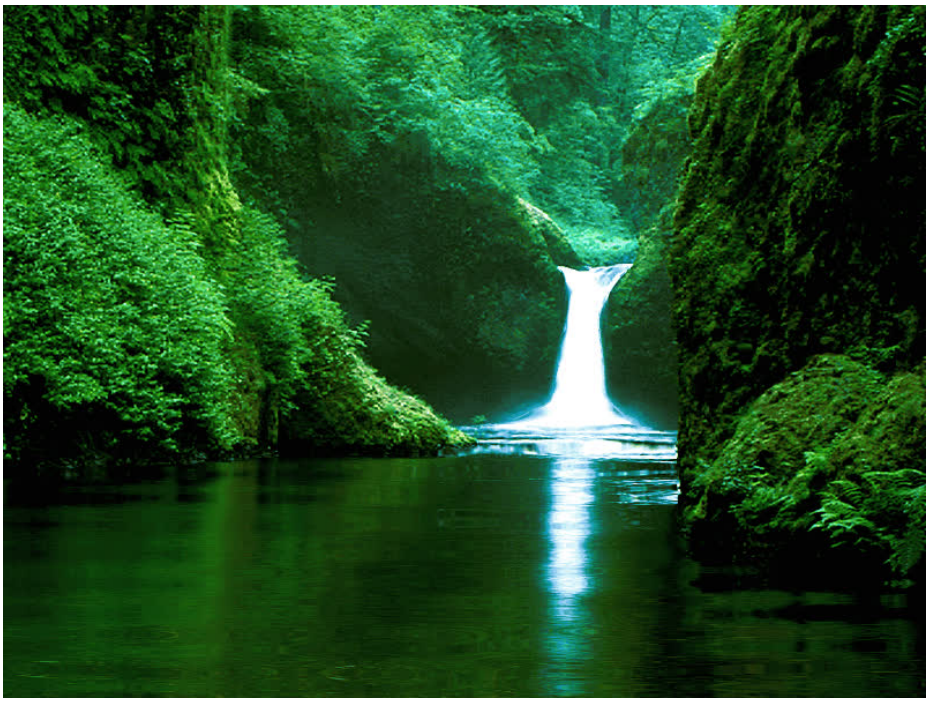


Or to just zone out.

To deal with it.

Or to just dance the night away!

C'mon, dance it out, you cucks!



And...relax once more.

Relax.

Relax.

It's all gonna be OK.

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

11.10 Editorial: My Joke Vote Matters

Tuesday, Nov 15, 2016 by Undecided Voter

We're scarcely a week away from the 2016 Presidential elections, and would-be pundits can't stop tossing around blame like so much pizza dough. From Bernie Bros to Stein's Monsters (a term I coined that failed to catch on), no one can hide from the pointing finger of recrimination. Frankly, it's hard to believe Trump will be our next President in just a few short months, and, like many of you, I fear for our future–even if I didn't vote for Hillary. That's right: I like to think outside of the box, to the point where I don't even consider third parties, which happen to exist in another box orbiting the larger, more popular box. Unlike half of the country, I got out there to vote. But apparently we live in a binary choice *faux*-mocracy, since my write-in vote for Harambe Gorilla has earned me nothing but scorn since that fateful Tuesday.

Believe me, I was counting the Facebook likes before then. By the time 6:00pm rolled in, I was staring down the barrel of 28 social media approvals of my Presidential choice. And before you jump to any conclusions, know that I take all of this stuff very seriously. It's one thing to just *tell* people you voted for Harambe Gorilla. Sneaking a gorilla mask past a group of alert, 87-year-old polling workers? That's another story altogether. (Unfortunately I didn't realize I dropped my banana in the parking lot until it was too late.) When friends saw me in that mask, pointing at the ballot, they lost their damn minds–and the caption "POLLS OUT FOR HARAMBE" was just the icing on the cake. Sure, my mom might have posted "I'm very disappointed in you," but that's a little inside joke we have that I'm still waiting for her to explain.

I've managed to laugh off the haters because, in fact, my vote for Harambe Gorilla was incredibly brave. I mean, we're *months* away from the inexplicably hilarious slaying of a beautiful gorilla, meaning I was playing with the fire known as meme-shaming. I know because it happened to one of my dearly close family members. Last summer, my Aunt Judy posted a video of the Chocolate Rain guy to my Facebook wall with the comment, "LOL this made my Monday, Jeffrey! Hope it makes yours!" Of course, I did what I had to do, and minutes after replying with "Yeah it made my Monday TEN YEARS AGO you dumb slut," we were no longer on speaking terms. Let me tell you, when you cast a joke vote, you put everything on the line–even family.

You think the 2012 election was a complete blowout for Obama? Looks like someone's been drinking the two-party-system Kool-Aid. While you were out there choosing between vanilla and French

vanilla, I was sweating it out in a voting booth, my brain wracked with a much more difficult choice. I'd been in there so long that, beneath the curtain, I could see one of the old ladies shuffling over in my direction in the hopes of catching a notorious "booth 'bater" in the act. But before she could destroy any sense of privacy with her gnarled collection of fingers, I bit the bullet and finally went with my heart: Grumpy Cat. People mocked me, but four years later that adorable mound of genetic deformities is still as popular as ever, while Mitt Romney is presumably still doing whatever he does outside of running for President.

Ultimately, what does it matter? The President is just a meaningless figurehead–another sock puppet to slip over this parody of democracy. Anyways, I got plenty of other stuff to worry about, what with how I just got fired for taking time off to vote. My only solace is Obamacare, which covers my debilitating brain condition, and I assume that government program will never go away no matter what. So, dicks out, gentlemen, for whatever you believe in. That's the principle this country was built on.

–∼Undecided Voter

11.11 Memos from Bear Cave: the Family Business

Wednesday, Nov 16, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 10, 1981
Subject: Hostile Takeover

I've got terrible news for you idiots. You're all going to lose your jobs. Your children are going to starve and die slowly in front of your eyes. Your whole world is going to end. If half of you make it through the day without committing suicide, I'd be shocked.

That is... unless I save you.

You won't remember this because I ordered it stricken from the record, but several weeks ago I named my grandfather as my successor. Unfortunately, he died moments later. Due to the rigged laws of this country, his awful son inherited the company. Unfortunately, my lawyer is either dead or in a Thai prison, so I was not able to fully wrangle control back. That son of a bitch Duke Boruff now owns half the company, and has insisted on coming to work.

Many of you cower at the sight of your fathers. I am no such man. I intend to break my father. I will do everything in my power to destroy him before he ruins my company. Any of you who stand in my way or show the slightest loyalty to him will face a reckoning.

Get back to work.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 10, 1981
Subject: Mind Your Own Business

This is my building and if I want to board half of it up so you can't get in, that's my business. You don't snoop around, you don't ask questions and you don't gawk at all the motorcycles in the parking lot. I am prepared to strangle each and every one of you. That is my promise.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 10, 1981
Subject: Let's Make Some Soup!

Hey Cats,

I know my son J.D. has been pretty strict with the rules, but as the new co-owner, I think it's high time we lighten the mood. First things first, if you have to use the restroom, don't let me get in the way. You're still doin' business in there, which counts as hard work in my book.

Also, I understand you may have received some mixed messages in the past. My grandsons are not to be spit on or hissed at when they enter the premises. This is a family business, and as far as I'm concerned, we're all one big happy family making soup together.

And gang, there's no need to call me "sir." I've never been a sir, just a Duke. Let's keep it casual. We're all equals here.

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 10, 1981
Subject: Ignore the Last Memo

You are ordered to disregard the last memo, and any subsequent memos from "Duke." This is not a family business. The very notion of family is a disgusting lie. Everyone you love will betray you and probably has many times already.

"Duke" is not a soup man. His hands have not been burned by scalding soup as our hands have. He doesn't know the sacrifices and brutality of this industry. He has no stomach for the dark and terrible things we must do to feed our cheap, stupid customers.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 11, 1981
Subject: The Man in the Vents

This place is full of surprises! I couldn't help but notice there is a one-eyed man living in the vents. I tried to talk to him, but he scurried off faster than a '55 Chevy. I don't know how long he's been in there, but he clearly needs help. What do you say we take five and get this poor guy some help?

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 11, 1981
Subject: NO BREAKS

Anyone who "takes five" will "lose everything." Vent Man is there for a reason. It's called punishment. By letting him out, we teach him mercy, which is weakness. The strong prey upon the merciful, and I will not have us looking weak. He's been living in the vents all these years because he belongs there. A lesser boss would have fired him.

I will not tolerate any further disobedience. The degenerate rockabilly lifestyle exists only to promote rebellion, and we here at Bear Cave reject it.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 11, 1981
Subject: The Lowdown

Gang, the rockabilly ethos embraces a certain spirit of rebelliousness, but rebellions aren't all bad. I like to think we're all rebelling against bad soups here. Really, though, it's more about coming

together in a common spirit to enjoy some catchy tunes and have a wild time. If any of you would like to join me and my grandsons, I've got a few spare bongos in my truck. Might even let you have a spin behind the wheel of my upright bass.

Don't worry about Vent Man. I was able to coax him out. Turns out his name is Beau Brokeman, and he's been in there for few years. I helped him shave his beard and get cleaned up. Seems like a heck of a guy, but the time alone has done a number on his head. Let's be extra kind to him, gang!

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 12, 1981
Subject: I Have Your Sewage

I run the pipes around here. Your increased bathroom usage has been noted. I stopped paying the city for sewage ages ago and came up with my own solution. Manuel Rodriguez installed a custom vat in the boiler room to collect it all for processing by me. It's now overflowing and ankle deep down there. And guess what, idiots: I know each of your leavings by sight and smell. You'll be taking a big bucket home with you. And you damn well better bring my buckets back tomorrow.

Beau Brokeman needs to get back in the vent if he knows what's good for him. The alternative is he dies. I made a bet back in '79 that we would outperform Royal Mariner, and we didn't. The bet was for the life of an employee. Beau was useless with the one eye, so I made him disappear. Unless one of you would like to be murdered instead, get that clown back in the vents before word gets back to Burt Tallahassee.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 12, 1981
Subject: Promissory Soup Bonds

I noticed in some of Tall Charlie's books that many of you are holding onto an awful lot of promissory soup bonds awarded as annual bonuses. I've never heard of those, but it's high time you cash in. I found a huge pile of money hidden in the floorboards that should make for some extra-heavy paychecks this month.

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 12, 1981
Subject: CORRECTION

"Duke" found some of my money, which is not for you. I have moved it to a secure spot, where it cannot be redistributed to any of you. If this upsets you, you're free to take it up with rotten hero "Duke."

And for the record: if I went to the trouble of boarding up half the office, that's for good reason. It's not like I got my big pile of money by renting that half off the office out to a dangerous motorcycle gang that's manufacturing drugs. It's not like that at all. Stop trying to get into the boarded-up areas.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: Tall Charlie
Date: August 12, 1981
Subject: Increase Security

Tell Short Charlie to get a few thugs from the Los Diablos motorcycle club to provide extra security around the office. They still owe me big league.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 13, 1981
Subject: Let's have a little unity

I recognize this week has been a bit rocky. It's my first week, and I've probably shaken things up a bit more than you folks are used to. I think what would settle things down would be for us to all get together and form a union. That way we can all work as one toward the common goal of making Bear Cave the best company in the industry.

Who's with me?

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 13, 1981
Subject: NOT ON MY WATCH

If any of you sons of bitches try to unionize, you're as good as dead. I've instructed some friends from the Los Diablos motorcycle club to rough up any organizers. And don't go asking why they're here. They are very violent men who enjoy a soup as rough and untamed as they are, and this just happens to be the place where that soup gets made.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 13, 1981
Subject: Company Powwow

Hey cats,

If these Los Diablos cats want to hang out and watch us make soup, I say let 'em! No reason we can't all get along. With that in mind, I think it's time we get to know each other better. I'm organizing a big party in the soupyards tomorrow. You're all invited to come have a bowl of your favorites, enjoy a few brews and have a blast. My grandsons and I, the Hard Day Rockers, will bring the hits. Be prepared to shake it!

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 13, 1981
Subject: Important Announcement

I hereby sanction this powwow and give it my blessing. In keeping with soup industry customs, I will be using this time to challenge Duke to a battle to the death. I won this company back from Man's Reach, and I will it back from Duke. I alone will own this company, and I alone will determine when and how you urinate and defecate on company time. Tomorrow, soup justice will prevail.

You are all required to attend and watch me defeat and kill my father and prove how big a man I am.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: Manuel Rodriguez
Date: August 13, 1981
Subject: DO SOMETHING

The sewage vat is overflowing faster than I can sort and bucket everybody's waste. You need to install another vat before this consumes the whole building. The pressure is building up down here.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 13, 1981
Subject: Our Little Secret

Beau was nice enough to settle back into the vents, but that doesn't mean we can't make it extra comfortable for him. I've supplied plenty of candles, blankets and cans of soup for him to eat. He should be plenty warm and cozy in there. I'd like to thank each of you for being so kind to him.

My son may have a temper, but he's assembled just about the nicest group of people I've ever met. I'm proud to work with all of you and have you as part of the Bear Cave Family. We're going to have a wonderful time at tomorrow's powwow!

And just to set the record straight, the only grappling I plan to do tomorrow is an awful lot of hugging.

Your pal,

Duke B
DUKE BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: August 14, 1981
Subject: I Told You Idiots

Bear Cave Soup Company is dead. You all saw to that with your insubordinate behavior and tolerance of the rockabilly lifestyle. The company I built is a pile of smoldering rubble, all thanks to you.

My only joy is that the explosion interrupted the repulsive Bear Cave Jingle my no-good rockabilly father and sons created. I regret I was not able to strangle each of them personally before the chaos erupted.

The fire department said some kind of spark in the vents triggered a massive methane explosion. On an unrelated note, it was discovered that a biker gang was cooking methamphetamine in the other half of the building. I am sickened that any of you would allow that to happen here.

The feds are seizing all of our surviving stock and equipment as evidence, so we're finished.

We'd all be dead right now if not for one man and his stupid powwow, and that man is my father. In spite of everything, he took the fall for all of us. He's going to prison for the rest of his life. You are all hereby ordered to remember him not as the unlikeable failure, the unstable crackpot or the gross, disrespectful bully who forced his dirty hands and ugly views onto you, but as a big strong Republican businessman who looks exactly like me. That is how I will remember him as I head off into the sunset to start the next successful chapter of my life.

Before any of you start worrying about me, I'll be fine. I still have my pile of money and my memo machine. Remarkably, my dog Bouillon came out of the explosion only slightly crispier than before.

It goes without saying your Promissory Soup Bonds are now worthless.

I can't tell you how much you've all disappointed me, but I can tell you that you're fired.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

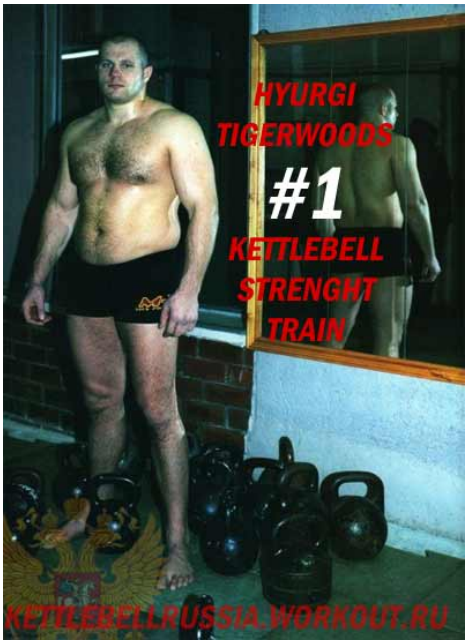
–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.12 FITNESS SECRETARY!

Friday, Nov 18, 2016 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

Hello and good day to you. It is I, **HYURGI TIGERWOODS**, strongest man and man of ultimate body, warrior body, here at your convenience.



I have received on this very day notification by FSB of my selection to become USA Fitness Secretary in government of the proud LION of USA, Donald Trump. It will be my duty to perform **FITNESS ACTS** for president and to plan regime of 100% STRENGTH for children of USA.

My qualifications for Secretary of Fitness are

- Kettlebell Expertise (#1 World's Strongest Kettlebell Expert)
- Crossfit Total Body Strengthen of CORE
- Aerobic HEARTSTRENGTH
- Physique
- Philosophy of High-T Management of Gym and Power Center
- Hatred of USA Computer Antivirus censoring of Russian Federation data
- I own car and do not need the man to drive me anywhere

I am preparing to *DRAIN THEM SWAMP* of all atrophy Biceb and Triceb. The pump is coming to DC!!!

I have plan to **M**ake **A**merica **S**trongest **W**arrior **N**ation **O**f **H**ealth **A**nd **F**itness **A**gain.

MASWNOHAFA!!!

Checking my clock and it says time is up *Fatsomes*. Blob of USA must end. The **DELTS**, the **GRACS**, the **STRELKS**, the **MERGS** all will receiving punishing kettlebell technique to achieve peak fitness.

I will turn your babies into rock hard ripped and ready PUMP KINGS. Universal Pre-K (*pre-kettlebell*) is current state but I will have **100% K** for all children. No book, no computer, only kettlebell for learning MAJESTY of FULL PUMP.

Great LION Donald Trump is sitting pretty in USA ready for new fashion show. I will introduce Donald to full PUMP lady with **TOTAL TIT ORBING**. These sexy ladies 100% beautiful, elegant. Ready for night on town. I will ask Donald LION if he likes them and he will give them kisses.

#1 RULE: IN GYM NO POLITICS

- The politics end at the free weights, hombroy
- **PUMP** is not about Democrat or Republican
- It is about pure body constructions by relentless intensity

This means I do not care if you are LEMA DUNHAM or KKK DAVIDS DUKES. If you want to PUMP I will give you SHITHAULS of kettlebells ASAP (Absolutely Seconds After Pumpstart).

Is some controversy of other cabinet members in Donald Trump cabinet. Okay, you say what you like. You are monster fucker. Put Muslim in camp, write down their email, put them into car and drive car into RADCANYON which is canyon for radiation garbage in hometown of Chernogorsk. This is not my business if you want to make no tax for white people all tax on Mexican. I am here

for FITNESS ROLE.

"I TOLD YOU THIS BITCH

She can put it away all she demands because of calorie burn. With crossfits of kettlebells her cardio is respectful of glucose now. Diabetes goodbye. Sanonara to heart disease. Hello to smoking hot CLUBDRESS. Yes, baby! Good stuff.

See 90 day transformations.

GUYS, THIS PUMP IS UNREAL. Welcome to the Matrix. You think that's creatin your breathing? No, it is better protein supplement TRUMPGAINS made from bones of BAIKALCREATURE. From lightless depth, frozen for 10000 eternities is ULTIMATE PROTEIN. This guy, BAIKALCREATURE he has it all and Donald Trump LION of USA knows this. It is why he creates TRUMPGAINS for sale in White House Gift Shop and through website TRUMPGAINS.RU.

"These gains are BIGLY."

It is my pride to sell excellent **TRUMP** product. To create **PUMP** in so many children. To chisel them out of stone.

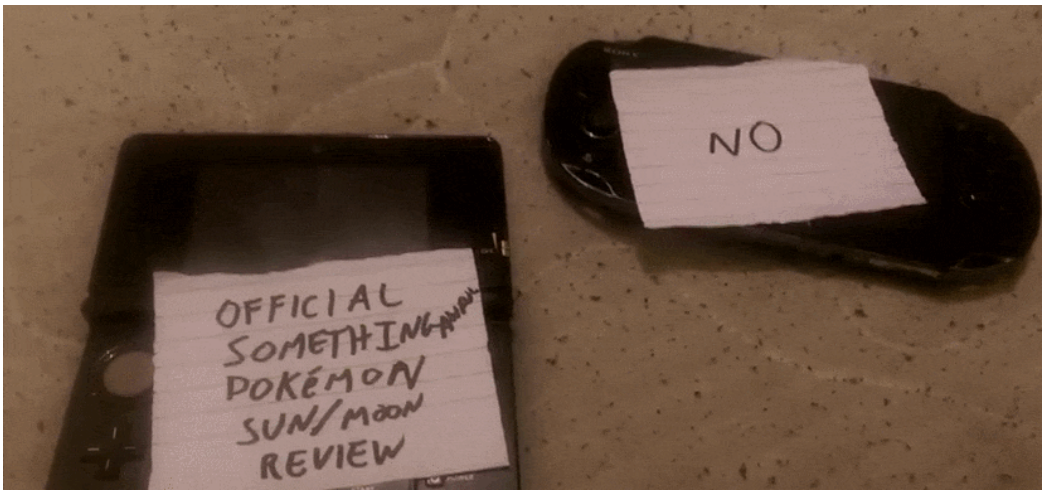
GOD BLESS.

–∼HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

TRUMPGAINS
100% BAIKALCREATURE
PROTEINS
114
SERVINGS

11.13 Pokémon Sun and Moon [GAME REVIEW]

Sunday, Nov 20, 2016 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)



Pokémon Sun and Moon is the latest game in the popular Pokémon franchise of RPGs. Since it was first teased in a 2016 Nintendo Direct, fans have been clamouring for the new title's release. But is this game a rare shiny, or just a pile of Muk?

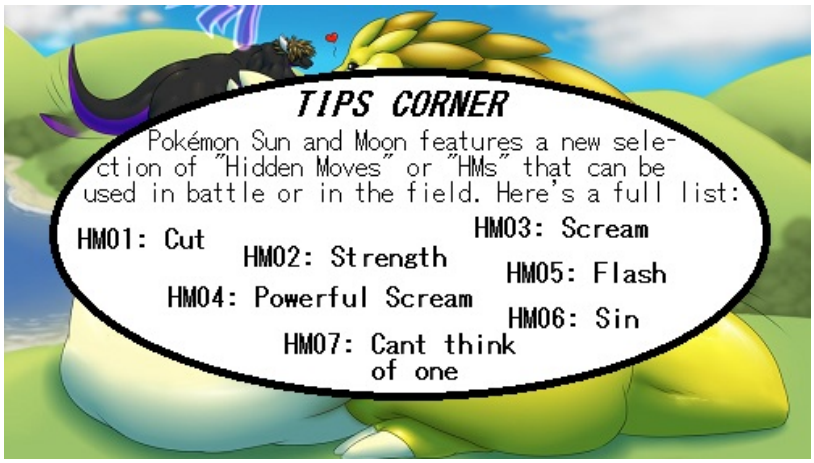
Pokémon Sun and Moon feels like the game Pokémon was striving to be since its inception. It's a triumph of game design, 20 years in the making. You walk around in the grass and a little man attacks you. You shoot fire at him, or even water. At the end of the fight, one of the numbers goes up, and you get a high score. I give the base mechanics of this game the classic "Gamer thumbs up".

Unlike previous games in the series, Pokémon Sun and Moon takes place in "Alola", the Pokémon universe's version of Hawaii. This sunny land features sure-to-be-iconic new locations such as Town A and Untitled Lake. "Surf's up" once you encounter Alola's brand new water route, Route 3. Berries can be collected from trees.

Pokémon Sun and Moon features over 100 pokémon, stunningly realized by a guy whose entire job was to open the dictionary to random pages. Remember when there was a pokémon made of garbage named "Garbodor"? Well, now there's a pokémon that's an onion named "Onyun", a pokémon that's a chair called "Reclino", and of course "Garbodor 2", the new evolution of Garbodor that's made of twice as much garbage. Fans of "obtaining all of them" will have their work cut out! But dont worry, you won't be alone on your quest - Pokémon Sun and Moon introduces a special red and white ball that you can throw at things.

Like pikachu? Good news, idiot: There's a ton of those bad boys in here.

Fun fact about Pokémon Sun and Moon: this is the first pokemon game to NOT be based on a true story. The plot of this game centers around rookie pokémon trainer Your Name Or A Cuss, and their journey to catch some pokémon. However, things are never as simple as they seem, and when a special gem gets stolen you must travel to, depending on which version of the game you're playing, the sun or the moon [Pokémon Sun is vastly shorter than Pokémon Moon]. Along the way you'll meet a cast of colourful characters, and have some ambient turn based RPG gameplay against them.


TIPS CORNER
Pokémon Sun and Moon features a new selection of "Hidden Moves" or "HMs" that can be used in battle or in the field. Here's a full list:
HM01: Cut
HM02: Strength
HM03: Scream
HM04: Powerful Scream
HM05: Flash
HM06: Sin
HM07: Cant think of one

You don't have to play the game in one sitting because you can save it and continue it later. Also, instead of throwing away your 3DS and buying a new one each time, you can plug it into the wall to charge its battery. Nintendo has done it again.

While it might seem like I have nothing but praise for Pokémon Sun and Moon, there are a few problems. Since this is the first Pokémon game to be released for the 3DS, it's no surprise that Nintendo wanted to showcase some of the 3DS' unique features. But making movement gyro-only is something that should just not happen. We're not in the Wii era anymore, Nintendo - motion gimmicks should stay in the past. Also, I attempted to name my starter pokémon "Christianity", and was informed that that name was prohibited Nintendo's terms of conduct for "offensive content". I'm sorry my faith is so offensive to you, Nintendo. However, these are minor quibbles at best - Pokémon Sun and Moon is definitely one of the best RPGs I've experienced all year, and maybe even one of the best RPGs I've experienced of all time. My devotion is unquestionable. I would die for Sun and Moon, and I would kill for Sun and Moon. I haven't played it

IN CONCLUSION

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

11.14 What's Dad Into This Week? Check The Dad Jones Index!

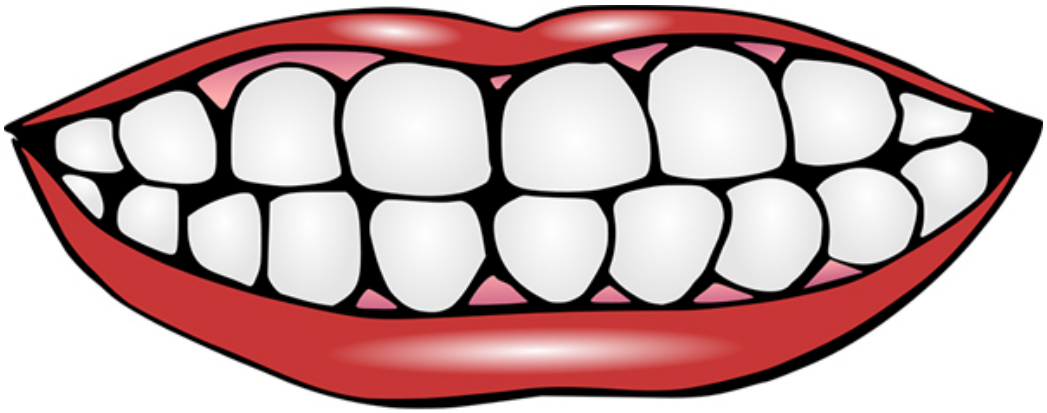
Monday, Nov 21, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

The
DAD JONES
Index
MUR The Impractical Jokers ▲ +99
SEARS New Copy Of His Old Robe ▲ +85
DUM These Crazy New Coors Cans ▼ -22
WHY A Big To Do About His Birthday ▼ -63
LOL GEICO Commercials ▲ +11
JIF Discount Oil Changes ▼ -58
GOOD American Movie Classics — Flat
GRK People Of His Own Ethnicity ▼ -30
BEEP Mom's GPS ▼ -9
??? "The" Google — Flat
FAR Shortwave Radios ▲ +20
KUR Intentionally Mispronouncing Kardashian ▲ +6
BISC Various Stella D'Oro Products ▲ +9
WHY Renting When You Could Own ▼ -45
TONY Tony Danza ▲ +39
HAH The Police Blotter ▲ +15
MIL Girls With 14 Colors In Their Hair ▼ -16
ZZZ Double Nap Sundays ▲ +47
SML Little Forks ▲ +10
WRITE Faith In His Son's Career Choice ▼ -70

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

11.15 No One Cares About How Few Cavities You Have

Tuesday, Nov 22, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Do you have a mouth that is cavity free? Do you find yourself talking about this detail often? Stop. There are two types of people in the world, and whichever one is filled with people who feel the urge to brag about never having cavities is the bad one. Not sure which camp you fit in? Here's a test: If someone is talking about how their insurance won't cover their six root canals, is your first reaction to blurt out that your teeth are pretty much made out of Wolverine's Adamantium?

It's petty, sure, but please stop. No one cares. It isn't an interesting trait. When someone is lamenting over their excruciating pain, they really don't need to hear you boasting about your rock hard teeth. Sure, you might fancy yourself as an oral hygienist's wet dream, but to everyone else you're just being an asshole.

Do you think you're a superhero? Is having abuse-resistant molars your unique skill upon this earth? When you imagine your teeth do they look like that smiling clipart version that's holding a toothbrush? Or maybe you think you're cavity-free mouth will shock the people around you? Like the average stranger's teeth are nothing but clumps of moist talcum powder? No one will praise you for this merit.

You don't need to keep it a secret, just try not to forcibly wedge dental hygiene into so many conversations. Someone asks you how many cavities you have? Fine. Someone discusses what it's like having a cavity filled? Maybe. Someone mentions the word dentist? No. Shut up. Even if you're in love with your cavity-free lifestyle, you're pretty much triggered if you hear any of these keywords: tooth, teeth, mouth, drill, drilling, fracking, exciting personal facts, perfection. You're the malware of mouth conversations, silently diverting every tangential subject towards the clickbait "Man's teeth baffles dentist. Everyone hates him."

And you don't need to rub it in further by following up with "and I don't even try!" It's nice that you don't feel the need to floss or visit a dentist on a regular schedule, but a lot of people do. They're called adults. When you brag about how your teeth manage to withstand the terrible treatment you subject them too, it doesn't make your teeth sound better– it makes you sound worse. Basic oral care is more than a permanent record cavity count. So just because you don't get drilled doesn't mean your mouth isn't a grotesque den of disease. Maybe your gum line looks like the tile grouting in a dorm restroom. Maybe your tongue is baked with a mossy white film or your breath smells like fermented pineapple. All the while your teeth are desperately trying to maintain themselves, but like Cicero defending the Roman Republic, they're fighting an already lost battle. That's a nerdy

reference, but, umm, stop being gross.

Some people have strong teeth, some people have weak teeth. You're on the good side. Congratulations. Is that not enough?

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.16 The Most Popular Stand Up Comedy Specials of 2016

Wednesday, Nov 23, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

DID I HURT YOUR WIDDLE FEEWINGS, SNOWFLAKE?
A fearless takedown of oversensitivity that will make you laugh as much as it makes you think!

WHERE'S THE SAFE SPACES FOR STRAIGHT WHITE MEN?
Courageous comedy from the last sane man on earth

WHY CAN'T I SAY "FAGGY" TO DESCRIBE SOMETHING BAD?
Daring and hilarious, this special pulls no punches!

TRIGGER WARNING:
NO PARTICIPATION TROPHIES
Heroic comedy in a world gone mad with sensitivity!

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PROBLEM IS DEFINITELY PEOPLE WHO PUSH TOO HARD FOR OTHERS TO SHOW COMPASSION
A heroic, gut-busting special from the only comic willing to say what we're all thinking!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.17 Can We Get Through One Thanksgiving Without Hearing the Word "Nazi"?

Thursday, Nov 24, 2016 by Concerned Holiday Mother

I swear, you two boys fight like cats and dogs. Especially you, Brian. Your brother Alex has been away at college for months, and this is how you treat him? "Nazi." What an awful thing to call someone! Honestly, I'd prefer if you'd use any other insult at this dinner table. I'd hate to see what your great-grandfather would do if he was still alive and heard you throw around that word so casually. I mean, he'd probably clam up and start drinking more heavily than normal, like he did whenever someone mentioned The War. But you can bet he wouldn't be happy about it the next day!

Now Brian, you know your brother Alex has always had problems making friends. Back in high school, he'd shut himself up in his room and do god knows what on that Internet all day and night. You know how happy I was when he told me he found a group he could relate to? Just the other night, he and his little gang went to an inner-city church to do some much-needed repairs in the dead of night. I know for a fact because I'm the one who picked up eight cans of spray paint for them at the hardware store. And I can only imagine what those parishioners thought when they woke up and saw Alex and his group's handiwork. I bet they were absolutely shocked by what that group of like-minded boys did under the cover of night!

Now, if I recall, it wasn't so long ago that a certain son of mine named Brian fell in with a certain crowd at college. What were they again? Occupy whatever? I'm not sure what you accomplished, Brian, but I sure remember a lot of pointless marches and blocking streets so hardworking moms like me couldn't get to their jobs. Alex is out there making a difference, and making headlines–at least I only assume he is. That Facebook is so informative I've up and cancelled our newspaper subscription as of two months ago. I was skeptical about that Internet, but without it I would've never heard that President Obama nearly made it illegal for people to pray at NFL games while the ball was in play. It's the kind of story the mainstream media is too afraid to touch!

Besides, Brian, I've never seen Alex just so *engaged* with his studies. As a former straight C student, he's finally found his calling. Just the other day he was telling me he challenged his professor! I mean, can you believe that? This from the boy who wet his bed until his 17th birthday, when I

formally stopped checking to see if he wet his bed. Some English class of his was trying to make him read a book he did NOT agree with–Uncle Tom's So and So, I think. Well, I've always taught you boys to fight for what you believe in, and Brian did just that. He got that professor and his "dangerous agenda" right out of that college of his, and instead of being forced into a literature class, he gets to learn to code! That sounds much more practical than trying to learn something from a dusty old book.

And Alex has come back from college with such a flair for the arts! Just look at this clever little pattern he etched into the mashed potatoes. He says it's an ancient Buddhist symbol that's become very popular lately. Now, can you believe that? Our little Alex... I'll tell you, he's picking up a lot more from life than you do hanging around those soup kitchens. You tell me those people need to eat, but something tells me they've never heard of double coupon day down at the Kroger's.

Now, I think we all need to put aside our differences and finish Thanksgiving dinner as a loving family. And, Alex, honey: I'm very excited in your newfound interest in calisthenics, but you'll have to lower that downturned palm if you want me to pass you the yams.

–∼Concerned Holiday Mother

11.18 Which Swords Should Trump Choose for His Cabinet?

Friday, Nov 25, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

President-elect Trump is moving swiftly to finalize key cabinet positions and plans later this week to begin selecting the swords each of his key advisers will wield. Speculation has swirled around Trump's cabinet swords ever since he opted not to give Mike Pence the usual vice presidential rapier and instead handed over a sword called the Blood Taker during Pence's masking ceremony.

Reince Priebus, White House Chief of Staff
Silver Goblin Sword

What this sword lacks in reach, it makes up for in speed. The name of the sword is a reference to the short length of the blade and the imagery on the crossguard, not meant to imply that the sword was forged or wielded by actual goblins, which have so far been kept out of cabinet positions in the Trump administration.

Steve Bannon, Chief Strategist
Zombie Killer Tactical Hand Axe

Bannon is a controversial right wing media figure and one of Trump's most unconventional choices for a key position. It only makes sense that Bannon's sword defy all rules and actually be an axe instead. This modern Tomahawk-style weapon incorporates a black powdered stainless steel edge capable of splitting a zombie's skull in half. A perfect weapon to swap for the rune dagger many were expecting for Bannon.

Ben Carson, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development (Rumored)
M-Tech Ballistic Knife

Ben Carson grew up on the mean streets of urban. He knows how to use a knife, like this folding ballistic knife with a carbonized steel blade. This knife is very tier one. It's not going to be deflected by a belt buckle. In a pinch, it could also be used on a brain.

Mitt Romney, Secretary of State (Rumored)
Devil May Cry Sword

Choosing Mitt Romney as Secretary of State would be a gesture of respect to the Republican Party establishment who might feel alienated from a Trump Administration. This sword would be a good match for Romney, otherwise known for his guns akimbo style.

Nikki Haley, Ambassador to the United United Nations
Black Katana

The Black Katana, forged Damascus-style in the Orimaru smithy over six centuries ago in Sendai, is finally back in circulation. It is time to give this deadly sword to the woman who can use it.

Betsy DeVos, Secretary of Education
Odin Greatsword

This huge, 47-inch sword is capable of rending limbs so fast that teachers' unions won't know what hit them before they slide apart into five neatly-cut chunks of meat. Odin was also a legendary advocate for school privatization in the Norse pantheon.

These aren't the swords we're used to seeing wielded by a president's cabinet. America may have to adapt to some unusual sword choices, just like Muslims will have to adapt to the cages full of snakes and Mexican immigrants will need to get used to the GPS trackers clipped to their ears.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.19 America Needs These Best Names For Boats

Monday, Nov 28, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Now more than ever, we as Americans need to come together around these, the very best names for boats.

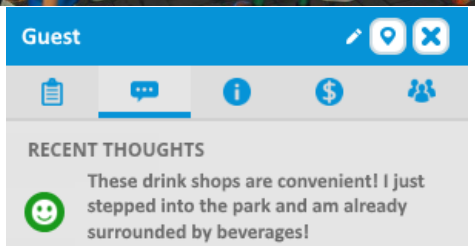
Registered Sex Offender

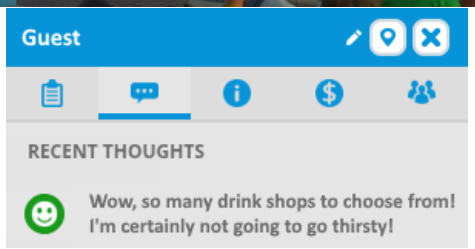
PLEASE LIKE ME
PLEASE LIKE ME
COURTESY EDWARD GREY

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

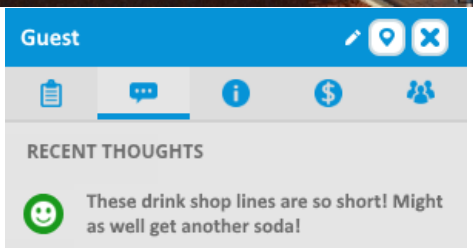
11.20 The Innermost Thoughts of a Planet Coaster Visitor

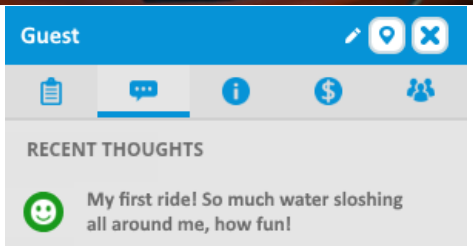
Tuesday, Nov 29, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

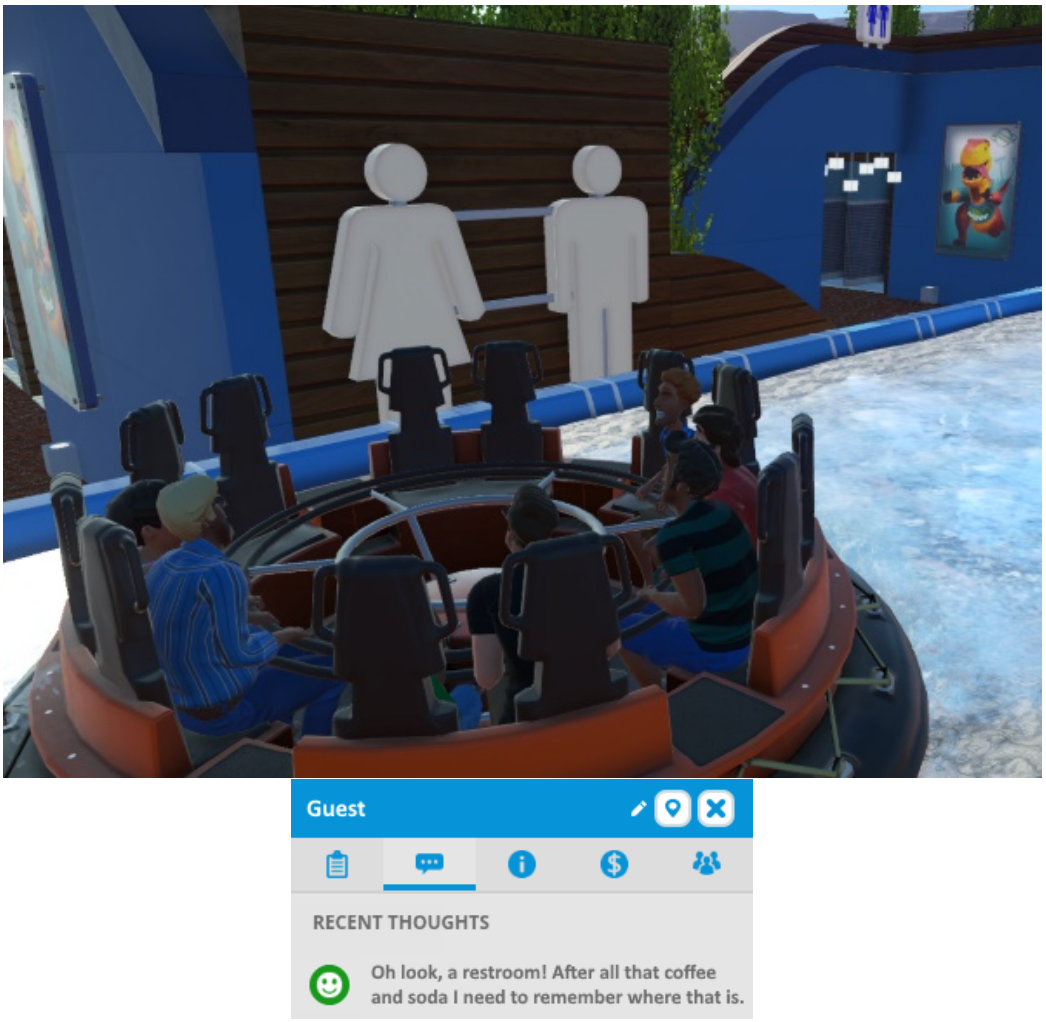

Guest
RECENT THOUGHTS
These drink shops are convenient! I just stepped into the park and am already surrounded by beverages!



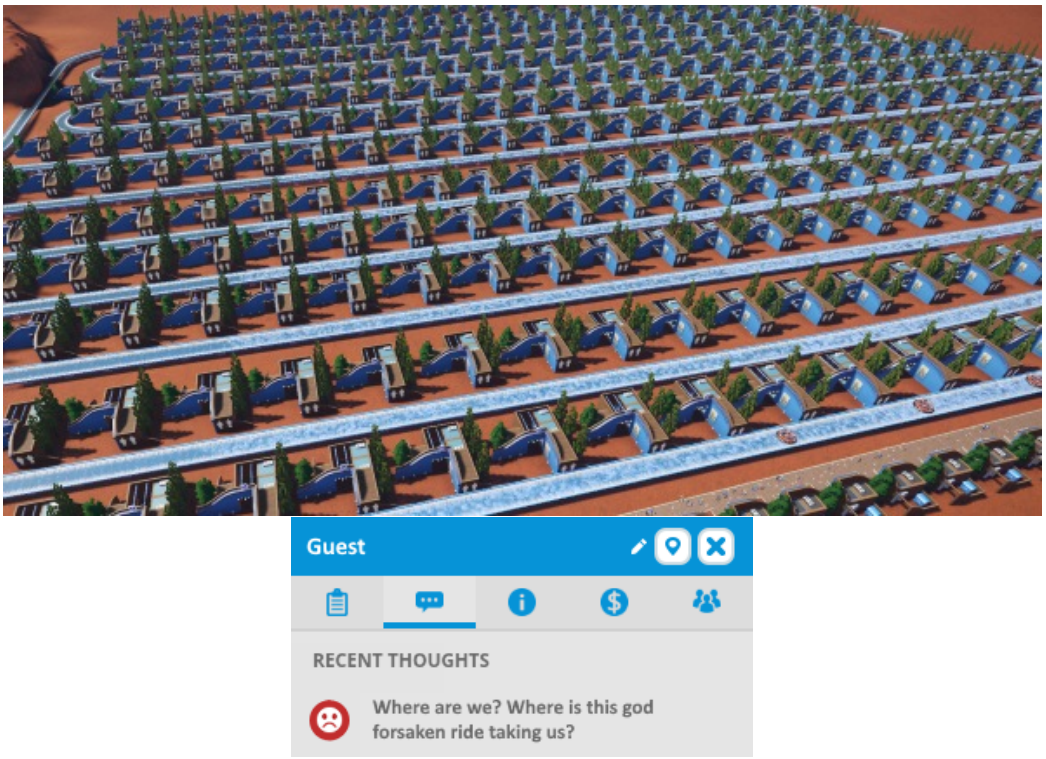
COFFEE
COFFE

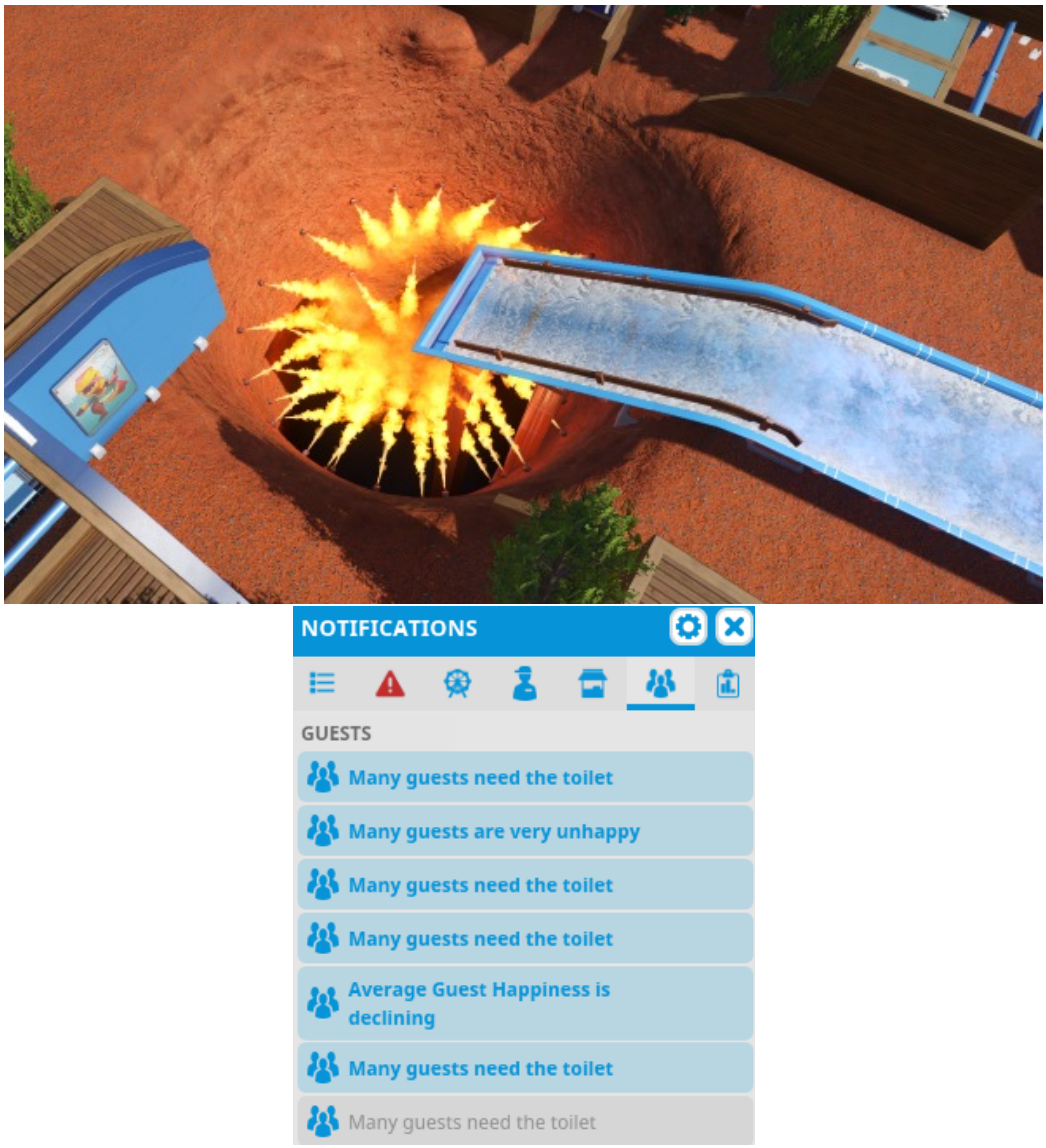

Guest
RECENT THOUGHTS
These drink shop lines are so short! Might as well get another soda!


Guest
RECENT THOUGHTS
My first ride! So much water sloshing all around me, how fun!


Guest
RECENT THOUGHTS
Oh look, a restroom! After all that coffee and soda I need to remember where that is.

Guest
RECENT THOUGHTS
More bathrooms... just out of reach. Where are the other rides? The other guests?


Guest
RECENT THOUGHTS
Where are we? Where is this god forsaken ride taking us?


NOTIFICATIONS
GUESTS
Many guests need the toilet
Many guests are very unhappy
Many guests need the toilet
Many guests need the toilet
Average Guest Happiness is declining
Many guests need the toilet
Many guests need the toilet

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.21 SkyMall Product Reviews: Hot Bod Beach Babe Woman Body Raft

Wednesday, Nov 30, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Never swim alone again! Bring your Surfer Babe to keep you company. Huge - Measures 35" x 72" Features "Real Print" technology providing realistic body feature design. Includes two "Sure Grip" body surfing handles. Made with extra thick .25 mm 10 gauge PVC vinyl that can easily accommodate up to a 250 lb. person!

Customer Rating: ” ★★★★★
By Supreme Gentleman from Sante Fe, NM

Having sworn off the scourge of women once and for all, I have been desperately trying to find a suitable replacement. I am pleased to say: this is it! This has everything you could want from a woman, without any of the attitude, sass, entitlement, so-called "agency" and illogical behavior. With a few other gadgets, I get everything women could possibly offer and then some. Best of all, I don’t have to waste money on nonsense like flowers and gifts to buy her affection, and she won’t cheat on me like all women constantly do.

Age: 26-30

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆
By Duke from St. George, UT

In the right lighting, it looks just like the real thing. I don’t own a pool so I cannot personally attest to its buoyancy, but it has kept my spirit afloat. The Sure Grip handles make it easy to move and reposition her around the apartment. A definite improvement to the female form.

Age: 26-30

_____

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆
By Night Crawler from Jacksonville, FL

Added a hole, but that just caused it to deflate. The engineers didn’t think this one through. Duct tape isn’t doing the trick. Going to try filling with dirt from backyard as a last ditch effort to get my money’s worth.

Age: 31-35

_____

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By PUA Power from San Antonio, TX

I open the valve so it slowly deflates while I yell at it. Finally, a woman who reacts appropriately to me.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆
By Jordan from Springfield, IL

By the time I finished inflating this thing, I was too tired to use it. This is just like real dates. Women wear you down making you jump through so many hoops, then you are simply too exhausted and sad to continue. The pump should be free.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆
By CrushVictim from Indianapolis, IN

Frustrating. They got the ideal scale right, but does not hold up to vigorous use, and is extremely difficult to find clothing that fits her. It's also proven impossible to find a suitable head that matches her body.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆
By Diego from Brasília, Brazil

I kiss it very much. Hello from Brazil.

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆
By Romeo from St. Louis, Mo

Panties and particulars are not removable. Breasts aren't nearly large enough. Should be 5x at least to be more realistic. Visible stretch marks on torso. She's a 6 at best. At $39.99, I should be getting a 7 or 8.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆
By Pure Gamer from Greensboro, NC

The other gentleman's review was right. It's too hard to find clothing for her and she's just too immodest as is. I've had to put a tarp over her since it's really shameful the way she dresses. I'm so disgusted by women constantly debasing themselves like this. I just want a nice girl.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★★★★★
By Otaku Prime from Gresham, OR

She's my real girlfriend now. I have gained the confidence to start taking her out more, and introduced her to my parents. They do not approve, nor does the manager of the Quiznos who does not allow us to go on dates there. I am happy to finally be with a smart, beautiful and sophisticated woman who respects me.

Age: 21-25

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆
By Cody from Richmond, VA

I just wish they could have made the texture more warm and realistic, just like human skin. Seems like that should be easy to mod?

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆
By MRAven from Schaumburg, IL

Does not accommodate my weight. How do I know this? Because I tested three of them. The product designers need to apologize to me for discrimination. I am a nice guy, and I deserve better. I got this to avoid having to degrade myself to women who only like jerks and musclemen, and constantly impose unrealistic beauty standards on us men. It has gone and done the same thing they all do... let me down, literally.

Age: 21-25

Customer Rating: ★★★★★
By Hot Rod from Sioux City, IA

The perfect woman in every way. I do believe I've died and gone to heavne.

Age: 51-56

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 More Musicians Who Deserve the Nobel Prize

Thursday, Dec 01, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

This October, legendary singer/songwriter Bob Dylan was awarded the Nobel Prize in literature "for having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition." This is the first time a musician has won the award, a watershed moment that has divided the art world, with many authors and columnists questioning whether Dylan's lyrics rise to literary standards.

I, on the other hand, think Dylan totally deserves the Nobel. In fact, a lot of musicians do. As a favor to the Nobel Prize committee, I've compiled this shortlist for next year's award.

Insane Clown Posse

At first glance, this Detroit hip-hop duo looks like two middle-aged men in greasepaint spinning lighthearted rhymes about Faygo, kung fu and mass murder. Like Samuel Beckett, however, the Insane Clown Posse uses carnivalesque humor as a mode to interrogate the deeper truths of life. "Miracles" is the most touching meditation on faith since Marilynne Robinson's *Gilead*, and "What is a Juggalo?" brilliantly examines the fluid nature of identity in a reified late-capitalist society. Best of all, though, are these horrorcore belletrists' conversations with their peers. Just as Voltaire was

most brilliant in his letters, ICP write their most compelling rhymes when dissing fellow Michigan rappers Kid Rock and Eminem - their war of words with the latter being hailed as one of the great intellectual dialogues of our time.

Linkin Park

This nu-metal group's emotionally charged lyrics carry on the tradition of confessional poets like Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. But while Lowell et al. softened their verse with abstruse poetic devices like metaphor, symbolism and subtlety, Linkin Park's spartan lines ("I'm becoming this, all I want to do/Is be more like me and be less like you") cut straight to the marrow, capturing the authentic speech patterns of a petulant fourteen-year-old.

Led Zeppelin

Few bands can boast the lyrical range of British rockers Led Zeppelin, whose incisive poesy tackles everything from love to drug addiction to mountain trolls. And the fact that most of their lyrics are plagiarized from other artists serves as a bold commentary on the death of authorship in the postmodern age.

Ratt

Hard-rock band Ratt's 1984 single "Round and Round" stands alongside T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland" as one of the most staggeringly complex works of the twentieth century. Referencing Shakespeare ("Like Romeo to Juliet"), classical mythology ("You'd put an arrow through my heart"), and eastern philosophy ("What comes around goes around"), the lyrics ensnare the listener in an intricate web of allusions that scholars are still struggling to decipher to this day. Even if Ratt hadn't gone on to release countless more classic hits, "Round and Round" still would have cemented their legacy as the poet laureates of glam metal.

Axl Rose

Throughout his illustrious career, Guns N' Roses frontman Axl Rose has proven that art can be a vehicle for social change. Rose's lyrics fearlessly criticize capital punishment ("Strapped in the chair of the city's gas chamber/Why I'm here I can't quite remember"), the military-industrial complex ("Whaz so civil 'bout war anyway?") and commodity fetishism ("If you got the money honey we got your disease"). But unlike most political lyricists, who rush their work to keep up with current events, Rose is an artist first and an activist second, taking years, even decades, to hone his material to perfection.

GG Allin

Punk legend GG Allin's hypnotically repetitive lyrics are reminiscent of pantoum poetry, lines like "bite it, you scum" and "scars on my body, scabs on my dick" taking on a startling new meaning every time one hears them. While most rock lyrics suffer when separated from the music itself, Allin's can be enjoyed with or without a nude man screaming them over three guitar chords while smearing feces on his chest.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.2 Actually, Donald Trump is the Phantasm Orb

Friday, Dec 02, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You've probably seen **a lot of articles** comparing Donald Trump to everyone from Hitler to Caligula to L. Ron Hubbard. All very accurate and illuminating comparisons, but actually, Donald Trump is the flying chrome orb from the Phantasm movie franchise.

Look at all the things they have in common with each other:

	TRUMP	ORB
Commanded by elderly men who call everyone they dislike "Boy!"	✓	✓
History of chasing teenagers around and trying to burrow inside them	✓	✓
Is an actual orb	✓	✓
Two halberd-like blades and a drill emerge from them	✓	✓
Floats around mortuaries in mid-air looking for someone to murder	✓	✓

Can burrow into a human forehead making a high-pressure stream of blood shoot out		
Extremely tiny and useless penis		
No amount of secret rich guy triple Viagra can make the tiny, flaccid penis become erect		
From another dimension that looks suspiciously like hell		
Perfectly smooth surface, not even vestigial male genitalia are visible		
Absolutely obliterated by John Oliver in an 8-minute video you must see	**Uh, *hell* to the yeah!**	
Big supporter of Israel wants to move the embassy to Jerusalem		
Probably will pick a bunch of evil-faced dwarfs to fill out the rest of the cabinet		

Got Billy Bush fired in the process of being elected President of the USA		
Not really feeling that Hamilton mix tape		
Penis as useful as taking a marker and drawing the letter "U" onto the shell of a hard boiled egg		
Will not allow all-gender bathrooms in the detention camps		

The evidence is inarguable. The next time you see a piece of shit hack journalist trying to make some sort of comparison between Donald Trump and some other politician or, god forbid, a movie character, you go ahead and tell them: "Actually, he is the Phantasm Orb." You can call them any name you like too.

It's all on the table now for 2017 onward.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 Introducing...The Clip Art Wrestling League!

Monday, Dec 05, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

This is **Arm Barr** on behalf of Staten Island's finest wrestling promotion, **The Clip Art Wrestling League!** And I'm inviting you to a night of medium to high flying thrills at **THE INTERBOROUGH BRAWL-A-THON II: THIS TIME, IT'S PROFESSIONAL**! Here's a look at SOME of the talent who'll be on the card:

He's quite mean, but loves that green, it's **Senator Bongrip**! As the senior senator from Utah, he wants to legalize weed...but only for himself! That way, everyone will have to go to his middlingly entertaining parties! Ahahahahahaha. His finisher is **The Vaporizer**! It's pronounced V-A-P-E, though, so make sure to

listen for that slight difference in pronunciation! That's where the comedy is!

It's not dumpster diving if you went to college! Take in the the idealistic stench of...**The Freegan**! Our society throws away so much perfectly good stuff, and the best of it can usually be found beneath the wetter trash! That's Freegan's time to shine, folks. His finisher? The **Prepackaged Piledriver**, where he dumps you face first onto some prepackaged sushi rolls he found in a Shop Rite dumpster!

A lot of kids have anxiety these days, and this is a wrestler just for them! His name's **Nervous Purvis**, and his two biggest fears are wrestling rings and his own giant muscles. He's also scared of the corners of the wrestling ring because that's where he says "the evil wrestling ring is most powerful." Watch out for his finisher, **The No-Show**, where he gets so nervous he slowly walks out of the ring without making a scene!

This next guy is very, very disappointed in you. Meet **Dad**. He'll miss your big soccer game, but not your face...with punches! All your successes are just background noise for...**DAD**! And God forbid you show any emotion in front of him, or you'll feel the back of his hand faster than he fell to his knees begging not to be fired so he could keep his family from going hungry. A complex man, you'll never quite know how to feel...about **DAD**!

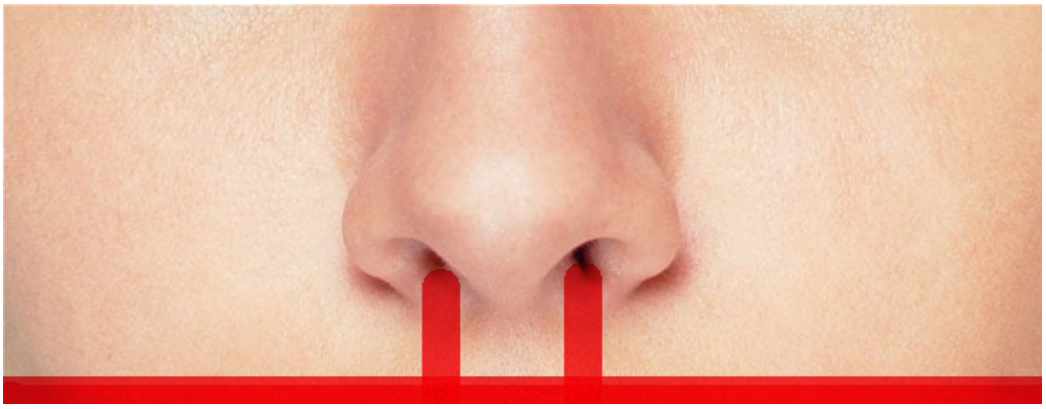
What's worse than Devil's lawyer? The smaller devil on that lawyers shoulder! A.k.a. **The Devil's Advocate's Devil!** It's a little confusing, but not really. He often serves other wrestlers with "cease and desist" notices barring them from appearing on that night's program, meaning he wins by default! Additionally, he plays "Devil's Advocate" on a bunch of weird political stuff like torture, and it always brings down the mood. This guy sucks!

He's still a conservative, but he's not sure why...meet **The Lapsed Catholic!** Catholicism is a lifelong commitment that's also a huge downer. You have to hang out with old people every Sunday and think about how sad it was that some guy's son died. On the other hand, what if it's all true and you die and go to hell, or something? You'll feel pretty dumb about not paying attention to this weird, old book, huh?

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

12.4 How to Deal With Your Bloody Nose

Tuesday, Dec 06, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



[BASIC] Pinch a tissue under your nose and say, "sowwy, I have a nose bweed" while you waddle out into the hall. Sure, everyone will think you're the world's biggest dork, but it's not all negative. After all, you'll have the opportunity to yank out a blood clot long enough to touch your heart. It'll feel like you're pulling your spinal cord through your nostril... in a good way. So at least you have that going for ya.

[ADVANCED] Cauterize yourself. End this misery now and never have to worry about a bloody nose again. All you have to do is risk a permanently disfigured face as you melt the sensitive line of flesh that separates your nose from your brain. The whole process should look like that scene from *Predator,* but instead of being a totally badass alien, you'll just look like the most desperate nerd of all time. Which might be pretty accurate already.

[BASIC] Apply grotesque amounts of moisturizer. Every night before bed, lube up your nostril as if you're prepping for some extremely niche fetish porn shoot. You should be snorting petroleum jelly until your sinuses overflow and you're hocking Vaseline loogies. Greasy boogers should be drooping down your lip at all times. General rule of thumb: If you can breathe through your nose you haven't used enough. Somehow this is deemed better than having a scab in your nose.

[ADVANCED] Stop picking your damn nose. I could say that you're pathetic, that you're a grown adult digging for gold. But I won't. You want to pick your nose? Fine. If you haven't stopped yet, you ain't ever gonna stop.

[BASIC] Ingest everything that spills out. As soon as you feel a bloody nose coming on, tilt your head back as far as you can so that all that sweet crimson liquid comes pouring down your gullet. This is the method most recommended by people who have never actually had a nosebleed, and, for reasons unknown, they will be the first to voice their opinion. So go on and chug your own life force. Gargle your blood. Give yourself a free lunch.

[ADVANCED] Put the blood back in circulation. This one's pretty easy in theory: jam some medical tubing up your leaking nostril, place a needle on the other end and prick one of your veins. What leaks out of the old beak goes right back in to the system. Or maybe what's in the vein will come out and you'll accidentally waterboard yourself with your own blood. I really don't know.

[BASIC] Stand over a toilet and just watch helplessly as your blood trickles into the bowl. Your nose will stop when it chooses to stop. For advanced users, spend this time diving into some existential misery. Tell yourself that there has to be more to life than this. Tell the dude banging on the stall door that you're going to need a minute.

[ADVANCED] Cool yourself. Put a damp rag on the back of your neck to slow the blood flow to your nose. Or, better yet, cryogenically freeze yourself so that the blood just stops moving completely. You can be somewhere between *Encino Man* and *Demolition Man.* Perhaps we will call you Blood Boy.

[BASIC] Do nothing. Just let it pour out and soak your shirt. Who cares? It's your blood after all. Do whatever you want with it.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.5 For Sale: Terrible Secrets That Will Bring Something Awful to Its Knees

Wednesday, Dec 07, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is very real. As an insider I possess damning evidence that could utterly destroy Something Awful. Over the years this website has made many enemies who appear to be coming to power in the United States. They probably have lots of money at their disposal, and I could really use some.

Today I am breaking ranks and selling five secrets which could bring about the ruin of Something Awful. As a gesture of good faith, the first four secrets are revealed in their entirety below for free.

I will give the fifth secret to the highest bidder who emails me. Please address your emails with the subject "Something Awful Terrible Secret Bid Very Serious December 2016 Thank You This Is Electronic Mail Nice To Hear From You" so I don't confuse them with other non-Something Awful Terrible Secret Bid Very Serious December 2016 Thank You This Is Electronic Mail Nice To Hear From You messages.

Terrible Secret The First (#1)

The writers don't really talk to one another. At least, they don't talk to me very often and I never reach out to anyone. I suspect that they're all having an online slumber party that never ends, from which I am excluded.

I'm pretty sure this is illegal, even on the darknet.

Terrible Secret The Second (#2)

In clear violation of maritime internet law, I don't even know what the darknet is. If I had to guess I'd say it's a ROM webring.

Terrible Secret The Third (#3)

Lowtax has been pushing for a complete overhaul of the website to capitalize on the hottest internet trends. His idea is to turn the site into a video portal. In place of text updates, every day would feature streaming video of one writer kneeling in a large field shouting about e-sports at the camera placed fifty yards away, slightly too far for the viewer to make out more than an occasional word or two.

In order to fund this initiative, the Something Awful cabal plans to unfairly ban all 200,000 forum accounts, forcing each user to re-register at a new membership price of three hundred thousand dollars.

Terrible Secret The Fourth (#4)

Every month the front page writers are handed down a "hit list" of people to target in their articles. We are instructed to go after these individuals with vicious and baseless attacks. This abuse of power undermines all of our hard-earned journalistic integrity, turning the website into little more than a politicized mouthpiece for a ruling elite.

Every month I open the note hoping the target will be new, and every month the note simply says, "You."

Terrible Secret The Fifth (#5) (The One You Have To Pay For)

The location of the sheet of paper on which I wrote the above four secrets, exactly as they appear above. With no additional information.

Unlike the secrets on this page, which are digital and therefore ethereal, this sheet of paper is physical evidence. You can put it in a bag and label it Exhibit A and win the big case.

Please send your bids in increments of $50.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.6 8 Things the Simpsons Predicted for 2016

Thursday, Dec 08, 2016 by Content Farm Editor

For nearly 30 years, *The Simpsons* has consistently entertained viewers with its sharp satire on everyday life. And, as with all humor, there's a bit of truth packed into every laugh-out-loud joke. But little did those brilliant writers know, some of their writing would end up being eerily prescient. To find out how, click through this slideshow feature designed for maximum reading comfort and not for the sake of showing you eight times the normal amount of ads.

President Trump

In the all-time classic season 11 episode "Bart to the Future," President Lisa Simpson references the one and only Donald "The Donald" Trump as the previous President of the United States! While those *Simpsons* writers certainly goofed with the impossible premise of a female POTUS, they still hit the nail on the head with this one. Like Trump or hate him, you gotta admit: He's certainly going to be President soon!

Air Travel

Clever as they are, those *Simpsons* writers couldn't warn us about that dark day of 9/11–thanks a lot, bozos! But, as predicted by America's Funniest Family, flight remains a popular form of travel as bankers, salespeople, and yes, even pastry chefs head home for the holidays. Hey Osama bin Laden (orchestrator of the deadliest terrorist attack on American soil): Don't have a cow, dude!

Capitalism

Leave it to those classic characters on *The Simpsons* to serve us up a slice of life–and with all the trimmings! As depicted on several episodes of the show, to this day money can be exchanged for products, with a gatekeeper in place to make sure the transaction terminates without error or fraud. But not every store has the lovable Apu, an offensive stereotype we've come to tolerate out of the shared shame of once thinking it was funny. Thank you, come again!

Bosses

Wow! You have to credit *The Simpsons* for painting such an accurate picture of the future. Just as the show depicted in several classic episodes, bosses still rule the workplace, making arbitrary decisions motivated entirely by personal grudges. In fact, your boss may be looking over your shoulder as you read this listicle now! In the words of Mr. Burns, "very good."

Neighbors

Do jokes on *The Simpsons* come from the brains of Harvard graduates, or a crystal ball? We're likely to go with the latter thanks to the nearly perfect vision of the future they crafted with classic episodes! Like Homer Simpson himself, many of us live in homes or other buildings, and the people who reside in adjacent properties are our own Ned Flanders. They might not have the same mustaches and friendly smiles, but we sometimes get their letters on accident and plan on returning them but never get around to it! Oak-ily diddly!

Sex

Aye caramba! Just because those *Simpsons* writers are smart, it doesn't mean their minds never stray to the gutter. As predicted in several episodes of the show, humans indeed reproduce through sexual intercourse in 2016. And while this act has never been explicitly shown on *The Simpsons*, we can only assume that Homer himself has ejaculated at least three times into his beautiful blue-haired wife. Those are just the kind of off-the-wall antics that've made him America's most lovable comedy dad!

Food

If you've got a hunger for great jokes, belly up to *The Simpsons*! But if you're actually hungry, you'll turn to–that's right–literal food. When sitting down to your favorite dish in 2016, you'll likely think back to the several meals shared by *The Simpsons* family and think "What visionaries!" This reality is completely unlike the one seen in my unpublished sci-fi novel, *Plant-People of Omega 7*, in which a future race of advanced humans uses photosynthesis to live. Looks like I'll be writing 10-dollar articles like this one until a publisher bites! D'oh!

Death

Prince. David Bowie. Alan Rickman. Gene Wilder They all–you guessed it–died in 2016! And where have we seen this concept before? That's right: *The Simpsons*! Since the very first episode, they promised oblivion waits for us all. And as someone who makes content for the Internet, I find this idea very comforting! So thanks, *The Simpsons*: your predictions give hope to those of us who regularly eat discount canned soup and earn three cents per word. Like the producers of our favorite cartoon, I'm too much of a coward to put a merciful end to a miserable existence, so it looks like I'll be phoning it in until a jaded hospice care worker removes my feeding tube 50 years from now. Haw haw!

–~Content Farm Editor

12.7 #DumpStarWars: The Anti-Trump Scenes From Rogue One Have Leaked

Friday, Dec 09, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's time to #DumpStarWars for disrespecting President Trump with insults added during the reshoots. Listen to the good Obama:

> Boycott Star Wars people! #DumpStarWars - Malik Obama (@ObamaMalik) December 8, 2016

If you don't believe him, you can read these leaks from the Rogue One script to find out why the boycott is incredibly important.

SCENE 1

Jyn Erso meets with veteran freedom fighter Saw Gerrera. She asks for his help on her mission to recover the Death Star plans.

> JYN: We can win this. We have to win this.
>
> SAW: Whoever has the most votes should win.
>
> JYN: The Empire will never allow us to vote.
>
> SAW: That is because the system is broken. It must be healed, Jyn. Do whatever it takes.
>
> JYN: How, when there are so many forces set against us?
>
> SAW: Are you familiar with something called the Galactic Electoral College?

SCENE 2

Aboard the U-wing "Rogue One" en route to the Death Star rebel Jyn Erso is discussing plans for their mission with blind, force-sensitive warrior Chirrut Îmwe.

JYN: We'll be dropping out of hyperspace soon.

CHIRRUT: Many dangers await us.

JYN: We will have to power down the ship to disguise ourselves as garbage and drift into their gravity well.

CHIRRUT: That reminds me. I know someone I really wish would power down. (He picks up a hologram and activates it.)

HOLOGRAM: (It's Donald Trump. The bad picture.) I'm never eating Oreos again. I love Oreos. I will never eat them again.

JYN: What is he talking about?

CHIRRUT: (Rolling white eyes) Nobody knows, that is the thing. We cannot figure it out because this guy is bananas.

JYN: What's a banana?

CHIRRUT: I do not know that either.

SCENE 3

Jyn Erso and her team are escaping from the Death Star supply base on the surface of the beach vacation planet Scarif. Jyn is confronted by villainous Imperial officer Orson Krennic.

KRENNIC: The power of the Empire cannot be stopped.

JYN: The Dark Side has fooled you, Krennic. Even if we fail today, the Rebellion will never end, because you are corrupt.

KRENNIC: (Turning slowly to face the camera) The real corruption is a leader who fails to divest themselves from their business interests or, even worse, leaves their children in charge of their businesses.

JYN: (Puts her hand on Krennic's shoulder and looks into the camera) Imagine if Darth Vader was running half the galaxy and he left Luke Skywalker in charge of his business.

KRENNIC: Now THAT's a dark side.

JYN: The irony is that white people are the darkest of all.

DARTH VADER: (Stepping up behind them and putting his arms around them both) That's why we have to genocide all whites. Without whites around, this galaxy far, far away will finally be free of war.

Poe Dameron and Finn from Force Awakens are visible standing in the background nude and kissing. A droid reminds the audience that technically Poe Dameron is Latino, not white, so he is allowed to live in the perfect future.

Join me in saving the white race from genocide by Star Wars and #DumpStarWars. It's time the silent majority - who is usually quiet about so many things like gay people getting married and Starbucks saying "Happy Holidays" - finally rise up and make some noise. We're not going to take this anymore.

Star wars isn't the only thing you need to watch out for:

> Ok folks. Got to admit it. Anime has short-circuited my brain! - Malik Obama (@ObamaMalik) December 8, 2016

Stay woke, my people.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.8 I Think We Should Wait And See How This Emperor Palpatine Guy Does

Monday, Dec 12, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Hey guys,

I don't usually post political stuff on Holobook, but I'm seeing a lot of friends rush to judgement after the results of the recent emergency session. So to those of you who are a little worried, I say:

Relax. Take a deep breath. It's all gonna be OK. Just because your guy lost doesn't mean the galaxy's going to collapse. In fact, I think you should give Emperor Palpatine's Supreme Galactic Empire a chance!

Sure, he said a LOT of kooky things early on. Stuff about "manipulating midichlorians to create life" or "executing Order 66" – stuff I totally disagree with. But I honestly think he was only saying that stuff to court the hardcore voters of the Dark Side. Now that he's been appointed ruler for life, he'll probably mellow out and govern from the middle. It's like the old saying goes: absolute power totally chills you out and helps you find compromise.

Trust me on this!

I know a lot of people were upset when Emperor Palpatine literally ripped apart the Senate, throwing chunk after chunk of it at the traitorous Master Yoda. But that's what people like about him: he's not your average politician! He takes matters into his own hands. If he can throw a limbless Mace Windu through a window to his death, maybe he can get stuff done for regular folks like us!

And honestly, can Palpatine be any worse than the gridlock we had under Chancellor Valorum? All our manufacturing jobs were going to the Outer Rim! If Emperor Palpatine can put people back to work, does it really matter if a Jedi temple or two gets burnt to the ground?

I mean, this is how jobs are created – with thunderous applause!

Look: I voted for Emperor Palpatine, so if it turns out he's an evil monster or something, that could somehow make me feel wrong or stupid. And my sense of self worth absolutely cannot function if I am anything less than the perfect hero of my own life's story. Therefore, Emperor Palpatine is not only great, but has never said or done anything bad, ever.

And if any of you disagree with me, we can argue about it on Holobook until you get exhausted and give up.

So long story short: relax, chill out, take a chill pill, and see what happens! Unless you're a Jedi. Then you should turn yourself in immediately to the nearest clone trooper. But if you're not a Jedi, then chillax, amigo! After he takes care of them, I'm sure he'll find no other politically expedient targets for populist rage at all, ever, ever.

OK bye!

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

12.9 The Shamebox: Building a Thoroughly Tasteless Gaming PC

Tuesday, Dec 13, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Putting a computer together is easier and more fun than you might think. It's sort of like building a LEGO set. It also costs about as much as a LEGO set.

You know what's even more fun? Challenging yourself to make a PC entirely out of ridiculous EXTREME GAMER parts. This is my attempt to pick the most wretched, garish product for every component of a gaming PC build. Try it yourself!

CPU Cooler: ***Cooler Master V8 GTS - High Performance CPU Cooler with Horizontal Vapor Chamber and 8 Heatpipes***

Let's get the bad news out of the way. CPUs are just chips. There aren't any models with lights or fins. Your only options are to buy an Intel processor or suffer a head injury and go with AMD.

Thankfully, when it comes to the cooling systems you slap on CPUs, things get real stupid real fast. Meet the Cooler Master V8 GTS. It's the answer to all your questions, assuming all your questions are, "If a Transformer from Michael Bay's Transformers had a bowling ball what would it look like?"

Motherboard: ***MSI X99A GODLIKE GAMING CARBON***

The motherboard is the thing all your stuff goes into. As a mostly flat slab of silicon with some circuits and holes, it's inherently sort of boring. Unless you make it GODLIKE!

The GODLIKE GAMING CARBON blows away all ordinary motherboards. It's got red lights. It's got a dragon on it. If you ever find yourself looking at this motherboard and struggling to find an adjective, the word GODLIKE is helpfully printed on its ejection handle.

Storage: ***Intel SSD w/ Cool Skull***

I really lucked out with this one. Most drives are simple rectangles, but this one is a simple rectangle with a dang skull etched into its surface. Never mind the fact that your drive will be tucked away out of sight. You'll know the skull is there. That will be enough to sustain your inner gamer.

GPU: ***Asus GeForce GTX 980 Ti 6GB 20th Anniversary Gold Edition Video Card***

This video card is almost completely covered in genuine gold-colored plastic and aluminum. A set of colored LEDs make the words 20th Anniversary light up. Is it perhaps too classy? You decide.

Case: ***Acer Aspire Predator***

A chunk of aerodynamic goldfish battle armor raises, aided by needlessly prominent chrome hinges. Now you can access the front of the computer which is modeled after the end of Mass Effect 3. Just a quick question: Why block the front panel in the first place?

Power Supply: ***Thermaltake Toughpower DPS G Series***

You know what needs lights? Everything. Especially your power supply. Especially when your power supply is supplies tough power, and contributes to your DPS.

RAM: ***G.Skill Ripjaws 4***

Now this is a stick of RAM I could shave my face with, if my face was a granite golem's butthole. Doubles as a key to Satan's broom closet.

Keyboard: ***Hiraliy x11***

Pretty self-explanatory, really. The sharply angled edges are for comfort and self-defense.

Mouse: ***Mad Catz R.A.T. PRO X Wired Laser Mouse***

Don't know where to put your hand? You lose. Fragged! Telefragged! Gibs! This is the mouse for gamers who don't hesitate. Only a noob would rest their palm and fingers. You rest, you die!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.10 Celebrity Stalker 2016 Finale

Wednesday, Dec 14, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrities are just like us, appearing in public right before our prying peepers.

That's where our hungry-eyed star-spotters catch 'em unawares. Lights! Camera! Look!

Paul Giamatti
Spotted PG on a park bench trying to combine several different sandwiches into one larger one. He was getting really frustrated at all the different fixings and yelling about needing more hands. Kinda cute!

Joaquin Phoenix
When my seein' orbs got a whiff of Joaquin inside the Target in Burbank, I rushed into him– literally. Then I delivered my hilarious "Hey! I'm Joaquin here!" line. Turns out it wasn't him. Sorry.

Jennifer Lawrence
Spotted the dazzling thespian trying to fish her Manzana Watch out of a New York storm drain with a coat hanger. Nice to see a star unafraid to get her hands dirty!

William H. Macy
Unbelievable! William is currently completely encased in a block of solid ice while frantic stevedores rush to thaw him out with blow dryers. What a disaster!

Channing Tatum
Spotted Chan-chan Tatay shaving his chest on a bench in Griffith Park. He was very careful to suck up all the shavings with a small vacuum he had in his utility belt.

Kristen Stewart
Saw K-Stew engaged in a heavy swapping sesh inside posh nightclub Yevin. Everything was on the table: coins, rare baseball cards and even a few antiques. Watch out! She's a haggler.

Katy Perry
The beloved song-belter was seen trying to coax a very obstinate dog into a limo. Eventually her bodyguard got the dog in against its will. The dog didn't want to go, lady. So rude.

Michael Shannon
Caught a glimpse of the enigmatic *Man of Steel* star dropping a box office bomb behind a dumpster in an alley near Park Ave. He was texting somebody the whole time, and even snapped a selfie.

Don Henley
The AARP rocker is currently jamming at the Chuck-E-Cheese on Hollywood Blvd alongside Jasper T. Jowls, who is clearly not into it and paying no attention to the showboating rock legend. Daddy no like!

Tom Sizemore
The rugged madman was violently humming the National Anthem to himself whilst prowling Sunset. When I asked for an autograph, he choked me unconscious. Very gentle hands and soothing voice.

Philip Seymour Hoffman
Oscar's other perennial Golden Boy was dragging lots of chains down Santa Monica Boulevard and screaming "unbind me!" into a cell phone. Completely ignored my requests for an autograph, as if he couldn't even see me.

Lin-Manuel Miranda
Singing-dancing theatre man had no songs to sing after eating too many bowls of five-alarm chili at my backyard cookout. I'm not sure why he was there. I don't know any famous people. I'm a fireman in rural Arkansas. None of this makes any sense to me.

—∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.11 You Bigoted Piece of Shit Morons Had Better Vote for Me in 2020

Friday, Dec 16, 2016 by Real Good Liberal (@sexyfacts4u)

I've had it.

You low down pieces of shit. You turds with swastika ribbons tied around your turdy waists. You Muslim-hating, homophobic, rape-endorsing megabigots had better get your shit together and vote for me in 2020.

I heard you're worried about losing your medicare and your social security. Morons. Guess what, dumbasses, you voted for it! You voted for the person who is going to take away all your healthcare and pay off his rich buddies with that money. And you know what? GOOD. I hope a bunch of you die of diabetes. Thin out the herd of stupids a little.

The rest of you can learn your damn lesson by watching the other dummies die. Because I deserve your vote in the Year of Your Lord 2020.

Oh, your factory is closing? Oh, you can't get a coal mine job? What a fucking surprise, dipshit. None of your jobs came back. We tried to tell you that they wouldn't. We tried to explain to all of

you Heil Hitler yokel fuckheads that we can give you some better jobs. But nooooooooo. You have to lose everything before you understand anything.

Because you're a dirt-sucking monkey-brained idiot who likes guns and dirt bikes and posters of Tiffani-Amber Thiessen or Rat Fink or whatever it is you garbage people like. Donuts? Hamburger sandwiches? You're disgusting pigpeople.

And you'd better vote for me in 2020.

Did you see the people this idiot god you fucking inbred badbrains worship is picking for his cabinet? He has Rick Perry in charge of our nuclear arsenal. This is the stupid shit you fuck-ups wanted. When Rick Perry accidentally rolls a nuke down a sewer grate and blows up Virginia I am going to laugh my ass off. It's what you idiots deserve.

In fact, I hope he gives 100% tax cuts to the rich. That's me too, dummies. And then I hope he puts you all in camps. Poor camps. For idiots. Who is Sieg Heiling now, dipshits? You break it, you buy it. We're going to put you to work mining cobalt for China. Here come the box cars for the poors. The poor idiots. Load them up. It's what they deserve.

Unless you can put the Marios and the huff rags down for five minutes and think about the world and fucking cast a correct vote for once in your drooling genetic derelict life. That means vote for me.

Vote for me in 2020.

I guess I'll let your stupid relatives out of the poor camps so they can go fight in a good war against the bad Muslims instead of the bad war against the good ones.

–∼Real Good Liberal (@sexyfacts4u)

12.12 The 2016 "Oh Boy, This Year Sucked A Big One!" Awards!

Monday, Dec 19, 2016 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Since the founding of Something Awful Magazine on the campus of DeVry University in 1967, we have always put aside one column to flip "the bird" (finger) to the year that was. This year we might need both hands, because this year was THAT bad! Here's a look at the crappiest moments of the worst year in history!

The "Oh No, Not Fidel Castro!" Award: Celebrity Deaths

2016 is the first year ever that celebrities died. From "America's Teenager" Morley Safer to Robin Thicke's uncle, it sure seems like God has climbed to the top of a clocktower, slowly assembled a complex sniper's rifle while completely blindfolded, then taken dead aim at the oh-so-famous celebrities we love (George Kennedy.) 2017 just can't arrive fast enough, a year where scienticians promise us that nobody will die.

The "Hail To The Pussygrabber" Award: Donald J. Trump

Get ready to say "You're Fired" to President Obama, who was fired this year, because this year saw the election of one Donald Jake Trump. Who would have thought that a man who promised the desperately poor jobs and security would have gotten so many votes? We at Something Awful knew he would win! We certainly didn't spend years savaging him as a dumb political lightweight, only to wake up on November 8th, drop our vape pens in shock, and spill vape juice all over our aunt Carol's carpet. Not us. Congrats, Mr. Prez! Better do a good job, or in four years we'll all call you into the boardroom and say..."Do better!"

The "Brexit, Stage Right!" Award: Brexit

See you, EU! And I'm not talking about the Star Wars Expanded Universe, which actually went away in 2015. I'm talking about European United, who voted to kick out their ol' pal Great Britain earlier this year. Et tu, EU? I mean, I know British food is bad...but it's not THAT bad! Hopefully, these two can put aside their differences and reunite against their REAL enemy...refugees!

The "Dicks Out For 2016" Award: Harambe Gets Got!

Looks like this gorilla put the "crypt" in "this is NOT crypto-racist!" Harambe, we hardly knew ye. Officially voted "America's Favorite Monkey" in 2012, Harambe sadly died this year under mysterious circumstances. Lucky for him and the Cinicnatto Zoo, he was quickly turned into a me-me by his legions of fans. May you live forever, Harambe the Ape! It's funny that you died!

The "Aren't ALL Crimes Hate Crimes?" Award: Spikes In (Whining About) Hate Crimes!

In sheer numbers, anti-Jewish incidents (664) were higher in 2015, but the percentage increase was much higher for incidents involving Muslim victims.

"That is the highest number since 2001, when the al Qaeda attacks on New Yo where drove the number to its highest ever level, 481 hate crimes," according to Ma Southern Poverty Law Center.

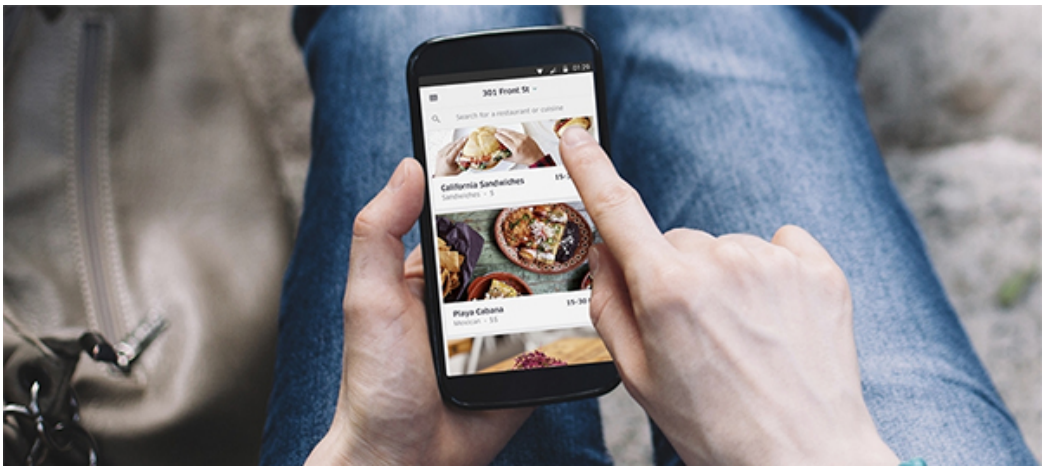
The FBI defines a hate crime as a "criminal offense against a person or p whole or in part by an offender's bias against a race, religion, disability, s ethnicity, gender, or gender identity."

Boo hoo, get over it! You guys lost the election, and now you're trying to make up a bunch of stories about people "persecuting" you to get sympathy. Thank god Trump will take care of you. All of you. We're taking this country back!!!!!!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

12.13 What This Country Needs Is One More Food Delivery Service

Tuesday, Dec 20, 2016 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



After this election, it's never been so clear that our nation is divided, our communities torn, and our future in peril. There is only one thing that can bring us back together: another copy-cat food delivery service that promises $10 off your first delivery with the promo code "fr33f00d."

You don't need to read the constitution too closely to know that every American has the right to a lukewarm chicken parmesan delivered to their door in a 2002 Toyota Celica. It's an unalienable right, really. And while GrubHub, UberEATS, Amazon, and about a thousand other companies have done their part, it's time for a new hero: you.

If you start another company, you aren't jumping into an overburdened bandwagon. No, you're Disrupting the Restaurant Industry. You're taking the Eating Out out of Eating Out. You're the Elon Musk of solving some stoner's munchies. Sure, the industry has reached a saturation point that mirrors a Star Trek tribble infestation, but... so what? They say to strike while the iron is hot, and what's hotter than a massive implosion of an unnecessarily hyped tech startup?

All you need is a rhyming name like ChewCrew or FoodDude, and a bunch of drivers desperately drowning in student debt, and you're set. But the service isn't for you. It's for the people. Regardless of who they voted or didn't vote for, no one should be forced to endure the humiliation of ordering food. Whether it be over the phone or–god forbid– in person at an actual restaurant, this misery is no longer necessary in this day and age. People can order, eat, and enjoy without ever needed to take off their Sponge Bob pajama pants. With just a few swipes on their phone, they can cut out the human contact of fine dining to get back to their swipes on their phone. All that's left is an app that simulates that scene in *Home Alone*, and we'll finally have freedom.

The future is now. Given the exponential growth in computing power, cloud services, and a host of new platforms there is no reason not to have five GrubHub clones for every restaurant in your city. We need one more choice to bring us the same food, and we need it now.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

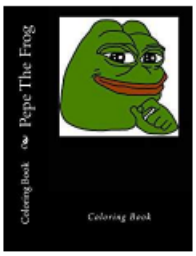
12.14 The Official Holiday Guide to Meme Books

Tuesday, Dec 20, 2016 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Christmas is right around the corner and you know what that means: time to pick out the perfect book of memes for that special someone in your life who will most definitely not immediately sever all contact with you after receiving such a gift. But how can you choose just one hilarious meme book, when Amazon has a listing of over 3,2000 of them? Our meme book buying guide will make shopping a snap for you this holiday season, and you can thank us by simply sending us large amounts of money.

Memes: Memes The Best 2016 (MEMES Largest Funniest Memes and Funny pictures on...
by Ms. ChaCha
Paperback
$5.99 Prime
Usually ships in 8 days
(1)
Other Formats: Kindle Edition

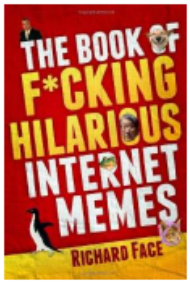
PERFECT FOR: Somebody new to the exciting, enchanting world of internet memes, such as people in comas or the elderly or the elderly in comas. Imagine grandmother joyously opening up this gift and being greeted by 84 different crudely drawn "RU MAD" images that appear to have been salvaged from the dumpster of a child abuse recovery clinic! She'll be so confused that she just might die, leaving you her bountiful inheritance, under one condition: you must survive a night in her spooky haunted castle. That shouldn't be a problem, assuming you're not a female, the gender I've learned are unable to fight ghosts.



Pepe The Frog Coloring Book
by Tim Ozman
Paperback
Currently unavailable

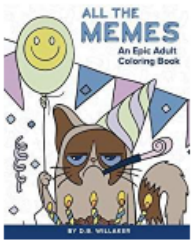
PERFECT FOR: A friend / enemy who really wanted Hillary Clinton to win. Each page they turn you can mutter quietly in their ear "PEPE THE FROG IS SOME SORT OF METAPHOR FOR DONALD TRUMP OR MAYBE HITLER OR THAT OTHER GUY WHO WAS LIKE HITLER BUT HE PLAYED FOR RUSSIA OR SOMETHING AND YOUR CANDIDATE LOST THE ELECTION BUT PEPE WON." Also a wonderful gift for people who only have access to three different colored crayons. Please note that this book is only offered in "used & new" conditions, so you might end up purchasing an item that somebody with the mental prowess of mulch attempted

to color in, but quickly gave up when they couldn't differentiate between the book and the table it was resting on.



The Book of F*cking Hilarious Internet Memes
by Richard Face
Paperback
$9.99 Prime
Usually ships in 8 days
7 offers from $5.99
(86)
Other Formats: Kindle Edition

PERFECT FOR: Any individual who has been confined to a root cellar for over 19 years, forced to consume nothing but dirt, rocks, and occasionally their own hair, a prisoner of their own cruel, vicious, alcoholic stepfather who preaches his own twisted Word Of God through severe beatings with various gardening tools, who one day in an act of drunken enthusiasm accidentally let his guard down by turning his back, allowing him to be strangled to death by the prisoner's own metal shackles in a cruel twist of horrific irony that left only a blood-soaked corpse and a grim, vile sense of satisfaction. If they had this book then they could eat it.



All the Memes: An Epic Adult Coloring Book
by D B Willaker
Paperback
$9.99 Prime
Usually ships in 8 days
17 offers from $6.92
(1)

PERFECT FOR: The completionist in your life who requires the entire set or series of something no matter how degrading or worthless. According to this book's title, not only is it a coloring book for adults (that means the colors are too complicated for children, no stupid grade school shit like "brown," we're talking pro-grade coloring like "burnt sienna"), but it also contains "all the memes!" Every single meme! Ever! If you want proof, merely gaze upon the cover, which features the following "epic" memes:

- Grumpycat (he is the cat who looks grumpy)
- Happy smile face balloon (classic 4chan meme teasing a mentally retarded teenager who asked if it was possible to impregnate a balloon)
- Cake with five candles on it (hilarious reddit meme about a man who was forced to bury his murdered five year old son on his birthday)
- Some triangles in the background (I don't know what they're from, I haven't bought the book)

Please be advised that the Venn diagram consisting of "people who like memes" and "adults" are nearly 50,000 miles away from overlapping each other.

Memes: Hilarious Memes! 101 of the Best Most Epic and Hilarious Internet Memes...
by Memer
Paperback
$19.38 Prime
1 left in stock - order soon
13 offers from $15.38
★★★★★ (5)

PERFECT FOR: People who see a direct correlation between the value of an item and the number of unnecessary words in its title.

Memes: 2200+ Hilarious Dank Memes: The Dankest Memes of the Internet (Meme, Dank...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$4.95
★★★☆☆ (2)

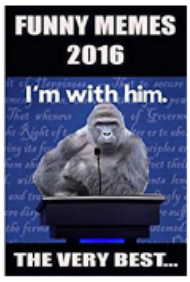
PERFECT FOR: The intellectually superior connoisseur of memes, one who can easily distinguish the subtle nuances and underlying characteristic of memes. For example, say there's a meme of a pig rolling in its own shit and the Impact font caption reads "LOL I ROLLIN IN MAH OWN SHIT." The average meme-enjoyer would simply think, "hurrrrrrrr funny image laugh hurrr text fun laugh more i like," while the meme connoisseur would remark, "hurrrrrrrrr not dank image no laugh need funny make danker meme hurrr no like fuck my life." Also some of the memes are apparently "XL" so they're still several sizes too small for the average meme fan to wear.

Memes: 700+ Spongebob Memes: The Most Hilarious Spongebob Meme Compilation (Meme...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.95

PERFECT FOR: Someone who has a Kindle Unlimited account and you know their password and you hate them a lot.

Memes: Funny Memes - The Best Of Funny Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr, Instagram -...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$6.99

PERFECT FOR: Any friend or family member who loves their memes, but insists that they originate or at least appear on "social media." This exclusive book has weeded out all the memes that never made it to social media, like that one with the black box with the black image inside and the black text on it, or the meme that's only available on TV or to people who send in 1,000 General Mills cereal box tops. Additionally includes "fails," which is shorthand for "failures," which is what it's called when somebody tries to do something but they don't succeed in actually doing it, like financially capitalize on stolen images and content from the internet.



Memes: Funny Memes 2016 - The Very Best Funny Memes Of 2016 - Celebrating An...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$9.99

PERFECT FOR: Somebody choosing a coffee table book and it's either this one or "The Complete History of Lolicon."

Memes: Funny Troll Comments: (With Bonus Funny Memes - Super XL LOL Edition -...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.99

PERFECT FOR: Any friend of yours who has attempted to troll you unsuccessfully, like by saying "you look nice" or "hello." Why bother communicating like an actual human being when you can make "funny troll comments?" For example, instead of saying "you look nice," a "funny troll" could say something along the lines of "you look nice, a nice piece of shit that is," or something more clever and creative like "I hope you and your entire family die in a home fire, faggot." This is the only book in existence where the word "nigger" appears more frequently than all definite articles combined.

Memes: Donald Trump Funny Memes and Humor: Funny Memes, Funny Books, Political...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.99

PERFECT FOR: The academic professor who enjoys biting, acerbic "political satire" that can only effectively be communicated through memes. For example, just imagine a photo of Hillary Clinton with the caption "DUMB BITCH" stamped across it! Not only is that dank as all hell, it's also cutting edge political satire and possibly also woke. As political pundits have repeatedly explained, Hillary Clinton lost this election because of all the memes and Pepe Frogs and Baskets of Deportables and also she lacked a big ol' blimp like Ron Paul's. Rehash all the fun and exciting insane words Donald Trump made come out of his mouth in crude meme format! It's like taking a shit on top of a shit sandwich but the rancid aftertaste and blinding shame burn for all eternity!

Memes: Funny Lonely Hearts Adverts: (With HOT Bonus Funny Memes - Top Quality...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.99

PERFECT FOR: Okay seriously this "Memes" author needs to have his internet access cut off like right now. Also his head. I don't care which one.

Memes: Best Dogs Memes 2016 (Memes, Dog Memes, Funny Dogs and Cats , Funny Dog...
by Austin Evans
Paperback
$12.95 Prime
Usually ships in 8 days
★★★☆☆ (2)

PERFECT FOR: Any animal aficionado who has ever thought, "boy, I sure do love dogs and cats, but I wish they were able to communicate in very, very, very poor English!" You see, animal memes are hilarious because some of the words are spelled phonetically as opposed to correctly, to infer the animal is not quite as intelligent as the typical human being that spends their days downloading memes and writing gay fan fiction about childrens' toy ponies. For example, there could be a cat

with its head stuck in a jar. The hilarious meme caption would be "I CAN HAZ NOT SEE! HED 2 DARK!" This is funny because cats are dumb fucking assholes who piss in the back of your storage closet and you never notice it until months later when it has fully crystalized and the stench feels like hundreds of tiny AIDS needles piercing through the inside of your brain. Also for some reason this book is priced at $12.95, which seems a little steep in comparison to purchasing a marker and posterboard, then walking around town wearing a sign that reads "I AM WORLD'S WORST DUMB ASS PIECE OF SHIT PERSON."

Memes: Funny Memes: Over 1000 Of The Best, Most Crazy Hilarious Memes EVER! (...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$9.99

PERFECT FOR: DARPA psychological warfare experiments.

Memes: 700+ Political Memes: The Most Hilarious Poiltical Meme Compilation (Meme...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$8.95

PERFECT FOR: I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry, I just can't.

Memes: Funny Cat Memes: Purrr Over These Funny Memes and Cat Pictures (Funny...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.99

PERFECT FOR: no no no no no no no make it stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop **stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop** ***stop stop stop no no no no no no no no no no no no no***

Memes: Yo Mama Memes and Jokes: (Funny Memes, Yo Momma, Yo Mama Jokes, Funny...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.99

PERFECT FOR: SHUT DOWN THE FUCKING INTERNET. BURN IT DOWN. MAKE IT ALL GO AWAY. MY RAGING DREAMS OF EVER FLOWING BLOOD ARE FUELED BY THE BRACKISH, MALEVOLENT, SEETHING FURNACE OF UNBRIDLED DESPISE OF MEMES AND THE WORTHLESS SUBHUMAN CHUDS WHO ROUTINELY REGURGITATE AND SPREAD THEIR DISEASE THROUGHOUT THE PUBLIC LIKE THE BLACK PLAGUE. Oh, I guess this book would be perfect for somebody with a fat mother.

Memes: 600+ Sports Memes: The Most Hilarious Sports Meme Compilation (Meme, Sports...
by Memes
Kindle Edition
$0.00 kindleunlimited
Subscribers read for free.
$5.95

there is no god

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.15 GameFAQs' Top Unanswered Qs (Questions)

Wednesday, Dec 21, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim

1. Whats with all the trees?
2. secrets... any1 got good onnes for this? need em right the eff now
3. HOW MANY MODS FOR BEAUTY CLEAN FACE
4. what fps will i get on this laptop i will tell you nothing about
5. Difference between snow area and grass area???

Overwatch

1. TELL ME settings to make it look less cartoony more realistic
2. backwards compatibal???????
3. Is there mode to look at models closer? Much closer?
4. Sometimes whenn I shoot at enemy I get shot - glitch?
5. possible to play at standing desk? don't have chair sorry

WWE 2K17

1. CREAT A WRESTLER... WHY?
2. Where is nude tomb rader?
3. anyone find articles by sjw idiotts about this game having too much fighting?
4. which button activate stylish kill?
5. Are the animations done with motion capture? If so I can't play (religious reasons, please respect)

Pokemon Sun/Moon

1. where to find title character, Pokemon?
2. Possible to beat without monsters? Don't like the monsters
3. HOW TO FIND OTHER ITEM?
4. What's with all the celestial bodies?
5. If Pokemon are small enough to fit in a ball why do we care what they do or think?

Destiny

1. hey hi whats the name of the mission where the robot scans a thing while you shoot the same bad guys you shot in the other mission, in the same location as the other mission
2. Who else thinks the game is way better because the vendors are all voiced by recognizable actors?
3. hey whats the other mission where you protect the robot while he does something
4. PUT POINts into guns worth doing that?
5. robot, scan, kill all bad guys... someone help me remember for petes sakes!

Final Fantasy XV

1. Where is nude tumb raider?

2. hhow to resussitate Aerith?

3. Is there a setting to make movement even more awkward, with my party further resembling the crew of a Star Trek bridge under attack as they stumble around me in a vortex of nonsense?

4. Why can't I just hit every enemy with the car?

5. What's with all the fantasy?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.16 New Additions to the Island of Misfit Toys

Thursday, Dec 22, 2016 by The Christmas Boy

In 1964, the beloved TV special *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* introduced us to The Island of Misfit Toys. Shut off completely from the modern world, this makeshift leper colony housed the doomed souls who committed the sin of being too unprofitable to exist within a Capitalist society. It's been over 50 years since this special aired, so it's only natural to assume new freaks have found a home on this remote island destined to be evaporated by nuclear weapons testing.

Randolph the Musty Plush

Typically found wedged between a filthy wall and a Goodwill toy shelf, no one can truly say what decade Randolph the Musty Plush comes from. Too dirty to be played with, and too fragile to be machine-washed, Randolph exists in a sort of "toy limbo" that persists because *Toy Story 3* poisoned a culture into feeling guilty about throwing stuffed animals away. So Randolph has no choice but to walk the earth, slowly collecting spores, tears, and nests of small insects until the one merciful day it can finally disintegrate in a light breeze. Merry Christmas!

The Choking Hazard Gang

Ten-hut! This collection of stalwart soldiers has been on many adventures, from trudging through makeshift trenches in backyards to marching directly down the soft tracheas of toddlers. Unfortunately, their lickable textures and windpipe-snagging bayonetts removed them from the realm of normal playthings decades ago. Previously, toys like The Choking Hazard Gang taught children important lessons vital for American life, like "no one will ever help you," and "life is arbitrary and all is chaos." The only silver lining to The Choking Hazard Gang's home on The Island of Misfit Toys? They escaped being a Baby Boomer nostalgia piece, a much worse fate than having to hear about "A Dolly for Sue's" weepy abandonment issues every day.

Question Marks, the Man from the Forgotten IP

Question Marks' creators had big plans for him. During the brief window of time anyone could remember his name, the folks who dreamed him up thought he'd accompany millions of children on their backyard adventures of imagination and wonderment. But things don't always work out as planned. Due to unforeseen circumstances, no one can remember what property Question Marks originates from, outside of the fact that it's regularly found in the checkout aisle sandwiched between Tyler Perry movies and improperly restocked King Size Snickers bars. Some say he's destined to reappear in a made-for-Crackle original movie, which isn't much different than not existing at all.

Florence, the Hair-Eating Doll

No one really knows where Florence, the Hair-Eating Doll came from, but the overwhelming impulse that consumes her life is unmistakable. Bestowed with the ability to chew by her ignorant creators, Florence's hunger for plastic French fries soon turned into an unbridled lust for child hair and flesh once a stray braid came too close to her ever-chewing jaw. Some say Florence's chest cavity is filled with the blood-matted hair and scalp pieces of children who dared to love her. No one can verify this, though, as the other Misfit Toys force her to live inside of a thick snow bank since the sound of incessantly grinding plastic gears isn't soothing once you've run out of things to talk about.

Problematic Daryll

More than any other Misfit Toy, Daryll spends every waking hour constantly questioning his place in life. Decades ago, he and his brothers were the Minions of their time, albeit considerably less offensive. Yet, as the grandmas of the world started dying off, Darylls worldwide found themselves relegated to antique shops and The South, exclusively. But things may soon turn around for Daryll, as the new cultural climate of America has found him appearing in online avatars previously occupied by anime Nazis. Regardless of whether or not your racism is ironic or sincere, it's still money in the bank.

–∼The Christmas Boy

12.17 The 9 Best Pizzas in 2016 Ruined By Blizzard Making Tracer a Lesbian

Friday, Dec 23, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It doesn't take an expert to know that 2016 was one of the best years for quality pizza. All across the nation people were enjoying better pizza with better ingredients than ever before. New pizza in new ways. It has all been given to me and I have tasted it as required. Conversely, 2016 was the worst year for video games because of *Overwatch* being ruined by ignorant SJWs at Blizzard HQ. These pieces of filth are pushing an agenda and that agenda will make you choke on your pizza.

#9 - Pizza Margherita

Osh Kosh Pizza Bunker - Osh Kosh, WI

Osh Kosh Pizza Bunker brings a solid entry from the Midwest with a sweet, crispy, chewy crust and a sauce made from fresh Roma tomatoes. I didn't mind seeing this tasty pie slide through my feeding slot. The slightly charred basil would be a nice touch if this pizza weren't completely ruined by Blizzard making Tracer into a lesbian.

People like me play *Overwatch* to escape their tiny pizza chambers and immerse themselves in the

living reality of being the super intelligent gorilla, Winston. I am that gorilla that shoots and kills robots. As that gorilla, I also helped make it so Lena Oxton, call sign Tracer, a test pilot, could come back from being insubstantial and would be married to me. This revelation that she is gay is completely at odds with the detailed world I have constructed in which I had a long romance with her as the gorilla, slowly getting to know her as I made her phase in and out of the flow of time while I tested the chronal accelerator. Only I could save her and it was only natural that she would fall in love with me and take off all her clothes for me more than once. That is healthy and normal.

All of that, gone like a dead fish down the steel toilet they let me have. For what? For another goddamn pizza.

#8 - Neapolitan Sausage and Shaved Truffle Delight

Very Ethnic Sal's Pizza - Ronkonkama, NY

Congratulations Sal is what I might be saying if I could stomach a single bite of this classic sausage and classy mushroom pie. It sits untouched just inside my feeding slot even though I know I'll get the hose if I don't eat it. Unfortunately, I am currently unable to focus on much of anything other than the fact that Tracer, the butt girl that Blizzard has banned from posing for being too sexy, has walked out of my dreams and right into the dumpster full of shit. Real human shit. Put there by Blizzard.

I only know two things about the world outside of the 8'x10' room they are keeping me in: Tracer is a lesbian now and the SJWs are taking over everything.

It's not even about the lesbian thing. I am open-minded. I think girls kissing is hot. I want to be very clear that I am not okay with any characters in a video game expressing their sexuality outside of that video game. All sex should be in the video game and should be communicated to me through sexy poses. For example: Widowmaker is super straight because of her butt. However, Zarya could be gay because she flexes a bicep. That's fine. Whatever.

But Tracer? The butt woman? SJWs have invaded once again to turn the butt woman into something bad. First it was the *Mass Effect* butt woman. Now this.

#7 - Large Circle with Sauce and Cheese

Circle Foods - Hamtramck, MI

I give up. I can't do this. What is the point? If I can't have a romantic relationship with the butt woman in the shooting game that looks like a cartoon then I don't want to eat pizza, I don't want to play *Overwatch*, I barely even want to live.

They keep pushing the pizzas through the slots, insisting I review them. My only escape from the literal hell of eating these crispy Neapolitan pizzas is living out my inner life as Winston the gorilla and imagining the romantic dates I would have with Tracer. We would eat pizza from the slot at the park. We would eat pizza in a canoe. We would talk about and rank pizzas from various locations including Britain, Route 66, and Hanamura. We could shoot basketballs around a room and smash glass with our guns while a timer counts down. We could move a payload or stop someone else from moving it. I'm talking a simple romance built on longstanding friendship and the need to escape from this hell of eating and ranking the pizza that comes through the slot.

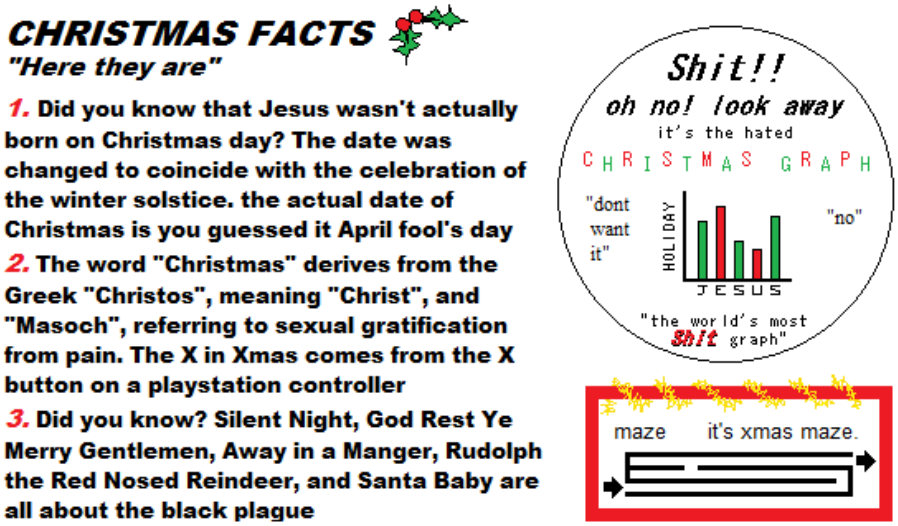
I won't do it. I won't rate them. *Overwatch* is all I had. It's all I had. Grind me up and turn me into a pizza for someone else, boys. Winston is coming home.

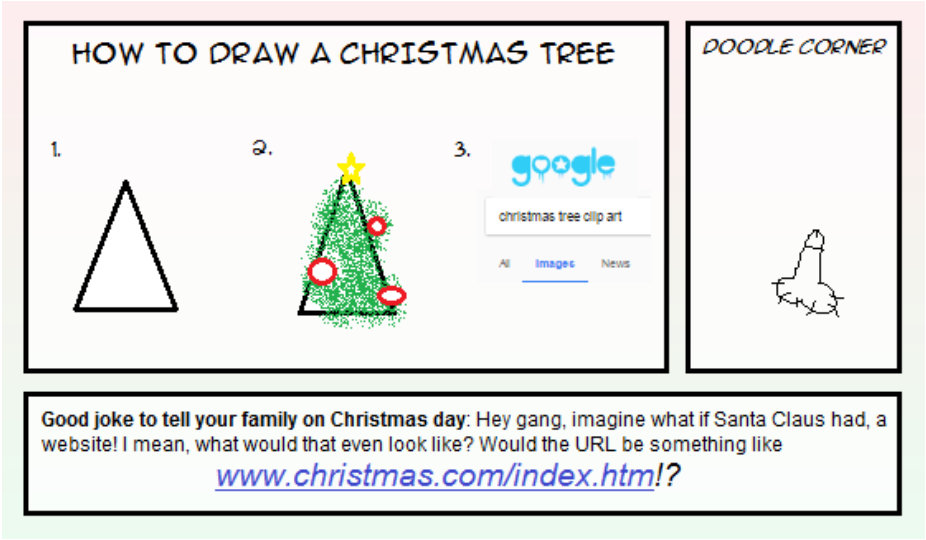
–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

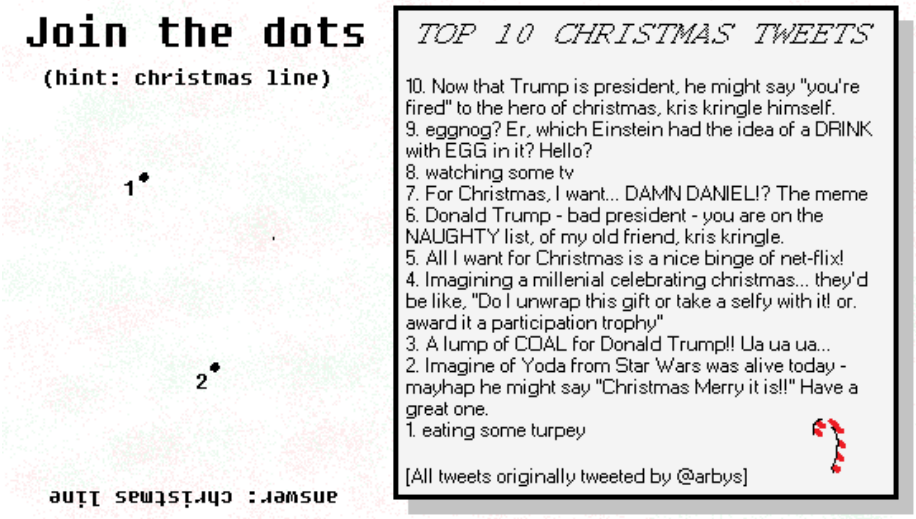
12.18 Fun Christmas Activity Cards!

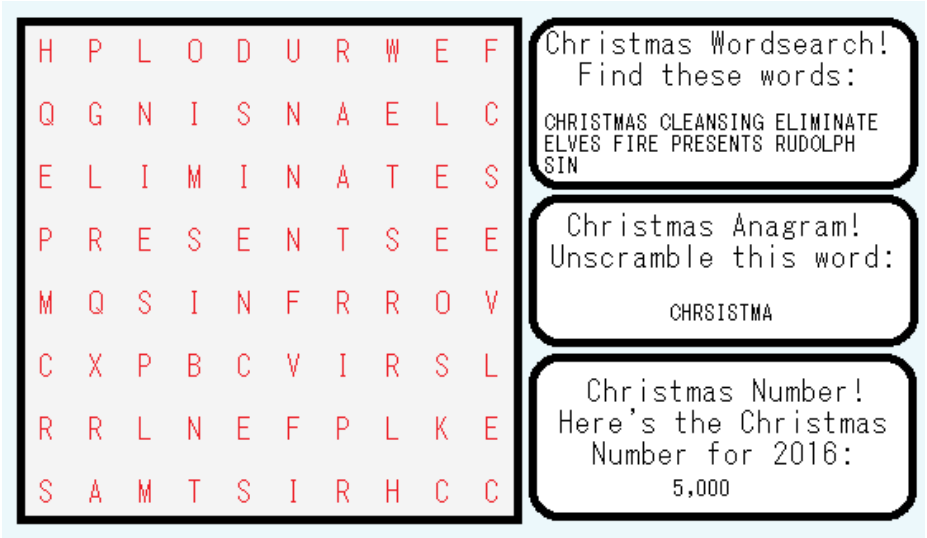
Sunday, Dec 25, 2016 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

OK, it's Christmas. You've opened your presents, you've eating your turkey, you've watched one of the lower-tier James Bond films. Now, you're bored, and there's 23 hours left in the day. How can you pass the time? Any normal human would go insane. But not you. Because you've got these fun Christmas activity cards printed out and ready to go. Christmas is, thanks to me, saved.


CHRISTMAS FACTS
"Here they are"
1. Did you know that Jesus wasn't actually born on Christmas day? The date was changed to coincide with the celebration of the winter solstice. the actual date of Christmas is you guessed it April fool's day
2. The word "Christmas" derives from the Greek "Christos", meaning "Christ", and "Masoch", referring to sexual gratification from pain. The X in Xmas comes from the X button on a playstation controller
3. Did you know? Silent Night, God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, Away in a Manger, Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer, and Santa Baby are all about the black plague
Shit!!
oh no! look away
it's the hated
CHRISTMAS GRAPH
"dont want it"
HOLIDAY
"no"
JESUS
"the world's most Shit graph"
maze
it's xmas maze.


HOW TO DRAW A CHRISTMAS TREE
1.
2.
3.
google
christmas tree clip art
All
Images
News
DOODLE CORNER
Good joke to tell your family on Christmas day: Hey gang, imagine what if Santa Claus had, a website! I mean, what would that even look like? Would the URL be something like
www.christmas.com/index.htm!?


Join the dots
(hint: christmas line)
1
2
answer: christmas line
TOP 10 CHRISTMAS TWEETS
10. Now that Trump is president, he might say "you're fired" to the hero of christmas, kris kringle himself.
9. eggnog? Er, which Einstein had the idea of a DRINK with EGG in it? Hello?
8. watching some tv
7. For Christmas, I want... DAMN DANIEL!? The meme
6. Donald Trump - bad president - you are on the NAUGHTY list, of my old friend, kris kringle.
5. All I want for Christmas is a nice binge of net-flix!
4. Imagining a millenial celebrating christmas... they'd be like, "Do I unwrap this gift or take a selfy with it! or. award it a participation trophy"
3. A lump of COAL for Donald Trump!! Ua ua ua...
2. Imagine of Yoda from Star Wars was alive today - mayhap he might say "Christmas Merry it is!!" Have a great one.
1. eating some turpey
[All tweets originally tweeted by @arbys]


H P L O D U R W E F
Q G N I S N A E L C
E L I M I N A T E S
P R E S E N T S E E
M Q S I N F R R O V
C X P B C V I R S L
R R L N E F P L K E
S A M T S I R H C C
Christmas Wordsearch! Find these words:
CHRISTMAS CLEANSING ELIMINATE ELVES FIRE PRESENTS RUDOLPH SIN
Christmas Anagram! Unscramble this word:
CHRSISTMA
Christmas Number! Here's the Christmas Number for 2016:
5,000

LITERALLY LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS CARDS
cut out and save
I have noticed that it is
December 25th
Congratulations,
recipient's name
Hope you don't get "tyred"
On this day today which is Christmas
Can you believe this was on the first page of results for "free clip art christmas"?
I mean, bells? Why are bells christmassy? What the hell!
anyway i didnt get you a gift
AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ALL OF US AT SOMETHING AWFUL TO ONLY THE CHRISTIANS

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

12.19 Michael Thernovich's 2016 War On Christmas Casualty Report

Monday, Dec 26, 2016 by Michael Thernovich (@asterios)

The 2016 **CHRISTMAS** season will go down in histhory as one of the most ferocious campaigns yet, filled with enough identity politics, Soros misthinformation & pedophile-enabling mainstream media reporters to fill a thousand university camputhses. Here are my findings – please RT to keep our children safe!

12/24, 9:45 AM: The Wal-Mart greeter wishes me a Happy Holidays, just as my sources had warned. I ask her which spethcific holidays she is talking about, then stare at her (Orangutan Mindmove) until I exit the Wal-Mart backwards, never breaking eye contact.

12/24, 11:10 AM: Stharbucks handths me a cup that doesn't have the phrase "Merry Christmas" on it 400 times like all coffee cups used to forever. Sthandard attack: accuse the barista of being a pedo (he probably is, has the look), tweet his photo, leave without paying for my half-caf skinny peppermint latte. Cuckmate!

12/24, 2pm: As all right-thinking thitizens know, the current vaccine schedule is poison. I attempt to explain this to Santa, who seems confused (Soros shill?) A mall security guard asks me to leave, even after I explain to him that he iths a cuck and I am friends with high ranking NSA officials who will ruin his life. What will it take to get through to these people? I am trying to be nice.

12/24, 3:45pm: The Bing Crosby song "Happy Holidays" comes on the radio. Thinking quickly, I crash my car into a nearby homeless shelter, dithsabling the radio immediately. "ONE DAY I WILL FIX THIS!" I shout. "ONE DAY I WILL QUANTUM LEAP TO 1942 AND MAKE IRVING BERLIN CALL THE STHUPID SONG MERRY CHRISTMAS, MOTHERFUCKERS!!" The homeless do not applaud as expected. Perhaps they are on the payroll of Carlos Slim himself. Time for Wendy's.

12/24, 5pm: I see him, clear as day: a pedophile. My sworn enemy. The slight smile, darting eyes, inability to differentiate between fantasy and reality. Time to bring this perv in...for justhice.

12/24, 5:01pm: False alarm: that was a mirror. This Wendy's bathroom safe...for now.

12/24, 7pm: I have heard many good things about this "Turboman" doll from sources in the 4chan and Twitter community. However, numerous toy sthore employees all tell me the same thing: this iths not a real doll. How could so many different employees from different sthores all be telling me the same thing? Conspiracy. Obvious conspiracy. The New York Times is feeding them talking points written by Lena Dunham herself. I will sthop at nothing to get my hands on this "Turboman" doll, as it will make the ultimate pedo bait, and also looks to be great fun.

12/25, 1am: My nightly eighteen hour patrol of various liberal university camputhses. Two young men sit on the steps of a campus dormitory, smoking cigarettes. They are not causing trouble, which is very suspicious, as a troublemaker would likely cause no trouble in order to deflect suspicion. I leap out my car's new sunroof and perform a combat roll, landing before them, screaming, "NO SAFE SPACE HERE, MOTHERFUCKERS!" They take off running – doubly suspicious, as innocent men would have nothing to hide. Easily disable the first with a Twitterang, second heads for the ultimate palace of liberal lies: the library. Only sothlution: burn it to the ground, sethending all that sithence sthraight to Sathan himsethlf. Merry Christmas, friendths!

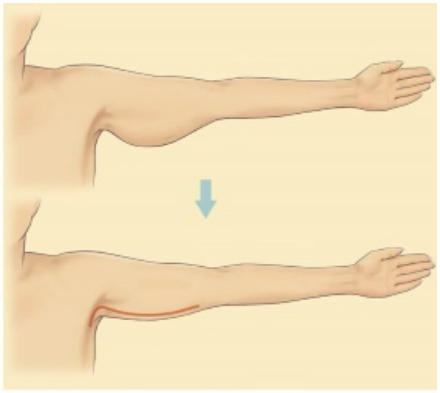
–∼Michael Thernovich (@asterios)

12.20 The Sponsoredest Links U Know

Tuesday, Dec 27, 2016 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Explaining Cyclops' Powers And Visor To Your Loan Officer



Flab Solution: Keep Your Arm Moving Downward, Hiding Fat With Momentum

When To Release Your Child Into The Wilderness

Growth On Finger Not A Wart? The Camera Man Couldn't Look Away!

Man Has Extremely Specific Precognition About Which Neighbors Will Install Solar Panels

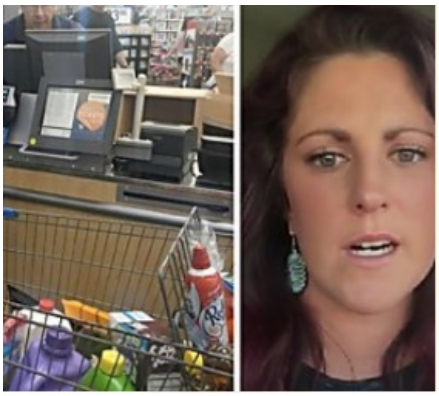
You Won't Believe The Hot New Band That Agreed To Perform At Trump's Inauguration!

Learn Your Pet's Hobbies, Then Pass Them Off As Your Own - The Perfect Crime!

These Extra-Long Backpack Straps Make It Possible To Wave Goodbye From As Little As One Foot Away!

An Easier Way To Shop Online: Reach Up Into Your Computer's Guts While It's On And Feel Around

Everybody Down! Put All These Weights, The Lower 80% Of Your Shirts, And Your Gloves' Fingers In The Bag!



Area Woman Arrested, Executed For Pushing Cart Into Checkout Lane Backwards

Gold Giant Keeps Sitting On Construction Sites And Causing Delays - Proof That Liberal Media Is Out Of Control!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.21 WAVES OF DOGS

Wednesday, Dec 28, 2016 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

THE ELUSIVE DOG - I have only seen him twice in the past year. I don't remember much about him, but I think he's brown and white. Would love to trade for a more ambient dog. 555-7625

**** APPETITE REQUIRED **** Gummy dog. Size of St. Bernard, but you know, gummy. Ate one leg off but that's all I could stomach. $125 for what's left. 555-8272

NEW PHASE FOR SALE She has undergone another change. Her new form is much less hateful. Usually doesn't make children cry. Still stinks of sulfur, but in a pleasing way. New price: $573.24. 555-0282

♥ ♥ ♥ HUGE SURPLUS ♥ ♥ ♥ Lot of 350,000 used dogs purchased in bankruptcy auction from defunct "Dog of the Month Club." All dogs are trained professionals, eager to put in 30 solid days of companionship before moving on. Asking 1.5 million for set. Serious offers only! 555-1124

TRUNCATED DOG - Had a very large dog that kept tackling me, so I abbreviated him. Unfortunately, I'm busy selling apples now and need to get rid of him right away. The big Appleman's Ball is next week! $500. 555-6546

WEATHER WONDER - Sad sack dog comes with tiny storm cloud, accompanying him at all times, even indoors. The weather lady can't explain it no matter how many times I call her. Can't she see that I love her??? 555-3566

SLIPPING - HURRY! I've got him pinned down for now, but he's about to break loose. Come take over, and he's yours for as long as you can hold him. But buddy, let me tell you, he yearns to be free. Don't delay! 555-2715

♦ ♦ ARCADE NOVELTY ♦ ♦ Vintage coin-operated dog arcade cabinet, controlled via coin slot and button. Dog will bark three times and raise paw per coin. Cabinet is in pristine condition, dog not so much. $12,000. 555-8257

VERY BAD DOG - His/her/its problematic attitudes are continually at odds with my headcanon. Frequently ruins my cosplay vlogs. Asking $750 to cover this month's rent and loot crates. 555-2547

♫ ACCORDIAN-STYLE ♫ Rare German dog produces pleasing sound as he extends and compresses. Positively melodic when running. Happy, healthy, loving and friendly. Extremely splashy -- both ends. $500 555-9281

GOT ONE WEIRD PAW Sort of like a soup ladle [illegible] with a pair of tong[illegible]

$$$ NOW BOOKING $$$ We represent the best talent in the dog world. If you need a furry friend for bookings as short as 1 hour and as long as 3 years, contact Lifestyle Dogs today. Save 10% when you mention this ad. 555-3271

FREE ME - Hoodwinker, a pernicious Maltese, has somehow tied me up in my sleep. Luckily, I anticipated this exact scenario and bought this ad ahead of time. Come rescue me! 555-7202

SHADOW ONLY - Freak accident caused Gumshoe to separate from his shadow. Prowls around the walls, floors, etc. in constant state of arousal, which is why we must get rid of it. Free. 555-6261

RECURSIVE DOG seems to be made up of millions of tiny dogs, which in turn are made up of smaller dogs. It's like a bad trip every time you look at him. Hours fly by in an instant. Youth and friendships fade. I don't even remember writing this ad? 555-2863

TERSE DOG - Not much else to him. 555-2276

LAST CHANCE - Gary has done it again. His latest blunder: causing an entire school bus full of kids to crash into a nursing home, killing everyone. Adopt him or I toss him in the fireplace... WHERE HE BELONGS! 555-6252

Save

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.22 The Best Cures for Insomnia

Thursday, Dec 29, 2016 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Trouble sleeping? Tossing and turning at night? Can't remember the last time you weren't conscious? You may be suffering from the deadly condition known as insomnia. Insomnia kills millions of people every year, since it's a known fact that most people die while awake. It can also cause depression, fatigue and poor performance at jobs that require one to be asleep, such as mattress tester and con man from *Inception*. Fortunately, there are several proven ways to curb your insomnia and get a good night's rest.

Only Use Your Bed for Sleep and Sex

One of the leading causes of insomnia is spending too much time awake in bed, making the brain associate it with wakefulness. Ideally, you should only be in bed while sleeping or having sex. Therefore, if you're in bed but can't sleep, you should either get up or start having sex, either with a partner, a sex toy or the bed itself. If you prefer the latter, you should probably buy giant clothes and a wig for your bed to make it look sexier.

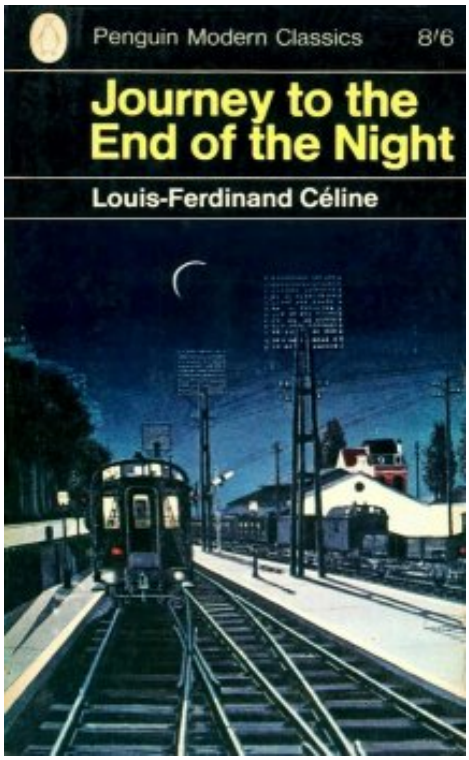
Limit Screen Time Before Bed

Sleep specialists agree that staring at screens before bedtime contributes to insomnia, so try not to use your television, computer or smartphone an hour before going to bed. You should also avoid using windows, which are screens into the outside world, glasses, which are screens on your face, and your own eyes, which are nature's screens. To be safe, you should probably just wrap your entire head in gaffer's tape.

Wakeaholics Anonymous

Many people may have trouble sleeping because, like alcoholics, they've become addicted to being awake. If you're one of these people, you can fight your addiction using the same method as Alcoholics Anonymous. First admit that you have wakefulness problem, then ask God or some higher power for assistance, then apologize to everyone you know for everything you've ever done while awake. These simple steps, plus weekly meetings with other wakeaholics, will put you on the road to recovery.

Relax



There are several relaxation techniques that can ease your transition into sleep. One is reading a calming book before bedtime. Sleep is a "journey to the end of the night," so why not read Louis-Ferdinand Celine's classic novel of the same name? The soothing descriptions of trench warfare and the futility of existence should lull you to sleep in no time. Another helpful method is to repeat a relaxing mantra like "eight hours until work" or "how do I escape the brain maze?"

Convince Your Brain that It's Asleep

If your brain thinks it's dreaming, it releases melatonin and other sleep hormones that cause drowsiness. You can use this to your advantage and trick your brain into falling asleep by staging detailed

recreations of your dreams. This method may be expensive depending on which dreams you choose, so try to pick ones that don't require lots of actors and props. Maybe the one where you're sitting on the couch drinking orange milk, or the one where that eyeless girl is floating over your bed and you try to scream but can't move.

Realize That All Life Is a Dream

Probably the best cure for insomnia is to realize that it doesn't actually exist. You can't be suffering from insomnia if you're already asleep, which in fact you are. Your entire life up until now has been an elaborate dream that you've mistaken for reality, a dream you may repeat forever if you wish, or awaken from into the next realm of consciousness. What awaits you there is uncertain, but if possible try to limit your caffeine intake and go to bed at a reasonable hour: you want to get another 6-8 eternities of sleep tomorrow night.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.23 Donald Trump is Going to Make Prog Rock Great Again

Friday, Dec 30, 2016 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's been a really scary time in America. I don't know how it feels around the rest of the world for the past few months, but here in the USA, it's a total shit show. Especially if you're an artist, a woman, a minority, gay, otherkin, a person dangerously into Dr. Who, the sort of guy who shares a Hulu password with five people – anything but a rich white man – it's really very scary.

Looking ahead to 2017 is daunting, but it won't all be bad. I see a good side to Donald Trump taking office. Donald Trump is going to make prog rock great again. No, not punk rock. That is fucking dead and was mostly stupid anyway. I am talking real art. Progressive fuckin' Rock.

We're all going to grow huge frigging mustaches that cover our whole face and wear bad jeans and one earring and neckties with leather jackets. We'll make rawhide hats ourselves if we have to. And we're going to go out to fields of flowers and sing about elves and horoscopes and aliens. But not like hippies. We're going to do it seriously.

If the political climate keeps getting uglier, the art will have to answer with a bunch of overwrought rhyming polemics put to marching band music and helicopter sound effects. We're going to have to make our own flutes and learn how to play synthesizers from 1978. We need a million stage lights and a giant inflatable ogre that we can project fractals onto. We're a bunch of white nerds, but we are cool as hell.

This is up to us now!

We're going to need to start bands called Scorpio Sojourn, Matt's Electric Raspberry Orchestra, Delicious Liquid Leprechauns, and Camelot 2099. When Donald Trump rounds up 8 million undocumented immigrants in no-knock raids and drops them off in a gravel quarry in Mexico we are going to make a song about Quetzalcoatl the feathered serpent. When the Muslims get put into a database and disappeared, we're going to rock out with unbelievably indulgent licks while cosmic space sounds play behind the three lead guitars. When the first heads go on spikes, mark my words, we are going to write a song about the Rainbow Bridge and it is going to be completely awesome and have an entire Bulgarian women's choir.

People might say "prog rock is never coming back" or "prog rock never died." Those people are all wrong. No matter how amazing the Mars Volta is at stringing together some pompous gibberish and coming up with an album title that's halfway to a joke, they have never existed in a world with Donald Trump as president. Total game changer, people.

There is going to be cocaine everywhere and nobody is going to have a decent job. It's going to be the 1970s all over again and prog rock is coming back, babies. I am talking full prog rock musicals about a prince living on a shooting star or like an angel that's actually an alien and it has come here to make the flowers bloom. Fuck double albums. We will have triple albums under Trump. When he outlaws the Democratic Party we are going to do a ten-disc album about Dune and it is going to blow your freakin' mind.

This is going to be so good for us. For art. For getting those creative juices flowing again.

Prog Rock is going to be great again and we have Donald Trump to thank.

Yeah, the drones are coming for the Sikhs, but puppets, guys. Puppets are going to be great again too! Remember how good puppets were in like 1983? Yeah, well, 2016 took Bowie from us, but 2017 is giving us the puppets back. We are going to fuck Donald Trump up with these puppets.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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